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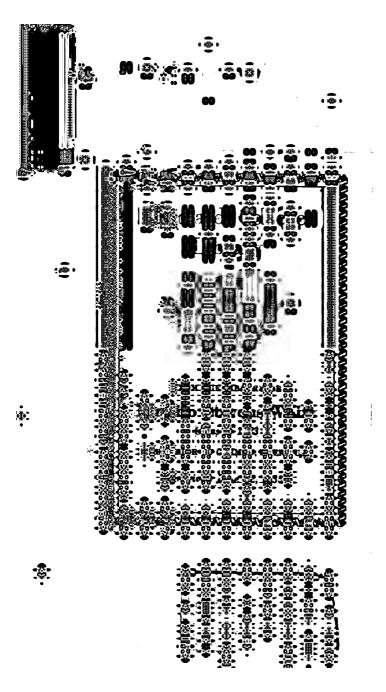
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POEMS OF UHLAND



POEMS OF UHLAND

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

WATERMAN T. HEWETT, Ph.D.

Professor of the German Language and Literature in Cornell
University



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TO

K. M. H.



PREFACE.

UHLAND has a threefold interest for a foreign stu-He was a poet, a scholar, and a statesman whose services to constitutional liberty have given to him a permanent place in the history of Germany. He is pre-eminently the poet of the German people. No poet embodies more fully the spirit, the characteristic traits of his nation, than Uhland. wide his studies in related literatures, his culture is thoroughly Germanic. Certain of his poems are universal in their appeal to all hearts. Possibly no German poet, whose writings are of equal extent, has attracted so many translators. As a poet representing so fully the national spirit, his works are worthy of study. His poems are also of interest as an introduction to the study of folk-songs and mediæval German legends. It is impossible to study the poet Uhland, whose life was so occupied with public affairs, without constant references to his personal history.

The present volume was substantially complete several years ago, but its publication was interrupted by other engrossing work. Since then valuable contributions to Uhland-literature have been made by Professor Hermann Fischer, of the University of Tübingen, 44576.4 and Dr. Ludwig Fränkel in their editions of Uhland's

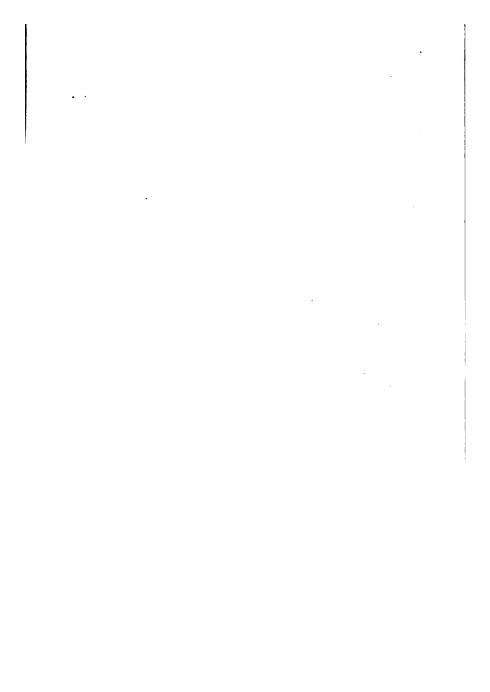
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writings, and I have gladly availed myself of their assistance. I am also under obligations to Sir Theodore Martin for valuable information regarding early students and translators of Uhland in England, of whom he was among the first; Dr. Max Friedländer, Privat-Docent in the University of Berlin, for permission to use a list of the composers of Uhland's songs which he prepared for Fränkel's edition; also to Mr. Theodore W. Koch, the author of the valuable sketch and bibliography of Dante in America, for numerous con-. tributions to my list of translations, which would have been less complete without his kindly services. able suggestions have been made to me by my colleagues, Professors Hiram Corson, LL.D., and James Morgan Hart, J.U.D., whose admirablescholarship all know, but whose generous friendship not all can equally enjoy.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, March 21, 1896.

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BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND, or, as he preferred to write his name, simply Ludwig Uhland, was born in Tübingen on the 26th day of April, 1787. His father, Johann Friedrich, was secretary of the University of Tübingen. The family of Uhland's father can be traced for a century and a half before his birth. It is of plain citizen rank when we know it first. The carpenter Jakob Ulandt, with his wife Agnes, resided in the hamlet of Zebedäi, not far from Hattenhofen. They are characterized in the church register as "impious despisers of the Word and the Sacraments." Similar words were used in our country during the strict ecclesiasticism of its early days, of any who did not adhere to the established church or observe its ordinances. A son of this carpenter Jakob, John Michael, of the village of Hattenhofen, in the district of which Göppingen is the chief town, fought at Belgrade, where he slew a Turkish pasha. Later he became a quartermaster in the mounted body-guard of his sovereign, Duke Eberhard Ludwig, and settled in the village of Klein-Gartach near Heilbronn, where, above a door of his house, arms carved in stone, representing a man with a Turkish sabre in one hand and a spade in the other, with the initials of his name, were preserved as late as 1830. The name of the family appears in the mediæval poems as Uolant, Voland, Valant, an evil spirit or demon, and is possibly the same as the name Wieland, the smith, so popular in German folklore.

A son of the soldier Joseph Uhland established himself in Tübingen, where he learned the business of a merchant. and was admitted as a citizen in 1720. Of the two sons of the latter, one succeeded him in a business which still exists, while the other, Ludwig Joseph, studied divinity, and became a professor of history, and later of theology, in the university, and superintendent of the evangelical seminary. On the strict division of trades and the rigid distinction of rank, it was only through education that the sons of the citizen or tradesman's class attained a higher social position. Few countries exhibit the influence of an established church as so dominant a social and even political force as Würtemberg. The clerical estate constituted a part of the single chamber of the parliament. The four prelates of the former Catholic monastic establishments occupied seats among the lords. As in civil life, so in the church, positions were largely hereditary, and for hundreds of years certain families filled the leading offices in the church, and enjoyed the emoluments and dignities which such offices conferred. Education and admission to clerical orders gave at once social dignity and prestige, and, when united with commanding talents, lifted those who possessed them into positions of influence. Thus the plain family of Uhland attained social rank in the university town and in the state. The poet's grandfather, Ludwig Joseph, enjoyed the respect of the community, and lived to reach the age of eighty years, and to confirm his grandson when the latter reached the age of fourteen. The wife of this worthy man was Gottliebin Ständelin, a member of a family of which several members possessed poetic gifts, one of

whom, Gotthold Friedrich, is mentioned by Schiller as a poet of note in Swabia.*

It is an interesting fact that Ludwig Joseph Uhland resided as a curate in Marbach early in his theological career (1759), at the time of the birth of Schiller, the greatest of the later Swabian poets, and that the two families probably sustained intimate personal relations.

The second son of the theologian, Johann Friedrich (born 1756), the father of our poet, studied law in the university, but accepted the uneventful, if comfortable, position of secretary of the university, which had been held by his father-in-law, Jacob Samuel Hoser. He married the latter's daughter Elizabeth in 1783. The family of Uhland's mother originated in the imperial city of Augsburg, where three members of it had held the honorable position of burgomaster. While the poet's grandfather wrote devout poems for family anniversaries, which are preserved, and his elder son Ludwig Gottlieb, who died as a tutor in a German family in Venice in 1777, left poems which, while not memorable, show likeness to those of his nephew, the poet is supposed to have inherited his poetic gifts from his mother, who possessed a rich and sympathetic nature. She was tender, devout and wise.

The secretary, John Frederick, was a painstaking, accurate official, not without a formal cast of character derived from his profession. He was simple in nature, but inflexible in honor and duty, traits which descended to his son, and constituted the silent, unpretentious and inflexible side of his character.

^{*} See also Vermischte Gedichte der Geschwister Gottlieb Friedrich Dr. Karl Friedrich und Charlotte Ständlin. 2 Bändchen. Stuttgart, 1827.

Ludwig Uhland, called "Louis" in his boyhood and among his friends, was the only living son, an elder brother, Frederick, having died in his tenth year. To his only sister, Louise, who was eight years his junior, he was tenderly devoted. The young Uhland was bold and fond of adventure. He was passionately devoted to outdoor exercise, a quality which followed him throughout his life. He enjoyed swimming, skating, and long walks and mountain climbs. The region in which he lived was picturesque, now presenting wooded peaks, ruins of castles full of historical interest, and now cold and gray ridges which glowed in the light of the setting sun. The ruins of the castles of Hohenzollern and Hohenstauffen, famous for the mighty dynasties which sprang from them, were not far away. Everything was suited to awaken the romantic element in the boy's nature. Through the valley before the city ran the highway over which the armies of the German emperors had marched to new dominions in Italy. The town of Tübingen itself was the former capital of the county. It is situated on the slope of a hill, and is surmounted by the castle of the Dukes of Würtemberg, now containing the library of the university and the offices of administration. The castle has withstood many a siege, and is famous in song and story. The town itself is a dull, uninteresting village, enlivened only by the life of the famous university forwarded by Eberhard.

Uhland's first studies were pursued in the Latin school, where his energy and devotion to study soon put him first in his class. The Latin school included at this time about one hundred and thirty or forty pupils. It had been greatly improved through the efforts of Rector Hutten (1790-98), an energetic and inspiring teacher. A new school ordinance of 1793 prescribed among the subjects of instruction the

German language, the history of Germany, and universal history, geography and natural history. At the age of twelve Ludwig had reached the highest class, and was under the immediate instruction of Rector Kauffmann, Hutten's successor, — an excellent classical teacher, who promoted athletic exercises among the scholars. This teacher studied the individuality of his pupils, and allowed them to write their required verses in German or in Latin. Uhland wrote Latin verse with great ease.* Many of the German poems of his youthful years, and also some of his Latin ones, are preserved.† The boy also possessed great skill in drawing and in painting in water-colors.

It was a custom in the school, for the most skilful versifier to write a poem embodying the request of the pupils for the usual spring vacation, and present the same to the dean. Uhland was chosen to perform this duty. A second poem, slightly later (May 3, 1801), is religious in tone, upon the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus, and was suggested by the serious thoughts connected with his preparation for confirmation.

The lad had an early passion for tales of adventure, of knights and heroes; and in the house of his maternal grandfather, the former secretary of the university, there was a room filled with "old books and chronicles with wonderful pictures, descriptions of travel in lands where the inhabitants had but one eye, placed in the centre of the forehead, and where there were men with horses' feet and cranes' necks, also a great work with gruesome engravings of the Spanish

^{*} Fränkel's edition of Uhland's poems contains specimens of these early exercises in the appendix.

[†] See Nägele, Beiträge zu Uhlands Jugenddichtung (1892); also Fränkel, Uhlands Werke. Bd. I. Zweite Abteilung.

wars in the Netherlands." Over these books the silent boy pondered, and found in them a mysterious fascination. The circumstances of his boyhood were also such as to appeal to his youthful imagination. Troops of French and Austrian soldiers marched through the streets of his native town. The children, in their sports, imitated the serious warfare which was agitating the world beyond. In these conflicts the young Uhland always took the part of the Austrians, as he did later on a larger field, when, at the Parliament at Frankfort, he took part in the deliberations on the proposed reorganization of Germany, and fought sturdily against even larger boys in defense of his chosen cause.

The city of Rottenburg, an episcopal seat, lay but a few miles away. This was under Austrian supremacy, and here the boy saw the strange uniforms and heard the strange languages of the Croats and Hungarians of the garrison. There, too, he saw the brilliant processions of Corpus Christi day, a survival of that mediæval life which had so strange an attraction for him, and which colored the character of his poetry. He read, with a companion, the thrilling romances of chivalry of Spiess and Ritter. Whether standing on the hights of the Osterberg, with the towers of the castle of the Dukes of Tübingen beneath him, or looking away to Lichtenstein, he was in a land of legend and chivalric deeds, every spot of which was associated with his country's history.

His youthful studies and recreations were however to receive a serious direction in connection with the choice of a profession. While on a visit to his uncle Dean Uhland, in Brakenheim, in the late autumn of 1801, his parents ar-

^{*} Uhland's Leben von seiner Witwe, D. 7.

rived and informed him that a stipend of three hundred guldens was at his disposal, if he should enter the university and choose either the study of law or theology.

The founder of the scholarship had expressly excluded all students of medicine from its benefits, because physicians had been unable to cure him of a severe malady. It had been the purpose of the parents that their son should study medicine, and succeed his uncle, Gotthold Uhland, who enjoyed a large practice in Tübingen. He had acquiesced in this decision, which seemed to promise most for his immediate future, though he would have preferred the study of philology. His father left the decision to the youth of fourteen years, but suggested that if he chose the study of jurisprudence, he himself would reserve for him a sum equal to the stipend for future travel. On the 3d of October, 1801, Uhland was therefore enrolled as a student of law in the university of his native town. The admission of students to the university at this early age was not at that time unusual. As the school system was at that time arranged, the course of study in the Latin school extended only to the fourteenth year. Additional preparation for the university was secured after admission by private instruction, usually from the tutors of the evangelical seminary. Additional instruction was required in the ancient languages, and often in political and literary history, natural science and mathematics.

Uhland's teacher was the tutor (*Repetent*) Seufert, who afterward occupied the dignified position of prelate in the church of Würtemberg. His love of literature found occupation outside the regular hours of instruction, and, in connection with his friend Gmelin, he read repeatedly the Odyssey and the Greek tragedians, especially Sophocles, in summer evenings in the garden of Gmelin's father.

Uhland says, "I enjoyed composing New Year's poems in Horatian verse for my grandfather. I was, in general, the family poet. I wrote birthday congratulations for the daughters of my uncle, the doctor. . . . About this time I found at the house of Professor (sic Advocate) Weisse, a kinsman, in a periodical entitled the Heidelberg Museum, songs from the Heldenbuch, of which the song of Old Hildebrand made a deep impression upon me." The most eminent of Uhland's teachers was Professor Bohnenberger, the mathematician, but the young student had little taste or natural gifts for this subject. The library of Rösler, the professor of history, whose method of instruction, however, did not please him, afforded him books of the greatest interest and directed his studies into the field of mediæval Germanic literature. "How happy was I when I could carry home Saxo-Grammaticus in Müller's translation, or the Heldensage: from the latter work I derived my fondness for the northern myths. From the Heldensage I took the subject of my Blind King." *

A lecture by Professor Rösler, in which he compared the Odyssey, Ossian, and the Latin poem of Walther of Aquitaine, seems to have inspired the young student, and awakened a passion for early German literature which was to be the supreme direction of his life. He hastened to his teacher's house in order to borrow the book whose story had moved him so deeply. The finely illustrated *Heldenbuch* which he acquired by purchase, July 30, 1805, is probably the same volume as that recently presented to the university library.†

^{*} Witwe, p. 19.

"This penetrated me," he said. "What classical poems, in spite of my zealous perusal, could not afford, because they were too clear, too finished, — that which I missed in more modern poetry with all its rhetorical ornamentation, I found here; fresh pictures and forms with a deep background occupied and entranced the imagination." He even began to copy the book which contained this wonderful poem. About this time Professor Conz was appointed professor of German literature in the university. Although not capable of guiding the young student in the field which had awakened his enthusiasm as nothing before, he had a kindly interest in Uhland, and a Stylisticum which he held was attended with profit, and imitated in a similar rhetorical exercise which the poet himself gave, when he occupied a professorship in the university.

The early years of Uhland in the university were rather preparatory than distinctively in the direction of study for his degree. Mention is made in the university records of a course of three and a half years in jurisprudence, extending from the autumn of 1804 to the spring of 1808. He pursued history, the classics, and upon the appearance of Des Knaben Wunderhorn (1805), he felt the marvelous charm which that book exerted upon so many, and directed his attention to folk-songs. He studied Herder's collection, Stimmen der Völker, and turned to the treasures of English and Scotch ballads in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, selections from which had appeared nearly a half century before. He studied French, English and Spanish in part by himself, as well as the literature of the North, in order to understand how the popular life of different nations found characteristic expression in their songs.

As a student Uhland resided in his father's family, and was thus isolated in a degree from the joyous and tumultuous life of the student world. He did not share its ruder pleasures, nor participate in its license. A silence and reserve of temperament kept him aloof from the multitude. He never had an ambition for mere popularity. In circles with which he was familiar, and with friends whose confidence he shared, he communicated himself freely. He participated in their festivities and joined in their sports.

Numerous poems were preserved by him from these early academic years, and several are included in his poetical works. Among these are Der blinde König (Aug. 23-24, 1804) and Die sterbenden Helden (July 14, 1804). In the years 1803-1805 his life entered a wider stadium, as regards poetical production. This activity was due to the influence and encouragement of a group of friends who were studying at Tübingen during this time, among whom were several of the most cherished friends of his life: Justinus Kerner, Karl Mayer, Heinrich Köstlin, Georg Jäger, and Karl Roser, who became his brother-in-law, and later J. F. Harprecht. Of these he had previously known Kerner, and this friend drew him from his retirement into a delightful life of social intercourse and literary sympathy.

Of Uhland's youthful poems, from his fourteenth to his eighteenth year, there are preserved a pocket-book neatly written, containing poems and plans of poems from the years 1799 to 1804 (or 1805), also several manuscript blank books with poetical attempts, copies of Minnelieder from Tieck's edition,* also extracts from the Ulm edition of Teuerdank

^{*} Minnelieder aus dem Schwäbischen Zeitalter, neu bearbeitet und herausgegeben von Ludwig Tieck, 1803.

(1672).* Nägele gives a list of fifty-four poems, three of which are in Latin.

Many of these were occasional poems written for some birthday festival, others are moral in character, in praise of virtue, as those upon "Friendship," "The Reward of Virtue," etc.; others are reverent and devout, often on Bible themes, in which the influence of the serious hours of his preparation for confirmation, and possibly of his reading of Klopstock, can be traced, as "Simeon," "Jesus' Death upon the Cross," "The Resurrection and Ascension." Other poems were school exercises or inspired by his studies; thus we find "The Choice of Scipio" (Scipios Wahl), "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage" (Marius auf Karthagos Trummern); others were written in praise of nature, which may have been school exercises or based upon his reading; others are distinct echoes of German heroic song, inspired by his admiration for his country's history or upon Norse legends. Thus we have sketches of poems upon Alboin and Kunimund, from the narratives in Paulus Diaconus. "Helgo and Starkater" was evidently intended to contain a heroic contest, banqueting, a noble sacrifice for friendship, etc. In many of these poems there are unmistakable traces of

^{*} See Nägele's Beiträge zu Uhland: Uhland: Jugenddichtung (1892), who has presented the most complete account as yet attainable of these youthful poems, together with specimens which had only been in part published from the three periods, 1800-1802, 1803 and 1804, and 1805, also valuable tables giving the original titles, first lines, date of origin and of publication, and varying readings of numerous poems. Not all of Uhland's early works are at present accessible.

Karl Mayer's valuable work, Ludwig Uhland, seine Freunde und Zeitgenossen (1867), which has so many of Uhland's poems in an early form, contains a few poems of this period. So also do Notter in his Nekrolog and Leben, Jahn, Witwe and Fränkel.

contemporary writers, as of Goethe, in certain lines of "Helgo and Starkater," of Schiller in Die vier Jahreszeiten, and in other poems also, and of Bürger. There are occasional poems written when the mind of the youth was growing into independence, when his emotions are genuine, not imitated in expression from his poetic models; but as a whole these poems show, as might have been expected in a youth of this age, only suggestions of the direction of his future power. They exhibit great facility in poetic form, and occasionally, in content, a genuine and spontaneous expression of duty, fidelity to conviction, freedom from imitation of others, and noble independence, qualities which existed in Uhland and found early expression in his verse. There was little that was characteristic of his future power, but numerous minor qualities which indicated an individuality not at that time pronounced, and a delicate poetic sensibility. He also attempted ballads and a Romanze, stanzas of a ballad which later grew into Der blinde König, in Das Lied vom armen Vater (1802). Even here we cannot be sure that some of these were not, as is often the case, school themes, as Bürgerkrieg. The form of Vaterlandsliebe suggests the same. No objective appeal or sense of his country's need seems to have called it forth.

The year 1804 shows a marked development in Uhland's poetic power. Poems were then written which show unmistakably the characteristics of his later and more perfect art. The Wallfahrtskirche has the mystic element which romanticism loved, and which, while differing in motive, resembles The Lost Church and The Pilgrim. Several of these poems derive their inspiration from the North. They embody loyal love in life and death, as in Der Abschied, where the lovers part, one to seek the stormy sea and conflict, while the

maiden listens to the murmur of the wind and the ocean for tidings, and answers sadly with her harp. The hero will in death remember his beloved, and she will follow him in death. In The Bride the lover comes to the wedding through festal throngs, and finds his bride dead upon her couch. He bids the bridal song be sung, and casts a necklace and bracelets around the neck and arms of his bride, and places a ribbon in her blonde hair, and falls upon his sword with a smile in death. In the Sorceress the form of the dead prince Biorn is summoned at the request of the maiden; as she embraces her lover, he vanishes and she falls dead. The witch ascends the tower, and listens to the music of the stars in their everlasting course, and cries, "Who is in that garment of cloud, who in the morning glow? I greet you, ye sainted ones, in blissful reunion. So journey to the House of Light, and live and love anew. The love and fidelity of the gods is their everlasting rapture." In the musical Elfenkluft the sailor who has lost his beloved steers along the shore where the elves dance in a cleft; he is caught up and borne along by the spirit-choir in which was his beloved. While we find no striking imaginative power in a fancy like this, there is feeling gracefully expressed, and superior poetic form.

A genuine feeling for nature is manifested in some of the poems of this year, as in *Die Berge*, describing the Swabian Alb and the castle of Lichtenstein. The "Warder's Song" (Das Lied eines Hochwächters) suggests an earlier form of Des Knaben Berglied. Uhland's occasional poems, written to commemorate the new year or the birthdays of his parents or grandfather, are grateful recognitions of love and care, and express a noble boyish resolve to be worthy of their teaching. In the Latin poem to his grandfather, Superin-

tendent Uhland, written just before the latter's death (May, 1803), he praises his noble achievements as a historian in rescuing the forms of the nation's heroes from forgetfulness. The range of his sentiment in his poems to nature is limited; they are pensive, interpreting her graver moods in autumn falling leaf, and the love and tenderness in the young poet's works dissolve in tears. None of these early poems show great strength, or lead one to expect unusual promise. They are rather the product of a youth of poetic sensibility, who possesses a conventional feeling and power of interpreting nature, and an unusual mastery of smooth verse, adorned with graceful but not unfamiliar images. In the field in which Uhland is unquestioned master, and where his reputation so largely rests, that of ballads and poetical romances, as shown by his Hermann und Utha (Feb., 1803) and his Romanse, he exhibits, so far as we can judge, no noticeable dramatic power. He himself speaks of standing under the influence of Bürger.

The year 1805 was a year of great and successful poetical activity. On October 10 of that year he drew up a list of thirty poems to which he seems to have attached especial value. Of these, one is preserved from the year 1803, six from 1804, and the remainder from 1805. These illustrate various directions of his poetic gifts,—the poem of sentiment, the ballad and the romance. Among these we find Die sterbenden Helden, Der blinde König (1804); An den Tod, Die Nonne, Der Kranz, Der Schäfer, Entsagung, Harfnerlied, Der König auf dem Turme, Maiklage, Die Vätergruft, Der Sänger, Lied eines Armen, Gretchens Freude, Gesang der Jünglinge, Die Kapelle and Die sansten Tage (1805). Twenty-three poems of this year were published in the first edition of his collected poems.*

^{*} Nägele gives a list of forty-two poems.

Uhland's studies now assumed a more professional character, and he pursued the legal subjects necessary for his degree with great assiduity. In the autumn of 1806, in company with three friends, Jäger, Hochstetter and Kind, he made a tour on foot through a great part of German Switzerland. He searched everywhere for national songs, and was so fortunate as to discover two ancient ballads, which he afterward published in Seckendorf's Almanach. A shoemaker in Meiningen recited them to him while repairing his shoes.

Uhland's first considerable publication occurred about this time. Through the intervention of his friend Kölle, he sent twenty-seven of his own poems and seven of Kerner's to Leo von Seckendorf in Regensburg, for insertion in the Musenalmanach for 1807. The contributions were received graciously by Seckendorf, who was surprised that he had not heard of the two poets before. A relation of literary intimacy began, and Uhland sent further contributions in the form of translations from the Heldenbuch, including Die Linde zu Garten (The Linden-tree of Garten) and Otnit's Rächer (Avenger). A long and frank letter to Seckendorf illustrates his views of poetry and his aspirations at this time: "However much the study of old German poetry lies near my heart, and lay there at a time when the efforts of the more recent writers had not been published or were at least unknown to me, and however ardent my desire to see myself placed in circumstances where I can contribute my insignificant part to the revival of our poetical past, in just such a correspondingly small degree have I seen myself hitherto in a position to work in this field. At an age of less than twenty years, and in connection with an opposite career, it is not in itself possible for me to have attained

great literary skill." He lamented that no public library was accessible to him from which he could derive hidden treasures; he felt the lack of material which would lend itself to the creative imagination, under whose influence the deepest life of the poet becomes objective. Not only German records, but those of related peoples, containing accounts of the Knights of the Round Table, of the Grail, of Charlemagne, as well as the Old Norse narratives, demand attention. The spirit of Gothic knighthood was diffused over most of the peoples of Europe. The stories of Latin and German chronicles demand alike examination. All these have artistic value, and show threads of gold, which the artist can elaborate, amid the slag. The poems of Des Knaben Wunderhorn, though often mediocre and incomplete, serve to illustrate that which is of more priceless value.

Seckendorf in reply urged Uhland to make an attempt to dramatize the character of Francesca da Polenta, and Fortunatus, both of which suggestions Uhland attempted to carry out. He was full of poetic plans, and on March 6, 1807, wrote again to Seckendorf: "I could cite to you a series of plans for epic and dramatic poems, which I have sketched with fondness, and to which I have often given a tolerably clear form, committed in part to paper and then abandoned." Among these was the plot of a tragedy of Achilles, embodying the idea that if our resolves are conceived firmly and clearly, even though fate hinders their execution, yet they are realized. "I find it difficult to depict in calm moments forms which I have seen and sketched in moments of inspiration. If I look around me for poetic material, it is done primarily for the reason that purely ideal forms do not so readily attain perfect objectivity, as those which appear to the poet already clothed with life, and look to him for their loftier existence." His poems were for the most part lyrical effusions of an awakening soul, and constitute the first period in his poetry.

About this time the group of Tübingen students, of which Uhland was a member, prepared, at the suggestion of Kerner, a weekly paper called the Sonntagiblatt, which was written, but not published. It was designed to be an answer of the young Tübingen Romanticists to the Morgenblatt, recently founded by Cotta, which ridiculed the Romantic school. It served as a medium for them to test their powers in poetry and criticism. It also contained drawings, music and caricatures.*

Uhland contributed a fervid but not very clear essay on Romanticism. The year of 1807-1808 was devoted to the immediate preparation for his degree. He had three examinations to pass, - the first, "the Faculty examination," which he sustained successfully in May, 1808, and for which he received the predicate "cum laude." He succeeded best in Roman law; in canon law his work was less meritorious. A few days later he presented his formal request to be admitted to his examination as advocate. It had been a long and weary course of study, in which he felt only the interest of duty, and pursued without enthusiasm. "How I long for the time." he wrote, "when I shall be free from this examination-existence, when I can once more grow warm for friendship, poetry and nature." On the 12th of October he wrote, "My examination has been passed, and in such a way that I can be content, though not splendidly."

[•] See Karl Mayer, Weimarer Jahrbuch, Bd. V, pp. 42 et seq. for a full account of this paper. The first number appeared Jan. 11, 1807, and it was continued until May.

He wished now to travel, but yielded to his father's wish that he should previously become a doctor of laws. The winter was enlivened by the presence of Varnhagen, who was attending lectures in the university; but the "silent, inaccessible Uhland" does not seem to have entered upon any confidential relations with him. At Easter, 1809, Kerner and several of Uhland's most intimate friends left the university, and he felt keenly the loss. "My life has resembled for a considerable time a sleepless winter night," he wrote in his diary. He was also occupied in writing ballads, which he expected would constitute the largest of his proposed volume of poems. He felt that every German poet should busy himself in the history of the German past, and derive his culture from his native land. "Goethe shows how by this means a poet becomes national; how familiar he is with German myths and popular poetry!" Later he wrote to Mayer: "Recently I have regarded my poems with eyes of distrust. I oft feel strongly that much which I formerly regarded as poetry is not such. Simple reflection or the expression of feelings, however beautiful it may be, and however much the outpouring of a beautiful soul may delight me, it does not seem to me to constitute true poetry. The poet should create, should produce something new, and not simply be passive, and illuminate that which has been bestowed upon him. How far in this respect my poems deserve to be called so, I cannot decide. This much I believe, that Kerner is incomparably more of a poet than I am. I have altogether the greatest confidence in his poetical talent. Every trifle which he casts forth has life," etc. He was right in this conception of the creative and enduring in poetry, even if he left its subtle and profounder character unenunciated. He occupied his leisure with attempts at the

drama. On February 6 he wrote that he had busied himself for two days with Beuno, a kind of tragedy. He lacked the inventive leisure and repose to continue Francesca. Everything, he again complains, he prosecutes fragmentarily. One act of Tamlan and Jannet he had written and could proceed no further. The dry, lifeless details of the thesis upon which his degree was to be based robbed him of leisure, and prevented literary and poetical growth. He was unsettled His friends were entering the army in this decisive time. Varnhagen had been wounded in the battle of Wagram. On April 1, 1810, the thesis to which he had devoted himself so long was submitted. Its title was De juris Romani servitutum natura dividua vel individua. This essay has praised up the famous jurist Vangerow * as a model of keen and delicate discrimination, and richness of content. The formal public disputation followed on April 3, and Uhland received the degree of Doctor of Laws to which his studies had been directed for nine years.

The journey which had been promised at the beginning of his studies was now entered upon. Paris was the goal of his travels. There was a practical end associated with his residence there. Napoleon was at this time the Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and it was expected that the Code Napoleon would be introduced in Würtemberg. The chief aim of Uhland's journey was to familiarize himself with French law and legal procedure. Royal permission was at that time necessary for even an apprentice to leave the borders of Würtemberg,† and no student could attend a foreign university without the consent of the king, which

^{*} See his Leitfaden in die Pandekten,

[†] Jahn, p. 26.

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might at any moment be withdrawn. Such interference with personal liberty was irksome to Uhland. It was impossible for him to enter upon any elaborate undertaking in foreign study. Access to the courts of Paris was at this time difficult. He, however, witnessed the proceedings in the Palace of Justice when they interested him, and heard lectures by Pastouret and others.

His chief interest, however, was not in jurisprudence. As years before he had besought Kölle to seek for treasures of national poems in the library of Paris, so now his chief enthusiasm was directed to researches among its manuscripts. He was principally engaged with the old French poems. A series of Norman documents, some of which he translated. interested him greatly. It was his wish to make a collection of translations of these poems. He translated some poems faithfully, others which existed in a diffuse form he revised, seeking to present the legend or poem in its earlier, essential shape. He did not scorn the laborious task of copying. He translated into a Hans Sachs rime, in which many poems were originally composed.*

Uhland's stay in Paris brought him into intimate relations with many interesting men, mostly of his own country. He renewed his acquaintance with Varnhagen, through whom he came to know Chamisso, who thus expressed himself in a letter to Varnhagen's sister, "I have made Uhland's acquaintance, and have read a considerable number of his poems, among them the Schifflein. I can well say that next to Goethe no poet has so moved me. There are very admirable poems which I may say everyone writes and no one reads, very beautiful sonnets and that sort of thing; then

^{*} Letter to Baron de la Motte Fouqué, October 29, 1802. Witwe, p. 69.

there are poems such as no one writes and everyone reads. Of this latter class are Uhland's. Their form exists for the sake of the poetry, while in others the poetry exists for the sake of the form. Uhland is himself inconspicuous, and one would not seek for this golden vein within him. Do you know Der Knab' der Berge, Der Lauf der Welt, Der kleine Roland? The Schifflein is. in my opinion, not his most attractive poem."

"The poet Uhland - while so many are writing excellent poems of the kind which all make and no one reads writes such as no one makes and everyone reads. More I will not say. He himself is short and inconspicuous, with a thick bark and quite gnarled." One friend and companion in study was the eminent philologist Immanuel Bekker, who was schooled in the most rigid and scientific method of study, and, although a classicist, had a wide interest in the monuments of mediæval literature. They read together Spanish and Portuguese, and discussed modern poetry. Among the poems which were written during Uhland's stay in Paris were: Der Rosenkranz, Der nächtliche Ritter, Das Reh, Amors Pfeil, Schicksal, Das Ständchen, Graf Eberhards Weissdorn, Die Jagd von Winchester, Todesgefühl, Der Ring, Die drei Schlösser, and Altfranzösische Lieder.

Uhland's application to the king for permission to be absent longer from his country was refused, and he arrived once more in his native town on February 14, 1811. He now entered upon his profession, with the hope of becoming a procurator. His great desire was to publish the results of

^{*} In a letter to Neumann, Chamisso expresses himself in almost similar terms, and adds a personal description of Uhland.

his investigations among the manuscripts of Paris, and to pursue the study of mediæval literature. He contributed to Kerner's Poetical Almanac for 1812, the poems which he had written in Paris and some others of earlier date.*

For the following year he contributed to the anthology Deutscher Dichterwald, which he published in connection with his friends Kerner, Fouqué and others, about thirty additional ballads, poems and reviews. Among the friends whose intercourse brightened his life at this time were the poets Gustav Schwab and August Köstlin.

The results of his studies in Paris he embodied in his essay upon the Old French Epic, which he sent in May, 1812, to Fouqué for insertion in his periodical Die Musen. His ideal pursuit at this time was expressed in his own words in a letter to Weckherlin: "If I had the leisure and opportunity, it would be my favorite occupation to pursue German poetry, on the one hand far into the North and the Orient, and on the other, through the various lands which have been conquered and occupied by the Germanic nations; in the Middle Ages the connection is unmistakable." He had thus grasped that conception of the inner relations of the popular literatures of Europe which was to determine his studies and, in part, his poetical productions. His aim in the study of early literature was not a mere scientific but human one, and to perpetuate its influence in modern poetry.

^{*} Among others now first published were: An Sie, Der Sieger, Lob des Frühlings, Der verlorene Jäger, Sängers Vorüberziehn, An K. M., In Varnhagens Stammbuch, Erstorbene Liebe, Oeder Frühling, Die theure Stelle; Diftichen: An Apollo den Schmetterling, Achill, Narciss I, Tells Platte, Die Ruinen, Märznacht, Im Mai, Traumdeutung, Die Rosen, Junker Rechberger, Nachts, Der Schmied, Die Zufriedenen, Die Abgeschiedenen, Schildeis (in part) and Casilde.

The year which followed his return from Paris and the greater part of the following year (1812) were passed in drawing up legal documents. Toward the close of the year the position of provisional Second Secretary in the Ministry of Justice without salary was offered to him, with the assurance of compensation after six months or the position of a procurator. On the 6th of December he received the appointment, and ten days later he established himself in Stuttgart, the capital. The place of a subordinate in a bureau was ill adapted to a man of Uhland's independence and stern sense of justice. It was his duty to draw up the reports of the decisions of the courts in criminal cases for submission to the king for his approval or rejection. It was not long before Uhland saw how justice was warped in its decrees in order to suit the caprices of an arbitrary ruler, and how personal and official influence modified the decisions. His superior, the Baron von der Lühe, was cold and a bureaucrat. Uhland's entire time was consumed in this wearisome official labor. He did not breathe freely in a bureaucratic atmosphere. He was only able to devote an hour or two in the evening to literature in the Museum. The minister did not always approve the form in which cases were prepared for submission to the king. Uhland requested in vain the fulfilment of the promise to bestow a salaried position upon him. He was refused, and after a service of sixteen months, weary of being fed with unfulfilled promises, he resigned his position (in May, 1814), and returned to the independence of a private practice of law in the capital. His residence had not been without some of the amenities of delightful social intercourse, for many of his university friends occupied positions there; among these were Karl Roser, Jäger, Köstlin, Schott and others. Through them he became a member of a private

club which met twice a week in the inn "Bum Schatten," for which several of his poems were composed, and which is of frequent mention during his residence in Stuttgart. Much of the practice of the young advocate consisted in defending cases to which he was assigned by the courts.

About this time the constitutional struggle in Würtemberg began. The ancient constitutional system which had developed under successive charters and grants from former rulers had been arbitrarily set aside by the king.

Duke Frederick succeeded to the throne upon the death of his father in 1797. Upon the suppression of the spiritual electorates in 1803 he received the title of Elector. By an alliance with France against Austria, Napoleon had guaranteed to the Elector Frederick not only full sovereignty, but support against his parliament; and two years later, by the treaty of Brünn (December 12, 1805), the assurance of support was repeated, and with it a recognition of the royal title. Thus assured of absolute power, Frederick assumed control of the treasury and the archives of the estates, and proclaimed the subordination of the various corporations and municipal organizations. On Jan. 1, 1806, he proclaimed himself king, and interpreted this new dignity as conferring unlimited power upon him. He joined the Confederation of the Rhine, and supported Napoelon loyally until after the crushing defeat of Leipzig. The youth of the land was ruthlessly sacrificed amid Russian snows, at the bidding of a foreign despot. the unmeasured extravagance and profligacy of the preceding reign was added the enormous expense of the military establishment. The king exercised the power to increase, as well as to mitigate, all judicial sentences. The power to control directly or indirectly the appointments to all civil offices was assumed.

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At the Congress of Vienna in the winter of 1814, the king had opposed the passage of a resolution that a constitution should be granted and a representative assembly established in all states of the former empire. He maintained that such action was a violation of the rights of the sovereign to determine the form of government in his own country. Anticipating the action of the Congress, he left Vienna, and announced his purpose to grant a suitable constitution to his kingdom. The arbitrary government of the king in his earlier reign created a distrust of the sincerity in the present course. A constituent assembly met on March 15, 1815, before which the king laid the draft of the proposed constitution. The despotic edicts which had been issued since the abrogation of the constitution were not set aside. The parliament which was to meet triennially, and discuss taxes and new laws, was powerless to alleviate the intolerable burdens which the people bore, or to lessen the stringent laws of military service which the king enacted after the announcement of his purpose to grant a liberal constitution which was to be the corner-stone of his government. The popular excitement was intense. Addresses, pamphlets, petitions and meetings voiced the popular discontent. The whole people rose to resist a constitutional invasion of their rights, and the deputies unanimously rejected the proposed draft, and issued an elaborate arraignment of the king's administration, recounting all the acts of despotic power and injustice which had characterized his reign.

Uhland appeared at this time as a political leader, — a prominence which it is not easy to understand in the case of a man so silent and yet so lifted, by his nature, above the petty arts which win popularity. From that moment he became a representative of the people, and for forty years was summoned

to lead in every patriotic movement. His personal character inspired confidence; the love of country pervaded his entire being; he was simple, incorruptible and unpretentious. His education had made him a master of legal methods, and familiar with constitutional principles. He never performed an act with a view to personal popularity. He reverenced authority, but he reverenced more popular rights. He was, besides, a fearless and inspiring singer of liberty. The assembly was prorogued on July 28th. Although not a member of the assembly, Uhland drew up, in the name of the citizens of Stuttgart, an address to the king. It was like all Uhland's public addresses or papers, direct, concise and frank.* No words were wasted and no facts had a different color because his words were addressed to a monarch.

Upon the re-assembling of the estates, October 15, a more conciliatory spirit was manifested. The government was not averse to conceding to "Old Würtemberg" a large portion of its hereditary privileges, and was ready to bestow on the recently acquired territories, "New Würtemberg," a constitutional parliament, in case a common governmental system could not be agreed upon. A disturbance now began which agitated the nation in all its parts. Petitions and complaints poured in from all classes in the kingdom. The clergy, both Protestant and Catholic, presented remonstrances against the misappropriation of revenues from their estates; the peasants complained of the destruction of their crops by the hunting of the court; the imperial nobility and the cities demanded the recognition of their privileges; all classes protested against arbitrary taxation and prescription. The estates appointed committees to consider all these complaints. The assembly

[•] For Uhland's political addresses and papers, see Fränkel, *Uhlands Werke*, Bd. II.

was practically in session for an entire year. It was during this period that most of Uhland's patriotic songs were written. They were published singly and in sheets. The first struggle was terminated by the death of the king, October 30, 1816. The most joyful anticipations of the people were directed toward his successor, William the First. He was familiar with modern states, and was known to be liberally disposed. He had won fame as a soldier in the campaign of the Allies against Paris. His first utterances were liberal. and inspired confidence. He summoned a new constitutional assembly, which met on March 13, 1817. Uhland's friends, under the leadership of Karl Mayer, sought to secure his election, but as he was not of the legal age, he could not serve until that date, April 26, without a special dispensation from the king. After several months of earnest effort to reconcile conflicting views, the king finally granted eight days for the acceptance or rejection of the constitution which he had laid before the assembly. This royal rescript was issued on May 26, 1817, and on June 4 the constitution was rejected by a vote of sixty-seven to forty-two.

Uhland's Patriotic Poems follow step by step the progress of the various questions in debate. He appealed to the king to be magnanimous, to the estates to stand firm, insist upon the rights which their fathers had enjoyed, and to the people to maintain loyally their ancestral rights. Occasionally his song assumes a solemn, almost prophetic tone, as when he exalts the rights of the people above the will of any prince in Nachruf, or when he interprets the sacred significance of the lives offered on the field of battle for their country's freedom, as in Am 18. Oktober 1816. These patriotic poems first gave to Uhland a national reputation as a poet, as they made his name known throughout Germany.

Upon the dissolution of the constitutional assembly, the king put in effect many of the provisions which were in the proposed constitution. He governed, however, without a representative body, whose ministerial conference was held at Karlsbad in 1819, the object of which was to suppress the liberties of the smaller states. The king, indignant at this encroachment by the greater powers, called again a constitutional assembly, which met at Ludwigsburg on July 13. Uhland, who had now attained the legal age of membership, was elected to this assembly from his native city. He composed the address of the estates in reply to the speech from the throne. He was the candidate of the "Old Würtembergers" to represent them on the commission to report the draft of a constitution, but his party was in a minority in the convention. The improvements which had been introduced in the government by the king, and the danger of imperial intervention in the affairs of the state, made all parties ready to put an end to absolute government. On the 23d of September a constitution was unanimously adopted, and Würtemberg became the fifth state in the Fatherland to rejoice in a constitution. The adoption of the constitution was celebrated in the theatre by the performance of a drama by Uhland: Herzog Ernst von Schwaben was given, for which he wrote the Prolog, now included among his Patriotic Poems.

The years of practice as an advocate had been years of conscientious devotion to a profession in which he found no delight. His poem *Die neue Muse* illustrates his feeling:

"When to Law I gave my studies 'Gainst the impulse of my heart, And from Song's delicious music Half had torn myself apart"—

Besides his repugnance to a profession which interfered with his literary studies, the administration of law in a kingdom without a constitution, where decisions were given or modified by a superior who was above law, was impossible to a spirit of rugged truthfulness such as Uhland's.

He sought a professorship at Bonn, at Basel and at Heidelberg, and even the position in a gymnasium or as keeper of the archives in Frankfort. He was exposed to the danger that even the right to practice his profession might be taken from him. In a letter, probably to Varnhagen, he wrote, September 19, 1818: "It is possible that the emergency may arise - and it is perhaps near - when I shall be obliged to leave Würtemberg. Notice has already been given to me that I can no longer practice here as an advocate after the new reorganization. You know that I have never practiced my profession from inclination. In constant conflict with my nature, it consumes my inner being, without providing me externally with a tolerable livelihood. It was designed to be merely a device to give me an independent support until other public occupation might intervene. I have waited for this long in vain, and further waiting would ruin me. I am bound to my native land by very firm bonds, and only necessity can separate me from it. Should a means be presented by which I can remain without sacrifice of my principles, I shall seize it with joy; in the meantime I cannot delay seeking employment abroad."*

So intense was his feeling that when members of the Senate of Tübingen desired to present his name for the professorship of German literature, he declined their assistance. He could not accept a position which involved any obliga-

^{*} For Uhland's letters upon this subject, see Notter, pp. 200-211.

tion to the present sovereign.* "If I follow the bidding of the voice within, I do not believe that I shall be responsible for any unpleasant consequences which may result from it. Good may, however, arise, and many a time a ray of light has appeared where everything seemed closed." Seldom has anyone sacrificed all his future prospects more deliberately in obedience to conscience than Uhland. The granting of a new constitution changed the entire situation, and he could now find a home in his native land, and be consistent with his principles.

Uhland had not been idle during the years of conflict. In 1817 he collected his political poems, and published them under the title Vaterländische Gedichte. In December of the same year he published his drama of Herzog Ernst von Schwaben, for which he received from Winter, the Heidelberg publisher, 400 florins, an important addition to his limited means. In the following year he was busy with a drama, Ludwig der Bayer, which he wrote in competition for a prize offered by the Intendant of the Munich Theatre. Among the thirty-five contestants Uhland was unsuccessful. His drama was published in 1819 by the Berlin publisher Reimer, and he received three hundred florins for it.

Uhland's dramatic activity began when he was very young. Keller,† in addition to the complete dramas above mentioned, gives a list of twenty-six dramatic attempts, parts of four of which are included in the collection of his poems. Some of these date back to his fifteenth year, when we have a metrical version of Seneca's Thyestes. Sixteen date from

^{*} See Wittoe, pp. 135-151.

[†] Uhland als Dramatiker (1877). See also Düntzer, Uhlands Dramen und Dramen-Entwürfe (1892). Fischer, Uhlands gesammelte Werke (1893), Vol. II, gives the most important dramatic fragments.

the period 1803 to 1810, and twelve fall between 1814 and 1820.

All these sketches indicate a youth ardent in his admiration for some historical character, and skilful to catch a historical or romantic suggestion, but lacking the power to execute a sustained dramatic plot. Absence of a knowledge of the technique of the stage is also manifest. The passion which these plays represent is noble and sustained, and the sentiments lofty, but the progress of the dialogue fails to meet the requirements of a successful drama. The power which can conceive and depict a single scene, which is alone necessary for a ballad, is not equal to the unfolding of complex and often contradictory motives, the resultant of subtle forces within the human soul. The subjects of his dramatic sketches are taken from national history, from Norse and classic legend, and from romantic sources in Italian, French and Spanish literature, and from folk-lore.

Soon after Uhland's election to the Würtemberg parliament, he married Emilie Vischer, the daughter of Frau Pistorius, in whose memory Rückert wrote his Rosen auf das Grab einer edlen Frau. To Emilie Vischer, Uhland addressed his poem Der Ungenannten, and her delicate tribute to his memory * shows a rare and sympathetic nature.

In the six years that followed, Uhland participated in all the questions which agitated the first constitutional parliament, to which he was chosen, which assembled in January, 1820. He had supported the new constitution, not because it included all that he had desired, but with the hope that further changes were possible which would firmly guarantee the liberty of the citizen. But the arbitrary rule of centuries

^{*}Ludwig Uhlands Leben, eine Gabe für Freunde zum 26. April 1865.

was not readily relaxed, and Uhland appeared as a champion of popular rights. The government was under the baleful influence of Metternich, and the internal policy was liable to be inspired by the more powerful states. The conference at Karlsbad introduced a vigorous censorship of the press, and the government of the university by a governmental commission. The new rights which had been granted were constantly exposed to ministerial infringement, as they had not been interpreted and confirmed by judicial decisions. Cabinet bureaucracy dominated the internal administration. Goethe's words were here confirmed, as they have been so often since:

"Reiner gonnt bem andern das Reich."

Uhland sought to determine the legality of the various independent measures which the government enacted. He moved the appointment of a commission to test the constitutionality of the censorship which the Diet had ordered. When Frederick List, a representative who had proposed a reform in the administration of justice, and of the finances, was accused before the civil tribunals, Uhland proposed that the chamber decline to sanction his exclusion or suspension as an infringement upon the rights of the lawmaking power. He introduced measures to secure the independence of the judiciary, to reform the antiquated usage of the guilds, and to limit the military budget.* As a parliamentary speaker, Uhland's words were slow, but full of pith and energy; frequently a whole argument was concentrated in a single phrase, which seldom failed to carry con-He attended conscientiously the sessions of parliament, following the wearisome details of the most un-

^{*} See Notter, pp. 227-237.

attractive subjects, and the still more irksome labors of committees. He was glad of the relief which came when his parliamentary term ended, and he could return to his studies. He declined a re-election.

In 1827, the Senate of the University of Tübingen, by a unanimous vote, nominated him for the professorship of German literature, which had been established nine years before, but had never been filled. The government interposed various objections. At last, after repeated memorials from the Senate, it sanctioned Uhland's appointment as special or extraordinary professor, with salary and a seat in the Senate. The appointment was made on December 29. 1829, and on the 3d of May, 1830, Uhland began his lectures in the university. His studies and his tastes had fitted him pre-eminently for such a position. In his letter to Kirchenrat Paulus, requesting that inquiries be made in his behalf in Frankfort, he had referred modestly to his researches in Paris, among the manuscripts of the Imperial Library, to his essay Ueber das Altfranzösische Epos (1812), in which he embodied these researches, and to the poems and dramas which he had since published. As a mastery of the mediæval German court epics is impossible without knowing their source, or their parallel forms in French and Provencal, Uhland's French studies contributed directly to the preparation for his professorship.* His copies of old French manuscripts had formed the basis of Bekker's edition of Floire et Blanceflos, and of Keller's Guillaume d'Angle-

See Jahn, p. 69, but especially Fränkel, who with amazing detail has collected all known references to Uhland's studies in this field in Ludwig Uhland als Romanist, terrig's Archiv, vol. 80 (1888), pp. 1-113; also Fischer, Uhlands Besiehungen zu ausländischen Litteraturen in his Beiträge zur Litteraturgeschichte Schwabens (1891).

terre. He had distinguished the difference between the Carlovingian Chansons de geste which were sung, and the Breton Contes which were unsung. His sagacity had enabled him to assume a French original for the Provençal manuscript of Fierabras, which later discovery confirmed. It was not, therefore, without reason that Scherer called Uhland, in connection with Wilhelm Schlegel, the founder of Romance philology.

Uhland had early conceived the purpose of writing a history of German literature in the Middle Ages. His first notable contribution to this subject was his Life of Walther von der Vogelweide, which he completed amid the first years of his parliamentary life (1821), a work which, for the freshness and beauty with which the personality of the poet is portrayed, has remained a standard monograph upon early German literature. Walther was the chief, if not the first, political singer of his nation, with whom Uhland had much in common. This work won immediate recognition from the great masters of literature. Lachmann dedicated his edition of Walther to Uhland for German sentiment, poetry and research, and later Wackernagel and Rieger have followed his example. Uhland's friendship for the Baron von Lassberg. the great collector and editor of mediæval German manuscripts, had begun just before this time.* Uhland's life as a professor continued less than three years. He lectured in the first semester on the History of German Poetry in the Middle Ages, four times weekly, to 53 students; in the winter semester of 1830-31, on the Nibelungenlied, four times per week, to 12 students; in the summer of 1831, upon the History of German Poetry in the 15th and 16th

The first letter of their correspondence is dated April 8, 1820.

Centuries, three times per week, to 22 students: and in the winter of 1831 and 1832, upon the Sagengeschichte of the Germanic and Romance nations, three times per week, to 41 students.* Uhland held a Stylisticum, an exercise in literary criticism, in which original essays, poems, etc., were presented by the students. No one of his exercises was so largely attended as this. It enabled him not only to discuss the value and province of various kinds of poetry, as well as to express his judgment of the works of different authors, as well as the qualities of style, the place of metaphor, etc. After this fashion, Platen, Ossian, Heine, Goethe, folk-songs and didactic poetry, were criticised in a manner which, coming from a poet of Uhland's reputation, was not only instructive but also served to show that his poems were not written without a definite conception of the nature of poetry.† Many gifted scholars participated in these exercises, who afterward looked back upon them as the most helpful lessons of their university course. I Uhland's career as a professor was destined to be limited. The July Revolution of 1830, which swept the Bourbons from the throne of France, and awakened a spirit of liberty throughout Europe. powerfully affected Würtemberg.

In the summer of 1832, Uhland addressed public meetings in various places, and yielded to the request of his friends to stand as a candidate for parliament, and was

[•] Uhland's lectures were published after his death in Uhlands Schriften sur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage. 8 vols. Edited by Keller, Pfeiffer and Holland. A very serviceable edition of selections from Uhland's writings is contained in Fischer's edition of Uhlands Werke, vols. 3 to 6.

[†] See Zu Ludwig Uhland's Gedächtniss, Mittheilungen aus seiner akademischen Lehrthätigkeit, von W. L. Holland, 1886,

[‡] See Friedrich Vischer's essay on Uhland,

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elected a member for Stuttgart. The parliament met in January, 1833, and all the questions of the repressed liberties of past years came at once to the front. Uhland favored the admission to the chamber of his former enemy, Wangenheim, who, after serving as minister, had been the embassador of the kingdom at the Diet, but was then residing in Saxony. The government opposed his admission successfully. Uhland closed a spirited speech in his behalf, claiming that Wangenheim possessed the right of spiritual citizenship, which was not dependent on the spot where he was born, and that his services as Curator of the University, and as Minister of Public Instruction, had given him a residence in Würtemberg. He defended the admission of four members, whose exclusion was demanded, because they had belonged to a political society during their university years. When the Privy Council called upon the chamber to reject a motion to disapprove certain decrees of the Diet, Uhland reported an address censuring the Council for interference with the prerogatives of the representatives of the people. The king thereupon dissolved the parliament.

Uhland was re-elected as a representative from the capital, after an exciting canvass. When he applied for leave of absence from the university, the government refused the necessary permission, holding that his services were indispensable. The government sought to defeat the election of so bold a defender of popular rights in the chamber. Uhland thereupon requested to be released from his university duties, which the government granted "very willingly," as the decree was worded. He thus, in obedience to what he believed to be a sacred duty, resigned a position which was in the highest degree congenial, and which he had sought for years. He now served six years more as a member of parliament, during a period of great excitement, but where his party was in a hopeless minority. He supported a reduction of the military budget in time of peace, holding that, in case a war for the fatherland was necessary, the people would sustain it with patriotic sacrifices and enthusiasm. and that a large military establishment might be used for other than national purposes; he also supported the freedom of the press. His name was already known throughout Germany as a vigorous defender of popular rights. When the parliament voted Uhland as the representative of the capital, he pronounced his judgment first of all the popular representatives. The South-German states saw only in Prussia the representative of a great military system, connection with which might threaten their rights. Uhland and his liberal friends opposed a tariff-union with Prussia. Upon the expiration of his electoral period, he withdrew, as he supposed, permanently from political life. He was destined, however, to fill one more important public position, and upon a wider field.

At a great meeting of citizens, professors and students, held in Tübingen after the French Revolution of 1848, Uhland delivered a pregnant address, embodying a memorial to the committee of parliament, in favor of a constitution for a united Germany, popular armament, freedom of the press and of public meetings, publicity in judicial proceedings, local and district autonomy, a revision of the constitution to remove defects and to provide for a purely elective assembly. On the popular movement which swept over Germany, affecting kings and people alike, the Diet provided for the appointment of seventeen "men of confidence" to revise the constitution of the Confederation. A constitutional ministry was now at the helm in Würtemberg

and Uhland, whom all men trusted, even while they disagreed with him, received the appointment. His city and the university honored its distinguished son with a procession and an address before his departure for Frankfort. He accepted the appointment only upon condition that his action should be free. To this the king acceded.

The history of the famous parliament which followed is inspiring and pathetic. Never did men strive more nobly and more hopelessly to accomplish a great work. The best spirits of Germany were there, but their united efforts could not make a movement which derived its strength from the people, successful without the co-operation of the rulers themselves, whose hereditary authority was imperiled. Should the new government be an empire or a republic? Should the head of the state be elective or hereditary? Should the supreme rule alternate between chiefs of the leading states, or be confined to one state? What should constitute the new state? Should Prussia dominate, and should Austria be excluded?

Time has settled these questions. Uhland maintained an independent attitude among various political groups. The views which he held were in advance of his time, perhaps of any time. They were not reconcilable with the relations of the several states, and of popular and hereditary power. In an impassioned address he favored the retention of Austria in the new state; he opposed a hereditary empire and conferring the chief authority on Prussia; he favored an elective head of the empire, to be chosen periodically. When the parliament came to vote for administrator of the empire, Uhland voted for the Baron von Gagern, thus placing a citizen above sovereigns. He seems to have been solitary amid these exciting times. His views did not cor-

respond with those of many of his most intimate friends in the parliament and in his native land. He voted against offering the imperial crown to the king of Prussia, and against the imperial constitution as finally adopted. When the representatives of the leading states withdrew, he opposed an adjournment to Stuttgart, and composed the final address, in which the parliament explained to the German people the failure of its task. He participated in the adjourned or rump parliament in Stuttgart; and when the government ordered its cavalry to prevent its sessions, he, with his friend Albert Schott, with President Loewe in the centre, headed a procession which sought to march to the place of assembly, in token that they who had received the mandate of the people yielded only to physical force. With this last dramatic act Uhland's political career ended, but not his interest in his country's constitutional life. He returned to his studies, wounded only at the failure of his hopes and the treatment which had been inflicted in his country upon the representatives of the German people. In all his public life his practical sense, his judicial training, his loyalty to conscience, as well as his hearty interest in all legislation that concerned the welfare of the people, made him a valuable legislator. He gave minute attention to the driest details of material questions. As a statesman he was a theorist, an idealist, not always practicable, and not always discerning with sagacity the inevitable tendency of events.

Goethe's words show conclusively a high estimate of Uhland, and one which proved prophetic, though some other remarks were less favorable. "Mark," he said, "the politician will consume the poet. To be a member of parliament, and to live in daily frictions and excitements, is no business for the delicate nature of a poet. It is all over with

his song, and that is, in a certain degree, to be regretted. Swabia possesses men enough who are sufficiently instructed, well-intentioned, capable and eloquent to be members of parliament, but it has only one poet such as Uhland."* The years 1829 and 1834 were the most productive of his later poetic life. In the former year fall the ballads Die Ulme zu Hirsau, Der Graf von Greiers, Bertran de Born, Tells Tod, and others; while in the latter year the ballad element was less prominent, and numerous poems of delicate sentiment were written. Only eleven poems were written after 1835, and these were in part apothegms of a few lines.

It is not in all cases easy to follow Uhland's studies as a literary historian, which, while occupying previous years, became the exclusive pursuit of his life after 1839, save during his parliamentary period of fifteen months in Frankfort. His early work upon the Old French Epic, published in 1812, antedated French research by a score of years.† His work upon the myth of Thor (Der Mythus von Thor nach nordischen Quellen) was published in 1836. In this he sought to show the physical foundations of the Norse myths, a view supported with great learning and afterward in much vogue, but the application of which has been limited. The years of his university professorship were fruitful, but their results were not published until after his death, notably his lectures upon history of the legends of the Germanic and Romance nations: Aus den Vorlesungen über Sagengeschichte der germanischen und romanischen Völker, 1831-1832; and his lectures on the history of German poetry in the Middle Ages: Aus den Vorlesungen über Geschichte

^{*} Gespräche mit Eckermann, II, p. 358 f.

[†] See Lachmann, Wolfram von Eschenbach, p. xl f.

der deutschen Poesie im Mittelalter, 1830, including special studies of the Legend of Duke Ernst, and certain distinctively Swabian subjects, as the Counts Palatinate of Tübingen and the Dead of Lustnau. These were followed by his lectures on the history of German poetry in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including his studies of the poetry of chivalry, the historical folk-songs and hymns.

The work which occupied Uhland for many years, and the most important of his contributions to literary history, was his collection of popular songs: Alte hoch- und niederdeutsche Volkslieder (1844-1845). He had been interested in popular poems from his early manhood. The first edition of Des Knaben Wunderhorn, edited by Clemens Brentano and Achim von Arnim, was published between 1806 and 1808. This fresh collection of popular songs attracted wide interest and revealed an unspected wealth of poetry among the German people. Uhland was profoundly interested in these poems. Though the collection was uncritical and defective from a scientific standpoint, yet its influence was great, not only upon poetry, but in promoting further investigation in this class of poetry. He sought, whenever he heard these unartificial songs in the mouths of the people, to secure them. He also contemplated at one time publishing a collection of French romances with references to the ballad literature of other nations. The earliest expression of an intention to prepare such a collection occurs in a letter to Lassberg.*

His great interest in Scotch and English ballad poetry caused him to order from London the collections of Ritson,

^{*}See his letter of April 6, 1827, and his description of his return from Nuremberg, in which he had sought collections of *Flugschriften* in various libraries, in his letter of Nov. 28, 1828.

Ellis, Webber and Sir Walter Scott. From this time forward, whenever released from official duties, his journeys were directed to libraries where material for his work might be found. He visited all the libraries of Germany which contained early collections of songs, printed books and manuscripts, and even extended his journey to Copenhagen (1842) and the cities of Belgium. This work occupied his attention more exclusively, after the resignation of his professorship. The merit of Uhland's collection consists in the scientific accuracy with which it was made. He sought with a keen insight and unwearied industry to determine the original form of every poem. He intended to add to his collection an elaborate treatise on the Volkslied, and a volume of notes to the various poems. This purpose was only in part carried out. Of the eight chapters of his essay originally contemplated, four were apparently completed, Sommer und Winter, Fabellieder, Wett- und Wunschlieder and Liebeslieder. His notes to the Volkslieder, while probably not so elaborate as he intended, include references upon the bibliography, history and interpretation of most of the poems. To Uhland the Volkslieder were a revelation of life, and hence they were invaluable as illustrating primitive, natural views. Uhland's essay upon "Summer and Winter" shows how our ancestors interpreted these two seasons, into which the year was in their conception divided, and the spiritual significance which they attached to them. The fable-songs illustrate the time when men and animals lived in a more intimate relation, and animals had, in human thought, their little world of cunning and of tragedy. Poems of wishing and of rivalry, including riddles, were an unfailing accompaniment of social life. The love-songs are often importunate, but love often finds

expression in the most delicate of symbols. All the conclusions of the author are illustrated and confirmed by most interesting examples, from studies covering the whole field of German poetic love. Uhland belongs to that group of poets to which the name "Swabian School" has been applied, which includes the names of Kerner, Gustav Schwab, Karl Mayer, Gustav Pfizer and Eduard Mörike. Schiller, a Swabian by birth, had died just before the first publications of these poets (1805). Hölderlin, whose Hellenic spirit gave perfection to his verse, had ceased writing still earlier in the gloom which clouded his life. These poets were pervaded by the spirit of later Romanticism, which did not represent a distinct propaganda like the earlier Romanticists, whose theories of poetry, criticism, philosophy, theology and art found elaborate exposition. They were united in their protest against a dominant classicism as represented by Voss, or the prescription of the editors of the Morgenblatt, like Weisser, Haug and Reinbeck. They loved the freedom, the vagueness and the national character of Romantic poetry.

Uhland stated that, of all the poets who had influenced his youth, Goethe had produced the greatest impression upon him. Bürger's popular ballads also affected him powerfully. If we compare his poems with those of the other members of the circle with which he was associated, we find a perfection of poetic form, which no one of them attained, and which few German poets have surpassed. Kerner possessed much poetic feeling, which was not controlled, and he lacked the power to accomplish his end by the simplest means. Inspiration took the place of art in his verse. Uhland's taste was surer, and was native to him. He was a natural singer, and it would almost seem as if

many of his earliest poems were the unstudied product of genuine poetic power. Later, when a professor, he showed in his Stylisticum a fine critical power in discussing the nature of true poetry, and in illustrating his views from the works of numerous contemporary poets. This refined taste, the product of his maturer powers, is admirably illustrated in his later ballads, such as Bertran de Born. A delicacy hardly surpassed is shown in some of the poems of sentiment of this period, in which his touch is equally sure. His themes are not numerous, but they touch a chord which finds a response in human hearts. Such poems as Der gute Kamerad, Der Wirtin Töchterlein and Der Schäfer have found an enduring place among the treasures of German lyric poetry. Uhland is a master of the art of producing an impression by suggestion. In this particular he shares the power of the painter, whose work wins at once to the mood of his painting, but leaves the observer to interpret the subtle impression by which he is moved. Such poems as Das Schloss am Meere, Schäfer's Sonntagslied, Abendwolken and Entsagung possess this quality. Uhland found delight in nature. Many of his earlier poems were a mere mirror of external impressions. They show a sensitive youth, moved upon from without. But the poet rose above this tendency, and later poems are exquisite pictures of some single mood of nature. Such are Ruhethal, Abendwolken, Morgens and the Frühlingslieder.

Many of his poems are in the genuine spirit of the Volks-lieder; some have actually become such. They exhibit all the vividness, simplicity and delicate fancy of these natural products of poetical feeling. They were, in the case of the poet, a natural expression, not the result of studied effect. He could represent picturesquely the peasant spirit and life.

Occasionally, his poems are mere delicate conceits gracefully expressed, as in Antwort and Mutter und Kind.

While Uhland's poems of pure sentiment have won for him an established position in the hearts of the people, it is as a ballad-singer that his rank is highest. Goethe, who was not attracted by many of his youthful poems, praised his ballads. They are the genuine product of the German spirit, and embody its ideals. They are seldom based upon classical themes, save in the Ver sacrum and in the allegory Der Bildsäule des Bacchus. The former is the only ballad which can be compared with those ballads of Schiller, which are based upon an antique motive or incident, or illustrate the history of culture. Uhland's themes are few; they are most often love and loss, and loyalty and heroism as associated with some historical event or person. In general, he is concise and graphic. Occasionally, a weak and insignificant ending, as in Die Fagd von Winchester, lessens the effect, or a popular theme lacks a dramatic and lyrical quality, and the ballad becomes a mere narrative. In rare instances the narrative element may assume undue proportions, and additional incidents fail to add to the dramatic effect. This is often due to a multiplicity of references or suggestions in the original chronicle from which the ballad is drawn.

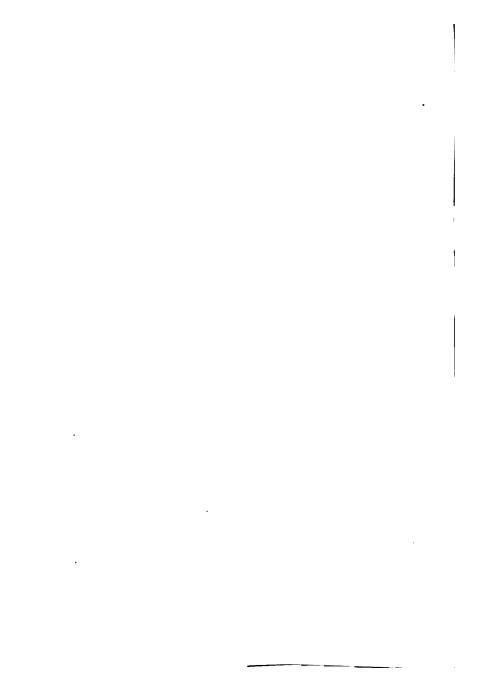
Uhland was a Romanticist in his dealing with the Middle Ages. He turned to his country's heroic past, and sought to revive a spirit of heroism and patriotic feeling, by singing again of ancient freedom and greatness. His instinct for correctness of form, and his intellectual sanity, saved him from the excesses of a school of unlimited emotion. He represented the mediæval church with sympathy. He could feel the beauty of its service, and appreciate the pure ideals

which it held up to mankind, when power was absolute and often brutal, and life seemed valueless amid its gross surroundings. It was not the mere history of a historic church which moved him so much, as the lives of saintliness and renunciation, and the picturesque element of a faith which could inspire a crusade or a search for the Holy Grail. The human element which was persistent, whether beneath the veil of a nun or the garb of a penitent, interested him.

One source of the enduring popularity of Uhland's poetry is its genuineness. It is pervaded by his own true and manly nature. It is tender, noble and heroic, because he himself was so. He never scorns or mocks at his ideals. He never utters a sentiment, and then scoffs at himself, because he has trusted and loved. He holds sentiment as the purest and most sacred part of our nature.

His fame grew with his life, even though he had ceased to sing, and has increased since his death (Nov. 13, 1862). As long as men believe in duty and in the sacredness of the individual will, and possess faith in the future of humanity, Uhland will be one of their teachers and inspired singers.

Gedichte.



Dorwort zu der ersten Auflage 1815.

Lieber sind wir. Unser Bater Schickt uns in die offne Welt; Auf dem kritischen Theater Hat er uns zur Schau gestellt. Rennt es denn kein frech Erkühnen, Leiht uns ein geneigtes Ohr, Wenn wir gern vor euch Bersammelten Ein empsehlend Borwort stammelten; Sprach doch auf den griech'schen Bühnen Einst sogar der Krösche Chor!

Anfangs sind wir sast zu kläglich, Strömen enblos Thränen aus; Leben dünkt uns zu alltäglich, Sterben muß uns Mann und Maus. Doch man will von Jugend sagen, Die von Leben überschwillt; Auch die Rebe weint, die blühende, Draus der Wein, der purpurglühende, In des reisen herbstes Tagen, Kraft und Kreude gebend, quillt.

Und beiseite mit dem Prahlen! Andre stehn genug zur Schau. Denen heiße Mittagsftrahlen Abgeleckt der Wehmutstau. Wie bei alten Rittersesten Mit bem Tobe zog Hanswurft, Also solgen scherzhaft spitzige Und, will's Gott, erträglich witzige: Echtes Leib spaßt oft zum besten, Kennt nicht eiteln Thränenburst.

Lieber find wir nur, Romanzen, Alles nur von leichtem Schlag, Bie man's fingen ober tanzen, Pfeisen ober Nimpern mag: Doch vielleicht, wer stillem Deuten Rachzugehen sich bemüht, Ahnt in einzelen Gestaltungen Größeren Gebichts Entfaltungen Und als Einheit im Zerstreuten Unsers Dichters ganz Gemüt.

Bleibt euch bennoch manches kleinlich, Rehmt's für Zeichen jener Zeit, Die so brückend und so peinlich Aues Leben eingeschneit! Fehlt das äuß're freie Wesen, Leicht erfrankt auch das Gedicht: Aber nun die hingemoderte Freiheit Deutschlands frisch ausloderte, Wird sogleich das Lieb genesen, Kräftig steigen an das Licht.

Seien benn auch wir Berkünder Einer jüngern Brüderschar, Deren Bau und Buchs gefünder, Höher sei, als unsrer war! Dies ist, was wir nicht geloben, Rein, vom Himmel nur ersiehn. Und ihr selbst ja seid Bernünstige, Die im Jeht erschaun das Künstige, Die an junger Saat erproben, Wie die Frucht einst wird bestehn.



Lieder.

Des Dichters Abenbgang.

Ergehst du bich im Abenblicht (Das ist die Zeit der Dichterwonne), So wende stets dein Angesicht Zum Glanze der gesunk'nen Sonne! In hoher Feier schwebt dein Geist, Du schauest in des Tempels Hallen, Wo alles Heil'ge sich erschleußt Und himmlische Gedichte wallen.

Wann aber um bas Heiligtum Die bunkeln Wolfen niederrollen, Dann ist's vollbracht, du tehrest um, Beseligt von bem Wundervollen. In stiller Rührung wirst du gehn, Du trägst in dir des Liebes Segen; Das Lichte, das du bort gesehn, Umglänzt bich milb auf sinstern Wegen.

An den Tob.

Der bu ftill im Abenblichte Banbelft burch ber Erbe Beet, Rlare Blumen, golbne Früchte Sammelft, bie bir Gott gefät: Schon', o Tob, was, sanft entzücket, An des Lebens Brust sich schmiegt, Sich zum süßen Liede wiegt Und zum Mutterange blicket!

Laß ber Erbe ihre Söhne, Deren Kraft im Sturme fleugt, Daß ein freudiges Getöne Schnell aus toten Bälbern fleigt! Lösche nicht ben Geist bes Beisen, Dessen heil'gen Sonnenglanz, Schön verwebt in sich'rem Tanz, Jugenbliche Mond' umtreisen!

Auf der Silberwolke fahre Still dahin zur Sternezeit, Wo ein Greis am Hausaltare Jedem Abend Thränen weiht; Sprich die Ramen seiner Lieben, Führ' ihn auf in ihren Kranz, Wo des Auges ew'gen Glanz Keiner Trennung Zähren trüben!

Und den Jüngling, dem die Liebe Deißes Sehnen aufgeweckt,
Der in ungestilltem Triebe
Offne Arme ausgestreckt,
Dann zur Blumenstur der Sterne
Aufgeschauet liebewarm:
Kaff' ihn freundlich Arm in Arm,
Trag' ihn in die blaue Ferne,

Bo es bräutlich glänzt und hallet, Liebeatmend ihn umschließt, Bas ihn geistig einst umwallet Und mit leisem Gruß gegrüßt, Bo es in der Seele maiet, Die, von neuem Leben jung, Ewiger Begeisterung, Ewigen Gesangs sich freuet!

Der Rönig auf bem Turme.

Da liegen fie alle, die grauen Soh'n, Die dunkeln Thäler in milber Ruh'; Der Schlummer waltet, die Lüfte wehn Keinen Laut der Klage mir zu.

Für alle hab' ich gesorgt und gestrebt, Mit Sorgen trank ich ben funkelnden Wein; Die Nacht ist gekommen, der himmel belebt, Meine Seele will ich erfreun.

O bu golbene Schrift burch ben Sterneraum, Zu bir ja schau' ich liebend empor; Ihr Wunderklänge, vernommen kaum, Wie besäuselt ihr sehnlich mein Ohr!

Mein haar ist ergraut, mein Auge getrübt, Die Siegeswaffen hängen im Saal, habe Recht gesprochen und Recht geübt: Bann barf ich raften einmal? O felige Raft, wie verlang' ich bein! O herrliche Nacht, wie faumst du so lang', Da ich schaue ber Sterne lichteren Schein Und höre volleren Klang!

Lich eines Armen.

Ich bin so gar ein armer Mann Und gehe ganz allein. Ich möchte wohl nur einmal noch Recht frohen Mutes sein.

In meiner lieben Eltern Haus War ich ein frohes Kind, Der bitt're Kummer ist mein Teil, Seit sie begraben find.

Der Reichen Gärten seh' ich blühn, Ich seh' die goldne Saat, Mein ist der unfruchtbare Weg, Den Sorg' und Mühe trat.

Doch weil' ich gern mit stillem Weh In froher Menschen Schwarm, Und wünsche jedem guten Tag So herzlich und so warm.

O reicher Gott, bu ließest boch Richt gang mich freudenleer; Ein suger Troft für alle Welt Ergießt sich himmelber. Noch steigt in jedem Dörstein ja Dein heilig Haus empor; Die Orgel und der Chorgesang Ertönet jedem Ohr.

Noch leuchtet Sonne, Mond und Stern So liebevoll auch mir, Und wann die Abendglode hallt, Da red' ich, Herr, mit dir.

Einft öffnet jedem Guten fich Dein hoher Freudensaal, Dann tomm' auch ich im Feierkleib Und fetse mich ans Mahl.

Befang ber Jünglinge.

Heilig ift bie Jugendzeit! Treten wir in Tempelhallen, Wo in buff'rer Einsamleit Dumpf die Tritte widerschallen! Ebler Geift des Ernstes soll Sich in Jünglingsseelen fenten, Jede still und andachtsvoll Ihrer heil'gen Kraft gebenten.

Gehn wir ins Gefild' hervor, Das fich fiolg bem himmel zeiget, Der fo feierlich empor Überm Erbenfrühling fteiget! Eine Belt voll Fruchtbarteit Bird aus biefer Blüte brechen. Beilig ist die Frühlingszeit, Soll an Jünglingsjeelen fprechen!

Fasset bie Pokale nur! Seht ihr nicht so purpurn blinken Blut ber üppigen Natur? Last uns hohen Mutes trinken, Daß sich eine Feuerkraft Selig in ber andern fühle! Heilig ist der Rebensaft, If bes Jugenbschwungs Gespiele.

Seht das holde Mädchen hier!
Sie entfaltet sich im Spiele;
Eine Welt erblüht in ihr
Zarter, himmlischer Gefühle.
Sie gedeiht im Sonnenschein,
Unsre Kraft in Sturm und Regen.
Heilig soll das Mädchen sein,
Denn wir reisen uns entgegen.

Darum geht in Tempel ein, Ebeln Ernst in euch zu saugen! Stärkt an Frühling euch und Wein, Sonnet euch an schönen Augen! Jugend, Frühling, Festpotal, Mädchen in der holden Blüte, Beilig sei'n sie allzumal Unstem ernsteren Gemüte!

Auf ein Rind.

Aus ber Bebrängnis, die mich wild umlettet, hab' ich zu dir, mich, fuffes Rind, gerettet, Damit ich herz und Augen weide An beiner Engelfreube, An dieser Unschuld, dieser Morgenhelle, An dieser ungetrübten Gottesquelle.

Die Rapelle.

Droben stehet die Kapelle, Schauet still ins Thal hinab, Drunten singt bei Wief' und Quelle Froh und hell der hirtenknab'.

Traurig tönt bas Glöcklein nieber, Schauerlich ber Leichenchor; Stille find bie frohen Lieber, Und ber Anabe lauscht empor.

Droben bringt man fie zu Grabe, Die fich freuten in dem Thal. hirtenknabe, hirtenknabe, Dir auch fingt man dort einmal.

Die fauften Tage.

Ich bin so hold ben sanften Tagen, Bann in der ersten Frühlingszeit Der himmel, blaulich aufgeschlagen, Zur Erde Glanz und Wärme streut, Die Thäler noch von Eise grauen, Der hügel schon sich sonnig hebt, Die Mädchen sich ins Freie trauen, Der Kinder Spiel sich neu belebt.

Dann steh' ich auf bem Berge broben Und seh' es alles, still erfreut, Die Brust von leisem Drang gehoben, Der noch zum Bunsche nicht gedeiht. Ich bin ein Kind und mit dem Spiele Der heiteren Natur vergnügt, In ihre ruhigen Gefühle Ift ganz die Seele eingewiegt.

Ich bin so hold ben sanften Tagen, Bann ihrer mild besonnten Flur Gerührte Greise Abschied sagen, Dann ist die Feier der Natur. Sie prangt nicht mehr mit Blüt' und Fülle, All' ihre regen Kräfte ruhn, Sie sammelt sich in süße Stille, In ihre Tiesen schaut sie nun.

Die Seele, jüngst fo hoch getragen, Sie senket ihren stolzen Flug, Sie lernt ein friedliches Entsagen, Erinnerung ist ihr genug. Da ist mir wohl im sansten Schweigen, Das die Natur der Seele gab; Es ist mir so, als dürft' ich steigen Hinunter in mein stilles Grab.

Im Berbfte.

Seib gegrüßt mit Frühlingswonne, Blauer Himmel, goldne Sonne! Drüben auch aus Gartenhallen Hör' ich frohe Saiten ichallen.

Ahnest du, o Seele, wieder Sanfte, suße Frühlingslieder? Sieh umher die falben Bäume! Ach, es waren holbe Träume.

Bunber.

Sie war ein Kind vor wenig Tagen, Sie ist es nicht mehr, wahrlich nein. Bald ist die Blume aufgeschlagen, Bald hüllt sie halb sich wieder ein. Wen kann ich um das Wunder fragen? Wie? oder täuscht mich holder Schein?

Sie fpricht fo gang mit Rinberfinne, So fromm ift ihrer Augen Spiel; Doch großer Dinge werb' ich inne, 3d icau' in Tiefen ohne Biel. Ja, Bunber find's ber fufen Minne, Die Minne hat ber Bunber viel,

Mond und Schäfer.

Mönd.

Was stehst du so in stillem Schmerz? O Schäfer, sag' es mir! Wohl schlägt auch hier ein wundes Herz, Das ziehet mich zu dir.

- Schäfer.

Du fragest noch? o sieh umber In meinem trauten Thal! Die weite Au ist blumenleer, Und jeder Baum ist sahl.

Mönd.

Du klage nicht! was ift bein Weh? Was, als ein schwerer Traum? Balb glänzt die Blume aus dem Klee, Die Blüte von dem Baum.

Dann steht bas Kreuz, bavor ich knie', Im grünen Baumgefilb; Doch ach, es grünt und blühet nie, Trägt stets ein sterbend Bilb.

Schäfere Sountagelieb.

Das ist ber Tag bes Herrn. Ich bin allein auf weiter Flur. Noch eine Morgenglode nur, Nun Stille nah' und fern.

Anbetend fnie' ich hier. D fußes Grau'n! geheimes Weh'n! Als fnieten viele ungesehn Und beteten mit mir.

Der himmel nah' und fern, Er ist so klar und feierlich. So ganz, als wollt' er öffnen sich. Das ist der Tag des herrn.

Gefang ber Ronnen.

Erhebet euch mit heil'gem Triebe, Ihr frommen Schwestern, himmelan Und schwebt auf blüh'nder Wolfenbahn! Da leuchtet uns die reinste Sonne, Da singen wir in Frühlingswonne Ein Lieb von dir, du ew'ge Liebe!

Ob welfen alle zarten Blüten Bon bem Genug ber irb'ichen Glut: Du bist ein ewig Jugendblut Und unfrer Busen stete Fülle, Die ew'ge Flamme, die wir stille Am Altar und im herzen hüten. Du stiegest nieber, ew'ge Gute, Du lagst, ein lächelnd himmelskind, Im Arm ber Jungfrau suß und lind, Sie durft' aus beinen hellen Augen Den Glanz ber himmel in sich saugen, Bis sie die Glorie umglühte.

Du hast mit göttlichem Erbarmen Am Kreuz die Arme ausgespannt; Da ruft der Sturm, da dröhnt das Land: "Kommt her, tommt her von allen Orten! Ihr Tote, sprengt des Grabes Pforten! Er nimmt euch auf mit offnen Armen."

D Bunderlieb', o Liebeswonne! Ift diese Zeit ein Schlummer mir, So träum' ich sehnlich nur von dir; Und ein Erwachen wird es geben, Da werd' ich ganz in dich verschweben, Ein Glutstrahl in die große Sonne.

Des Anaben Berglieb.

Ich bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab', Seh' auf die Schlöffer all' herab; Die Sonne strahlt am ersten hier, Am längsten weilet fie bei mir; Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge. hier ift bes Stromes Mutterhaus, Ich trint' ihn frisch vom Stein heraus; Er braust vom Fels in wilbem Lauf, Ich sang' ihn mit ben Armen auf; Ich bin ber Knab' vom Berge.

Der Berg, ber ist mein Eigentum, Da ziehn die Stürme rings herum; Und heulen sie von Nord und Süb, So überschallt sie boch mein Lieb: "Ich bin ber Knab' vom Berge."

Sind Blitz und Donner unter mir, So sieh' ich hoch im Blauen hier; Ich tenne sie und ruse zu: "Laßt meines Baters Haus in Ruh'!" Ich bin ber Knab' vom Berge.

Und wann die Sturmglod' einst erschalt, Manch Feuer auf den Bergen wallt, Dann steig' ich nieder, tret' ins Glied Und schwing' mein Schwert und sing' mein Lied: "Ich bin der Knab' vom Berge."

Entschluß.

Sie kommt in diese stillen Gründe; Ich wag' es heut' mit kühnem Mut. Was soll ich beben vor dem Kinde, Das niemand was zuleibe thut? Es grußen alle fie fo gerne, Ich geb' vorbei und wag' es nicht, Und zu bem allerschönsten Sterne Erheb' ich nie mein Angesicht.

Die Blumen, die nach ihr fich beugen, Die Bogel mit dem Luftgefang, Sie durfen Liebe ihr bezeugen: Warum ift mir allein fo bang?

Dem himmel hab' ich oft geklaget In langen Rächten bitterlich Und habe nie vor ihr gewaget Das eine Wort: "Ich liebe bich!"

Ich will mich lagern unterm Baume, Da wandelt täglich fie vorbei; Dann will ich reden als im Traume, Wie fie mein füßes Leben sei.

Ich will . . . o webe! welches Schreden! Sie tommt heran, fie wird mich febn; Ich will mich in ben Busch versteden, Da seh' ich fie vorübergebn.

Lauf ber Belt.

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus, Hinauf den Wiesensteg. Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus, Es stehet hart am Weg. Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt, Es ift nur fo der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es fo geschab, Seit lange füff' ich fie. Ich bitte nicht, fie sagt nicht ja, Doch sagt fie nein auch nie. Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht, Wir hindern's nicht, uns buntt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit ber Rose spielt, Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb? Das Röschen sich am Taue tühlt, Es sagt nicht lange: gib! Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich, Doch keines sagt: ich liebe bich!

Balblieb.

Im Walbe geh' ich wohlgemut, Mir graut vor Räubern nicht; Ein liebend Herz ift all mein Gut Das sucht kein Bösewicht.

Was rauscht, was raschelt durch den Busch? Ein Mörder, der mir broht? Wein Liebchen kommt gesprungen, husch! Und herzt mich saft zu Tod.

Geliger Tod.

Gestorben war ich Bor Liebeswonne; Begraben lag ich In ihren Armen; Erwedet warb ich Bon ihren Kuffen; Den himmel sah ich In ihren Augen,

Untreue.

Dir ift bie Herrichaft längst gegeben In meinem Liebe, meinem Leben, Rur biese Racht, o welch ein Traum! D laß bas schwere Wort mich lösen! Es saß ein fremb, verschleiert Wesen Dort unter unser Liebe Baum,

Wie halt sie meinen Sinn gefangen! Ich nahe mich mit sugem Bangen, Sie aber hebt ben Schleier leicht; Da seh' ich beine lieben Augen, Ach, beine blauen, trauten Augen, Und jeder frembe Schein entweicht.

Die Abgeschiedenen.

So hab' ich endlich bich gerettet Mir aus der Menge wilber Reih'n! Du bist an meinen Arm gekettet, Du bist nun mein, nun einzig mein. Es schlummert alles diese Stunde, Nur wir noch leben auf der Welt, Wie in der Wasser stillem Grunde Der Meergott seine Göttin hält.

Berrauscht ist all das rohe Tosen, Das deine Worte mir verschlang, Dein leises, liebevolles Kosen Ist nun mein einz'ger süßer Klang. Die Erbe liegt in Nacht gehüllet, Kein Licht erglänzt auf Flur und Teich, Nur dieser Lampe Schimmer füllet Noch unsrer Liebe Kleines Reich.

Die Bufriedenen.

Ich faß bei jener Linbe Mit meinem trauten Kinde, Wir saßen Hand in Hand. Kein Blättchen rauscht' im Winde, Die Sonne schien gelinde Herab aufs stille Land. Wir saffen ganz verschwiegen Mit innigem Bergnügen, Das herz kaum merklich schlug. Was sollten wir auch sagen? Was konnten wir uns fragen? Wir wußten ja genug.

Es mocht' uns nichts mehr fehlen, Rein Sehnen tonnt' uns qualen, Richts Liebes war uns fern; Aus liebem Aug' ein Grugen, Bom lieben Mund ein Ruffen Gab eins bem antern gern,

pohe Liebe.

In Liebesarmen ruht ihr trunten. Des Lebens Früchte winten euch; Gin Blid nur ift auf mich gefunten, Doch bin ich vor euch allen reich.

Das Glück ber Erbe miff' ich gerne Und blick', ein Märthrer, hinan, Denn über mir in goldner Ferne hat sich ber himmel aufgethan.

Räbe.

Ich tret' in beinen Garten; Bo, Suße, weilst bu heut'? Anr Schmetterlinge stattern Durch biese Einsamkeit.

Doch wie in bunter Fulle hier beine Beete ftehn Und mit ben Blumenbuften Die Weste mich umwehn!

Ich fühle bich mir nabe, Die Einsamkeit belebt, Wie über seinen Welten Der Unsichtbare schwebt.

Borabend.

Was streift vorbei im Dämmerlicht? War's nicht mein holbes Kinb? Und wehten aus dem Körbchen nicht Die Rosendüste lind?

Ja, morgen ist das Maienfest! O morgen — welche Luft, Wann sie sich glänzend schauen läßt, Die Röslein an der Brust!

Der Commerfaden.

Da sliegt, als wir im Felbe gehen, Ein Sommersaben über Land, Ein leicht und licht Gespinst der Feen, Und knüpft von mir zu ihr ein Band. Ich nehm' ihn für ein günstig Zeichen, Ein Zeichen, wie die Lieb' es braucht. D hoffnungen der Hoffnungsreichen, Aus Duft gewebt, von Luft zerhaucht!

Nachts.

Dem stillen Sause blid' ich zu, Gelehnt an einen Baum; Dort liegt sie wohl in schöner Rub' Und glüht in suffem Traum.

Bum himmel blid' ich bann empor, Er hangt mit Wolken bicht. Ach, hinter schwarzem Wolkenflor, Da glanzt bes Bollmonbs Licht.

Schlimme Rachbarichaft.

Rur felten tomm' ich aus bem Zimmer, Doch will bie Arbeit nicht vom Ort; Geöffnet find die Bucher immer, Doch feine Seite rud' ich fort. Des Nachbars lieblich Flötenspielen Nimmt jest mir die Gedanken hin, Und jest muß ich hinüberschielen Nach meiner hübschen Nachbarin.

Baueruregel.

Im Sommer such' ein Liebchen bir In Garten und Gefild'! Da sind die Tage lang genug, Da sind die Rächte mild.

Im Winter muß ber füße Bund Schon fest geichlossen fein: So barfit nicht lange stehn im Schnee Bei taltem Monbenschein.

Sans und Grete.

Sie.

Sucht bu mir benn immer nach, Wo bu nur mich findest? Rimm die Auglein doch in acht, Daß bu nicht erblindest!

Er.

Gudtest bu nicht stets herum, Burbest mich nicht sehen; Nimm bein Hälschen boch in acht! Wirst es noch verdrehen.

Jägerlieb.

Rein' beff're Lust in bieser Zeit Als burch ben Walb zu bringen, Wo Droffel singt und Habicht schreit, Wo hirsch' und Rehe springen.

D fäß' mein Lieb im Bipfel grun, That wie 'ne Droffel ichlagen! D fprang' es wie ein Reh babin, Daß ich es konnte jagen!

Des Birten Winterlieb.

D Winter, schlimmer Winter, Wie ist die Welt so klein! Du brangst uns all' in die Thaler, In die engen hütten hinein.

Und geh' ich auch vorüber An meiner Liebsten Saus: Kaum sieht fie mit bem Köpfchen Zum kleinen Fenfter heraus.

Und nehm' ich's herz in die Sande Und geh' hinauf ins Saus: Sie fitt zwischen Bater und Mutter, Schaut taum zu den Auglein heraus. O Sommer, schöner Sommer, Wie wird die Welt so weit! Je höher man steigt auf die Berge, Je weiter sie sich verbreit't.

Und stehest du auf bem Felsen, Traut Liebchen, ich ruse dir zu: Die Halle sagen es weiter, Doch niemand hört es, als du.

Und halt' ich bich in den Armen Tuf freien Bergeshöhn: Wir sehen in die weiten Lande Und werden doch nicht gesehn.

Lieb bes Gefangenen.

Wie lieblicher Klang! O Lerche, bein Sang, Er hebt fich, er schwingt sich in Wonne. Du nimmst mich von hier, Ich singe mit bir, Wir steigen burch Wolken zur Sonne.

D Lerche, du neigst Dich nieber, du schweigst, Du sinkst in die blühenden Auen. Ich schweige zumal Und sinke zuthal, Ach, tief in Moder und Grauen.

Frühlingelieber.

1. frühlingsahnung.

O sanfter, süßer hauch, Schon wedest du wieder Mir Frühlingslieder. Bald blühen die Beilchen auch.

2. frühlingsglaube.

Die linden Lufte find erwacht, Sie faufeln und weben Tag und Racht, Sie schaffen an allen Enden. O frischer Duft, o neuer Rlang! Run, armes herze, sei nicht bang! Run muß sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Belt wird ichoner mit jedem Tag, Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag, Das Blühen will nicht enden. Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal: Nun, armes Herz, vergiß der Qual! Nun muß sich alles, alles wenden.

3. frühlingsruhe.

O legt mich nicht ins dunkle Grab. Richt unter die grüne Erd' hinab! Soll ich begraben sein, Lieg' ich ins tiese Gras hinein. In Gras und Blumen lieg' ich gern, Benn eine Flote tont von fern, Und wenn hoch obenhin Die hellen Frühlingswollen ziehn.

4. frühlingsfeier.

Süßer, golbner Frühlingstag! Inniges Entzüden! Benn mir je ein Lieb gelang, Sollt' es heut' nicht glüden?

Doch warum in dieser Zeit An die Arbeit treten? Frühling ift ein hohes Fest: Laßt mich ruhn und beten!

5. Cob des frühlings.

Saatengrün, Beilchenduft, Lerchenwirbel, Amselschlag, Sonnenregen, linde Luft!

Benn ich folche Borte finge, Braucht es bann noch großer Dinge, Dich ju preifen, Frühlingstag?

6. frühlingstroft.

Was zagst bu, Herz, in solchen Tagen, Wo selbst die Dorne Rosen tragen?

7. Künftiger frühling.

Wohl blühet jedem Jahre Sein Frühling mild und licht; Auch jener große, klare, Getrost! er fehlt dir nicht. Er ist dir noch beschieden Am Ziele deiner Bahn, Du ahnest ihn hienieden, Und broben bricht er an.

8. frühlingslied des Rezensenten.

Frühling ift's, ich laff' es gelten, Und mich freut's, ich nuß gestehen, Daß man tann spazieren geben, Ohne just fich zu ertalten.

Störche tommen an und Schwalben, Richt zu frühe, nicht zu frühe! Blühe nur, mein Bäumchen, blühe! Meinethalben, meinethalben!

Ja, ich fühl' ein wenig Wonne, Denn die Lerche fingt erträglich, Philomele nicht alltäglich, Nicht so übel scheint die Sonne.

Daß es feinen überrasche, Mich im grünen Feld zu sehen! Richt verschmäh' ich, auszugehen, Kleistens "Frühling" in der Tasche.

Der Ungenannten.

Auf eines Berges Gipfel, Da möcht' ich mit dir stehn, Auf Thäler, Waldeswipfel Mit dir herniedersehn; Da möcht' ich rings dir zeigen Die Welt im Frühlingsschein Und sprechen: "Wär's mein eigen, So wär' es mein und bein."

In meiner Seele Tiefen, D fähst du da hinab, Wo alle Lieber schliefen, Die je ein Gott mir gab! Da würdest du erkennen, Wenn echtes ich erstrebt, Und mag's auch dich nicht nennen, Doch ist's von dir belebt.

Freie Aunft.

Singe, wem Gesang gegeben, In dem deutschen Dichterwald! Das ist Freude, das ist Leben, Wenn's von allen Zweigen schalt.

Richt an wenig stolze Ramen Ift die Liedertunst gebannt; Ausgestreuet ist der Samen Über alles deutsche Land. Deines vollen Herzens Triebe, Gib fie ted im Alange frei! Säufelnd wandle beine Liebe, Donnernd uns bein Zorn vorbei!

Singst bu nicht bein ganzes Leben, Sing' boch in ber Jugend Drang! Nur im Blütenmond erheben Nachtigallen ihren Sang.

Rann man's nicht in Bucher binden, Was die Stunden dir verleihn: Gib ein fliegend Blatt den Winden! Duntre Jugend hascht es ein.

Fahret wohl, geheime Kunden, Refromantit, Alchymie! Formel hält uns nicht gebunden, Unfre Kunft beifit Boefie.

Beilig achten wir die Geister, Aber Ramen find uns Dunft; Burdig ehren wir die Meister, Aber frei ift uns die Kunft.

Richt in talten Marmorsteinen, Richt in Tempeln bumpf und tot: In den frischen Eichenhainen Bebt und rauscht der beutsche Gott.

Das Thal.

Wie willst bu bich mir offenbaren, Wie ungewohnt, geliebtes Thal? Rur in ben frühsten Jugendjahren Erschienst bu so mir manches Mal. Die Sonne schon hinabgegangen, Doch aus ben Bächen klarer Schein; Kein Lüftchen spielt mir um die Wangen, Doch sanftes Rauschen in bem Hain.

Es buftet wieder alte Liebe, Es grünet wieder alte Luft; Ja, selbst die alten Liedertriebe Beleben diese kalte Brust. Natur, wohl braucht es solcher Stunden, So innig und so liebevoll, Wenn dieses arme Herz gesunden, Das wellende genesen soll.

Bedrängt mich einst die Welt noch bänger, So such' ich wieder dich, mein Thal. Empfange dann den franken Sänger Mit solcher Milbe noch einmal! Und sink' ich dann ermattet nieder, So öffne leise beinen Grund Und nimm mich auf und schließ' ihn wieder Und grüne fröhlich und gesund!

Morgens.

Morgenluft, so rein und tühl, Labsal, tauend allem Bolle, Birft du dich am Abend schwül Türmen zur Gewitterwolke?

Ruhethal.

Wann im letten Abenbstrahl Goldne Boltenberge steigen Und wie Alpen sich erzeigen, Frag' ich oft mit Thränen: Liegt wohl zwischen jenen Wein ersehntes Rubethal?

Abendwolfen.

Bollen feb' ich abendwärts Ganz in reinste Glut getaucht, Bollen ganz in Licht zerhaucht, Die so schwäll gedunkelt hatten. Ja, mir sagt mein ahnend Herz: Einst noch werben, ob auch spät, Bann die Sonne niedergeht, Mir verklärt der Seele Schatten.

Rechtfertigung.

Wohl geht ber Jugend Sehnen Nach manchem schönen Traum; Mit Ungestüm und Thränen Stürmt sie ben Sternenraum. Der himmel hört ihr Fleben Und lächelt gnädig: "nein", Und läst vorübergehen Den Wunsch jusamt ber Pein.

Wenn aber nun vom Scheine Das herz sich abgekehrt Und nur das Echte, Reine, Das Menschliche begehrt Und doch mit allem Streben Kein Ziel erreichen kann: Da muß man wohl vergeben Die Trauer auch bem Mann.

Mu einem heitern Morgen.

O blane Luft nach trüben Tagen, Wie kannst du stillen meine Klagen? Wer nur am Regen krank gewesen, Der mag durch Sonnenschein genesen.

O blaue Luft nach trüben Tagen, Doch stillst du meine bittern Klagen: Du glänzest Ahnung mir zum Herzen, Wie himmlisch Frende labt nach Schmerzen,

Gruf ber Seelen.

Lösen sich bie irb'schen Bande? Wird auch mir die Schwinge frei, Daß ich in dem Heimatsande, Freundin, dir vereinigt sei? Ja, dein seliges Entschweben Zog mir längst den Blick empor; Jett im Lichte, jett im Leben Kind' ich, die ich nie versor.

Was vernehm' ich, lodft bu nieber, Ober steigst bu auf zu mir? Lacht mir Erbenfrühling wieber, Ober blüht ein schön'rer hier? Ja, in bieser lichten Söhe Hast bu Eine mir gefehlt; Komm! ich fühle beine Nähe, Die ben himmel mir beseelt.

Auf der Überfahrt.

über biesen Strom, vor Jahren, Bin ich einmal schon gesahren. hier die Burg im Abendschimmer, Drüben rauscht das Wehr wie immer.

Und von diesem Kahn umschloffen Waren mit mir zween Genossen: Ach, ein Freund, ein vatergleicher Und ein junger, hoffnungsreicher. Jener wirkte still hienteben Und so ist er auch geschieben, Dieser, brausend vor uns allen, Ift in Kampf und Sturm gefallen.

So, wenn ich vergang'ner Tage, Glücklicher, zu benken wage, Muß ich stets Genossen missen, Teure, die der Tod entrissen.

Doch, was alle Freundschaft binbet, Ift, wenn Geist zu Geist sich finbet; Geistig waren jene Stunden, Geistern bin ich noch verbunden.

Rimm nur, Fährmann, nimm bie Miete, Die ich gerne breifach biete! Zween, bie mit mir überfuhren, Waren geiftige Naturen.

Die Lerchen.

Welch ein Schwirren, welch ein Flug! Sei willfommen, Lerchenzug! Jene streift ber Wiese Saum, Diese rauschet burch ben Baum.

Manche schwingt sich himmelan, Jauchzend auf ber lichten Bahn, Eine voll von Lieberlust Flattert hier in meiner Brust.

Dichterfegen.

Als ich ging die Flur entlang, Lauschend auf der Lerchen Sang, Ward ich einen Mann gewahr, Arbeitsam, mit greisem Haar.

"Segen," rief ich, "biefem Felb, Das so treuer Fleiß bestellt! Segen bieser welten Hand, Die noch Saaten wirft ins Land!"

Doch mir sprach sein ernst Gesicht: "Dichtersegen frommt hier nicht; Lastend, wie des himmels Zorn, Treibt er Blumen mir für Korn —"

"Freund, mein schlichtes Lieberspiel Bedt ber Blumen nicht zu viel, Nur so viel die Ähren schmüdt Und dein kleiner Enkel pflüdt."

Connenwende.

Run die Sonne foll vollenden Ihre längste, schönfte Bahn, Wie sie zögert, sich zu wenden Nach bem stillen Ozean! Ihrer Göttin Jugendneige Fühlt die ahnende Natur, Und mir dünkt, bedeutsam schweige Rings die abenbliche Klur.

Rur bie Bachtel, die sonst immer Frühe schmälend wedt den Tag, Schlägt dem überwachten Schimmer Jetzt noch einen Bedeschlag; Und die Lerche steigt im Singen Hochauf aus dem dust'gen Thal, Einen Blid noch zu erschwingen In den schon versunk'nen Strahl.

Der Mohn.

Wie dort, gewiegt von Westen, Des Mohnes Blüte glänzt, Die Blume, die am besten Des Traumgotts Schläse kränzt, Bald purpurhell, als spiele Der Abendröte Schein, Bald weiß und bleich, als siele Des Mondes Schimmer ein!

Bur Warnung hört' ich fagen, Daß, ber im Mohne schlief, Hinunter ward getragen In Träume schwer und tief; Dem Bachen felbst geblieben Sei irren Bahnes Spur, Die Rahen und die Lieben Halt' er für Schemen nur.

In meiner Tage Morgen, Da lag auch ich einmal, Bon Blumen ganz verborgen, In einem schönen Thal. Sie bufteten so milbe; Da ward, ich fühlt' es kaum, Das Leben mir zum Bilbe, Das Wirkliche zum Traum.

Seitdem ist mir beständig, Als wär' es so nur recht, Mein Bilb der Welt lebendig, Mein Traum nur wahr und echt; Die Schatten, die ich sehe, Sie sind wie Sterne klar. O Mohn der Dichtung, wehe Ums Haupt mir immerdar!

Reifen.

Reisen soll ich, Freunde, reisen? Lüften soll ich mir die Brust? Aus des Tagwerts engen Gleisen Lockt ihr mich zu Wanderlust? Und boch hab' ich tiefer eben In die Seimat mich versenkt, Fühle mich, ihr hingegeben, Kreier, reicher, als ihr denkt.

Nie erschöpf' ich biese Wege, Nie ergründ' ich bieses Thal, Und die altbetret'nen Stege Rühren neu mich jedesmal. Öfters, wenn ich selbst mir sage, Wie der Pfad doch einsam sei, Streisen hier am lichten Tage Teure Schatten mir vorbei.

Wann die Sonne fährt von hinnen, Kennt mein Herz noch keine Ruh', Eilt mit ihr von Bergeszinnen Fabelhaften Inseln zu; Tauchen dann hervor die Sterne, Drängt es mächtig mich hinan, Und in immer tief're Ferne Zieh' ich helle Götterbahn.

Alt' und neue Jugenbträume, Zukunft und Bergangenheit, Uferlose himmelsräume Sind mir stündlich hier bereit. Darum, Freunde, will ich reisen; Beiset Straße mir und Ziel! In der heimat stüllen Kreisen Schwärmt das herz doch allzu viel.

Banberlieber.

1. Lebewohl.

Lebe wohl, lebe wohl, mein Lieb! Muß noch heute scheiben. Einen Ruß, einen Ruß mir gib! Muß bich ewig meiben.

Eine Blüt', eine Blüt' mir brich Bon bem Baum im Garten! Reine Frucht, teine Frucht für mich! Darf fie nicht erwarten.

2. Scheiden und Meiden.

So foll ich nun bich meiben, Du, meines Lebens Luft? Du fuffest mich zum Scheiben, Ich brude bich an bie Brust.

Ach Liebchen, heißt das meiben, Wenn man sich herzt und füßt? Ach Liebchen, heißt das scheiben, Wenn man sich fest umschließt?

3. In der ferne.

Will ruhen unter ben Bäumen hier, Die Böglein hör' ich so gerne. Wie finget ihr so zum Herzen mir? Bon unsrer Liebe, was wisset ihr In bieser weiten Ferne? Will ruhen hier an bes Baches Rand, Wo buftige Blümlein fprießen. Wer hat euch, Blümlein, hieher gefandt? Seib ihr ein herzliches Liebespfand Aus ber Ferne von meiner Süßen?

4. Morgenlied.

Noch ahnt man kaum der Sonne Licht, Roch find die Morgengloden nicht Im finstern Thal erklungen.

Bie ftill bes Balbes weiter Raum! Die Böglein awitichern nur im Traum, Rein Sang hat fich erschwungen.

Ich hab' mich längst ins Feld gemacht Und habe schon dies Lied erdacht Und hab' es laut gesungen.

5. Nachtreise.

Ich reit' ins finst're Land hinein, Richt Mond noch Sterne geben Schein, Die kalten Winde tosen. Oft hab' ich biesen Weg gemacht, Bann goldner Sonnenschein gelacht Bei lauer Lüste Kosen.

Ich reit' am finftern Garten bin, Die burren Baume faufen brin, Die welten Blatter fallen. hier pflegt' ich in ber Rosenzeit, Wann alles sich ber Liebe weiht, Mit meinem Lieb zu wallen.

Erloschen ist der Sonne Strahl, Berwelkt die Rosen allzumal, Mein Lieb zu Grab getragen. Ich reit' ins sinst're Land hinein Im Wintersturm, ohn' allen Schein, Den Mantel umgeschlagen.

6. Winterreife.

Bei biesem kalten Wehen Sind alle Straßen leer, Die Wasser stille stehen, Ich aber schweif' umher.

Die Sonne scheint so trübe, Muß früh hinuntergehn; Erloschen ist die Liebe, Die Luft kann nicht bestehn.

Run geht ber Walb zu Enbe, Im Dorfe mach' ich Halt; Da wärm' ich mir bie Sanbe, Bleibt auch bas herze falt.

7. Ubreife.

So hab' ich nun die Stadt verlaffen, Wo ich gelebet lange Zeit; Ich ziehe rüftig meiner Straßen, Es gibt mir niemand das Geleit. Man hat mir nicht ben Rod zerriffen (Es war' auch schabe für bas Rleib), Roch in die Wange mich gebiffen Bor übergroßem Herzeleib.

Auch teinem hat's ben Schlaf vertrieben, Daß ich am Morgen weiter geh'; Sie konnten's halten nach Belieben, Bon einer aber thut mir's weh.

8. Einfehr.

Bei einem Wirte wundermilb, Da war ich jüngst zu Gaste; Ein goldner Apfel war sein Schild An einem langen Aste.

Es war ber gute Apfelbaum, Bei bem ich eingekehret; Mit füßer Kost und frischem Schaum hat er mich wohl genähret.

Es tamen in sein grünes Haus Biel leichtbeschwingte Gäste; Sie sprangen frei und hielten Schmaus Und sangen auf das Beste.

Ich fand ein Bett zu füßer Ruh' Auf weichen, grünen Matten; Der Wirt, er bectte felbst mich zu Mit seinem kühlen Schatten. Run fragt' ich nach ber Schulbigleit, Da schüttelt' er ben Bipfel. Gesegnet sei er alle Zeit Bon ber Burgel bis jum Gipfel!

9. Beimfehr.

D brich nicht, Steg, bu gitterst fehr! D fturz' nicht, Fels, bu brauest schwer! Belt, geh nicht unter, himmel, fall' nicht ein, Eh' ich mag bei ber Liebsten sein!

Berfpätetes Dochzeitlieb.

Die Muse fehlt nicht selten, Wenn man sie eben will; Sie schweift in fernen Welten Und nirgends hält sie still. Die Schwärmerin verträumet Gar oft ben Glockenschlag; Was sag' ich? sie versäumet Selbst einen Hochzeittag.

So auch zu eurem Feste Erscheinet sie zu spät Und bittet nun aufs beste, Daß ihr sie nicht verschmäht. Des schönsten Glüdes Schimmer Erglänzt euch eben bann, Wenn man euch jetzt und immer Ein Brautlieb singen tann.

Megelfuppenlied.

Wir haben heut' nach altem Brauch Ein Schweinchen abgeschlachtet; Der ist ein jübisch ekler Gauch, Wer solch ein Fleisch verachtet. Es lebe zahm und wilbes Schwein! Sie leben alle, groß und klein, Die blonden und die braunen!

So faumet benn, ihr Freunde, nicht, Die Würste zu verspeisen, Und laßt zum würzigen Gericht Die Becher steißig kreisen! Es reimt sich trefflich: Wein und Schwein, Und paßt sich köftlich: Wurst und Durst, Bei Würsten gilt's zu bürsten.

Anch unser ebles Sauerkraut, Bir sollen's nicht vergessen; Ein Deutscher hat's zuerst gebaut, Drum ist's ein beutsches Essen. Benn solch ein Fleischchen weiß und mild Im Kraute liegt, bas ist ein Bild Wie Benus in ben Rosen.

Und wird von schönen Händen dann Das schöne Fleisch zerleget, Das ist, was einem beutschen Mann Gar süß das Herz beweget. Gott Amor naht und lächelt still Und denkt: "nur daß, wer küssen will, Zuvor den Mund sich wische!" Ihr Freunde, table keiner mich, Daß ich von Schweinen finge! Es knüpfen Kraftgebanken sich Oft an geringe Dinge.
Ihr kennet jenes alte Wort,
Ihr wißt: es sindet hier und dort Ein Schwein auch eine Perke.

Trinflied.

Wir find nicht mehr am ersten Glas, Drum benten wir gern an bies und bas, Was rauschet und was brauset.

So benken wir an ben wilben Walb, Darin die Stürme sausen, Wir hören, wie das Jagdhorn schallt, Die Ross und Hunde brausen, Und wie der Hirsch durchs Wasser setzt, Die Fluten rauschen und wallen, Und wie der Jäger ruft und hetzt, Die Schilsse schmetternd fallen.

Wir find nicht mehr am ersten Glas, Drum denken wir gern an dies und das, Was rauschet und was brauset.

So benken wir an das wilbe Meer Und hören die Wogen brausen, Die Donner rollen drüber her, Die Wirbelwinde sausen. Ha, wie das Schifflein schwankt und dröhnt, Wie Mast und Stange splittern, Und wie der Notschuß dumpf ertönt, Die Schiffer sluchen und zittern!

Wir find nicht mehr am ersten Glas, Drum benken wir gern an dies und das, Bas rauschet und was brauset.

So benken wir an die wilde Schlacht, Da sechten die beutschen Männer, Das Schwert erklirrt, die Lanze kracht, Es schnauben die mut'gen Renner. Mit Trommelwirbel, Trommetenschall, So zieht das heer zum Sturme; hin stürzet von Kanonenknall Die Mauer samt dem Turme.

Wir sind nicht mehr am ersten Glas, Drum benten wir gern an dies und das, Was rauschet und was brauset.

So benken wir an ben Jüngsten Tag Und hören Posaunen schallen, Die Gräber springen von Donnerschlag, Die Sterne vom himmel fallen; Es braust die offne höllenkluft Mit wildem Flammenmeere, Und oben in der goldnen Luft, Da jauchzen die sel'gen Chöre.

Wir find nicht mehr am ersten Glas, Drum benten wir gern an dies und das, Bas rauschet und was brauset. Und nach dem Walb und der wilden Jagd, Rach Sturm und Wellenschlage Und nach der deutschen Männer Schlacht Und nach dem Jüngsten Tage, So denken wir an uns selber noch. An unser stürmisch Singen, An unser Judeln und Lebehoch, An unser Becher Klingen.

Wir sind nicht mehr am ersten Glas, Drum benken wir gern an dies und das, Bas rauschet und was brauset.

Lieb eines bentichen Gangers.

Ich sang in vor'gen Tagen Der Lieber mancherlei Bon alten, frommen Sagen, Bon Minne, Wein und Mai. Nun ist es ausgesungen, Es bünkt mir alles Tanb; Der Heerschilb ist erklungen, Der Rus: "Fürs Baterland!"

Man sagt wohl von den Katten: Sie legten Erzring' an, Bis sie gelöst sich hatten Mit einem erschlag'nen Mann. Ich schlag' den Geist in Bande Und werf' an den Mund ein Schloß, Bis ich dem Baterlande Gedient als Schwertgenoß. Und bin ich nicht geboren Bu hohem Helbentum,
Ift mir bas Lied erforen Bu Luft und schlichtem Ruhm,
Doch möcht' ich eins erringen In diesem heil'gen Krieg:
Das eble Recht, ju fingen
Des beutschen Bolles Sieg.

Auf bas Rinb eines Dichters.

Sei uns willtommen, Dichterkind, An beines Lebens goldner Pforte! Bohl ziemen bir zum Angebind' Sich Lieber und prophet'sche Worte.

In großer Zeit erblühest bu, In ernsten Tagen, wundervollen, Wo über beiner kind'schen Ruh' Des heil'gen Krieges Donner rollen.

Du aber ichlumm're felig hin In angestammten Dichterträumen Bon himmelsglanz und Walbesgrün, Bon Sternen, Blumen, Blütenbäumen!

Derweil verrauschet ber Orkan, Es weicht ber blut'gen Zeiten Trübe; Bohl blühft als Jungfrau bu heran, Du kunbest so bas Reich ber Liebe. Bas einst als Ahnung, Sehnsucht nur Durchbrungen beines Baters Lieber, Das fintt von sel'ger Himmelsstur Als reiches Leben bir hernieber.

Mn bas Baterlanb.

Dir möcht' ich biese Lieber weihen, Geliebtes beutsches Baterland! Denn bir, bem neuerstand'nen, freien, Ift all mein Sinnen zugewandt.

Doch Selbenblut ift dir gestossen, Dir sant der Jugend schönfte Zier: Rach solchen Opfern, heilig großen, Bas gelten diese Lieder dir?

Die bentiche Sprachgefellichaft.

Gelehrte beutsche Manner, Der beutschen Rebe Kenner, Sie reichen sich die Hand, Die Sprache zu ergründen, Zu regeln und zu ründen In emfigem Berband.

Indes nun biefe walten, Bestimmen und gestalten

Der Sprache Form und Zier: So schaffe du inwendig, Thatkräftig und lebendig, Gesamtes Bolk, an ihr!

Ja, gib ihr du die Reinheit, Die Klarheit und die Feinheit, Die aus dem Herzen stammt! Gib ihr den Schwung, die Stärke, Die Glut, an der man merke, Daß sie vom Geiste stammt!

An beiner Sprache rüge Du schärfer nichts, benn Lüge, Die Wahrheit sei ihr Hort! Berpflanz' auf beine Jugenb Die beutsche Treu' und Tugenb Zugleich mit beutschem Wort!

Bu buhlerischem Girren Laß bu ihn niemals firren, Der ernsten Sprache Rlang! Sie sei dir Wort der Treue, Sei Stimme zarter Scheue, Sei echter Minne Sang!

Sie diene nie am Hofe Als Gauflerin, als Zofe, Das Lispeln taugt ihr nicht; Sie töne stolz, sie weihe Sich dahin, wo der Freie Für Recht, für Freiheit spricht! Benn so ber Sprache Mehrung, Berbesserung und Klärung Bei dir von statten geht, So wird man sagen müssen, Daß, wo sich Deutsche grüßen, Der Atem Gottes weht.

Die neue Mufe.

Als ich mich bes Rechts bestiffen Gegen meines Herzens Drang Und mich halb nur losgeriffen Bon bem lockenden Gesang: Bohl bem Gotte mit der Binde Bard noch manches Lied geweiht, Keines jemals dir, o blinde Göttin der Gerechtigkeit!

Andre Zeiten, andre Musen; Und in dieser ernsten Zeit Schüttert nichts mir so den Busen, Weckt mich so zum Liederstreit, Als wenn du mit Schwert und Wage, Themis, thronst in deiner Kraft Und die Bölker russt zur Klage, Könige zur Rechenschaft.

Daterländische Gedichte.

Das alte gute Recht.

Wo je bei altem gutem Wein Der Bürttemberger zecht, Da soll ber erste Trinkspruch sein: Das alte gute Recht!

Das Recht, bas unfres Fürsten Haus Als starter Pfetler stütt, Und bas im Lande ein und aus Der Armut Hütten schützt;

Das Recht, bas uns Gesetze gibt, Die feine Willfür bricht, Das offene Gerichte liebt Und gilltig Urteil fpricht;

Das Recht, bas mäßig Steuern schreibt Und wohl zu rechnen weiß, Das an der Kasse sitzen bleibt Und kargt mit unsrem Schweiß;

Das unser heil'ges Kirchengut Als Schutzpatron bewacht, Das Wissenschaft und Geistesglut Getreulich nährt und sacht; Das Recht, das jedem freien Mann Die Waffen gibt zur Hand, Damit er stets versechten kann Den Fürsten und das Land;

Das Recht, bas jebem offen läßt Den Zug in alle Welt, Das uns allein burch Liebe fest Am Mutterboben hält;

Das Recht, bes wohlverdienten Ruhm Jahrhunderte bewährt, Das jeder wie sein Christentum Bon herzen liebt und ehrt;

Das Recht, das eine schlimme Zeit Lebendig uns begrub, Das jetzt mit neuer Regsamkeit Sich aus dem Grab erhub!

Ja, wenn auch wir von hinnen find, Besteh' es fort und fort Und sei für Kind und Kindeskind Des schönsten Glückes Hort!

Und wo bei altem gutem Bein Der Bürttemberger zecht, Soll stets ber erste Trinkspruch fein: Das alte gute Recht!

Bürttemberg.

Was tann bir aber fehlen, Mein teures Baterland? Man hört ja weit erzählen Bon beinem Segensstanb.

Man fagt, bu feist ein Garten, Du feist ein Paradies; Was tannst bu mehr erwarten, Wenn man dich felig pries?

Ein Bort, bas sich vererbte, Sprach jener Ehrenmann, Wenn man bich gern verberbte, Daß man es boch nicht tann.

Und ift benn nicht ergoffen Dein Fruchtfelb wie ein Meer? Kommt nicht ber Moft gefloffen Bon tausend hügeln her?

Und wimmeln dir nicht Fische In jedem Strom und Teich? Ift nicht dein Waldgebüsche An Wilb nur allzu reich?

Treibt nicht die Wollenherde Auf beiner weiten Alb, Und nährest du nicht Pferde Und Rinder allenthalb? Hört man nicht fernhin preisen Des Schwarzwalds flämmig Holz? Hast du nicht Salz und Eisen Und selbst ein Körnsein Golds?

Und find nicht beine Franen So häuslich, fromm und treu? Erblüht in beinen Gauen Richt Weinsberg ewig neu?

Und find nicht beine Männer Arbeitsam, redlich, schlicht, Der Friedenswerte Kenner Und tapfer, wenn man ficht?

On Land des Korns und Weines, Du segenreich Geschlecht, Was sehlt dir? All und eines: Das alte gute Recht.

Geipräch.

"Und immer nur vom alten Recht? Wie du so störrig bist!"— "Ich bin des Alten treuer Knecht, Weil es ein Gutes ist."

"Das Beff're, nicht das Gute nur Zu rühmen, sei dir Pflicht!" — "Bom Guten hab' ich sich're Spur, Bom Beff'ren leider nicht." "Benn ich bir's aber weisen kann, So mert' und trau' auf mich!" — "Ich schwör' auf keinen einzeln Mann, Denn einer bin auch ich."

"Ift weiser Rat dir kein Gewinn, Wo zündest du bein Licht?" — "Ich halt' es mit dem schlichten Sinn, Der aus dem Bolke spricht."

"Ich sehe, daß du wenig weißt Bon Schwung und Schöpsertraft."— "Ich lobe mir den stillen Geist, Der mählich wirkt und schafft."

"Der echte Geist schwingt sich empor Und rafft die Zeit sich nach." — "Bas nicht von innen keimt hervor, Ift in der Wurzel schwach."

"Du haft bas Ganze nicht erfaßt, Der Menschheit großen Schmerz." — "Du meinst es löblich, boch bu haft Für unser Bolt tein Herz."

Mn bie Bolfevertreter.

Schaffet fort am guten Werte Mit Besonnenheit und Stärke! Laßt euch nicht bas Lob bethören, Laßt euch nicht ben Tabel stören! Tabeln auch die Uberweifen, Die um eigne Sonnen freifen: Saltet fester nur am Echten, Alterprobten, einfach Rechten !

Sohnen euch die herzlos Ralten, Die Erglüh'n für Thorheit halten: Brennet heißer nur und treuer Bon des edlen Eifers Feuer!

Schmähn euch jene, die zum Guten Lautern Antrieb nie vermuten: Zeigt in besto schön'rer Klarheit Reinen Sinn für Recht und Wahrheit!

Bas ihr Treues uns erwiesen, Sei von uns mit Dank gepriesen! Bas ihr serner werdet bauen, Sei erwartet mit Bertrauen!

Am 18. Oftober 1816.

Wenn heut' ein Geist hernieberstiege, Zugleich ein Sanger und ein Helb, Gin soldher, ber im heil'gen Kriege Gefallen auf bem Siegesfelb, Der sange wohl auf beutscher Erbe Ein scharfes Lieb, wie Schwertesftreich, Nicht so, wie ich es künden werde, Rein, himmelskräftig, bonnergleich:

"Man sprach einmal von Festgeläute, Man sprach von einem Feuermeer, Doch, was das große Fest bedeute, Weiß es denn jetzt noch irgend wer? Wohl mussen Geister niedersteigen, Bon heil'gem Eiser aufgeregt, Und ihre Wundenmale zeigen, Daß ihr darein die Finger legt.

"Ihr Fürsten, seib zuerst befraget! Bergaßt ihr jenen Tag ber Schlacht, An bem ihr auf ben Knieen laget Und hulbigtet ber höhern Macht? Wenn eure Schmach die Böller lösten, Wenn ihre Treue sie erprobt, So ist's an euch, nicht' zu vertrösten, Zu leisten jest, was ihr gelobt.

"Ihr Böller, die ihr viel gelitten, Bergaßt auch ihr den schwülen Tag? Das herrlichste, was ihr erstritten, Wie kommt's, daß es nicht frommen mag? Bermalmt habt ihr die fremden horden, Doch innen hat sich nichts gehellt, Und Freie seid ihr nicht geworden, Wenn ihr das Recht nicht festgestellt.

"Ihr Beisen, muß man euch berichten, Die ihr boch alles wissen wollt, Wie die Einfältigen und Schlichten Für klares Recht ihr Blut gezolt? Meint ihr, daß in ben heißen Gluten Die Zeit, ein Phonix, fich erneut, Rur um die Gier auszubruten, Die ihr geschäftig unterftreut?

"Ihr Fürstenrät' und Hofmarschälle Mit trübem Stern auf talter Bruft, Die ihr vom Kampf um Leipzigs Wälle Wohl gar bis heute nichts gewußt, Bernehmt! an biesem heut'gen Tage hielt Gott ber Herr ein groß Gericht. Ihr aber hört nicht, was ich sage, Ihr glaubt an Geisterstimmen nicht.

"Bas ich gefollt, hab' ich gefungen Und wieder schwing' ich mich empor; Bas meinem Blick sich ausgedrungen, Berkünd' ich bort dem sel'gen Chor: "Richt rühmen kann ich, nicht verdammen, Untrösklich ist's noch allerwärts, Doch sah ich manches Auge stammen Und klopfen hört' ich manches Herz."

Das perz für unfer Bolt.

An unfrer Bäter Thaten Mit Liebe fich erbaun, Fortpflanzen ihre Saaten, Dem alten Grund vertraun, In solchem Angedenken Des Landes Heil erneun, Um unfre Schmach sich franken, Sich unfrer Ehre freun, Sein eignes Ich vergessen In aller Luft und Schmerz: Das nennt man, wohlermessen, Kur unser Bolt ein herz.

Was unfre Bater schufen, Zertrümmern ohne Scheu, Um bann hervorzurusen Das eigne Luftgebau, Hühllos die Männer lästern, Die wir uns ausgewählt, Weil sie den Plan von gestern Zu huldigen versehlt, Die alten Namen nennen Nicht anders, als zum Scherz: Das heißt, ich darf's bekennen, Kür unser Bolt kein Derz.

Sett, da von neuem Lichte Die Hoffnung sich belebt Und da die Bolksgeschichte Den Griffel wartend hebt, D Fürst, für dessen Ahnen Der Unsern Brust gepocht Und unter bessen Fahnen Die Jugend Ruhm ersocht, Setzt unvermittelt neige Du dich zu unserm Schmerz! Ja, du vor allen zeige Für unser Bolk ein Herz!

Den Landftänden jum Chriftophetag 1817.

Und wieder schwankt die ernste Bage, Der alte Rampf belebt sich neu; Jest kommen erst die rechten Tage, Bo Korn sich sondern wird von Spreu, Bo man den Falschen von dem Treuen Gehörig unterscheiden kann, Den Unerschrod'nen von dem Scheuen, Den halben von dem ganzen Mann.

Den wirb man für erlaucht erkennen, Der von dem Recht erleuchtet ift, Den wird man einen Ritter nennen, Der nie sein Ritterwort vergißt, Den Geistlichen wird man verehren, In dem sich regt der freie Geist, Der wird als Bürger sich bewähren, Der seine Burg zu schirmen weißt.

Jett wahret, Manner, eure Bürbe! Steht auf zu männlichem Entschied, Damit ihr nicht bem Land zur Bürbe, Dem Ausland zum Gelächter seib! Es ist so viel schon unterhandelt, Es ist gesprochen fort und fort, Es ist geschrieben und gesandelt: So sprecht nun euer letztes Wort!

Und kann es nicht sein Ziel erstreben, So tretet in das Bolk zurud! Daß ihr vom Rechte nichts vergeben, Sei euch ein lohnend ftolzes Glück! Erharret ruhig und bebenket: Der Freiheit Morgen steigt herauf, Und Gott ist's, der die Sonne lenket, Und unaufhaltsam ist ihr Lauf.

Gebet eines Bürttembergere.

Der bu von beinem ew'gen Thron Die Bölker hütest, groß' und kleine, Gewiß, du blidst auch auf das meine, Du siehst das Leiden, siehst den Hohn.

Bu unfrem König, beinem Knecht, Kann nicht bes Boltes Stimme tommen, Sätt' er fie, wie er will, vernommen, Wir hatten langft bas teure Recht.

Doch dir ist offen jeglich Thor, Dir keine Scheid'wand vorgeschoben, Dein Wort ist Donnerhall von oben; Sprich du an unsres Königs Ohr!

Rachruf.

Roch ift tein Fürst so hochgefürstet, So auserwählt tein ird'scher Mann, Daß, wenn die Welt nach Freiheit durstet, Er sie mit Freiheit tranten kann, Daß er allein in seinen Sanben Den Reichtum alles Rechtes halt, Um an bie Böller auszuspenben, So viel, so wenig ihm gefällt.

Die Gnabe fließet aus vom Throne, Das Recht ist ein gemeines Gut, Es liegt in jedem Erbensohne, Es quillt in uns wie Herzensblut; Und wenn sich Männer frei erheben Und treulich schlagen Hand in Hand, Dann tritt das inn're Recht ins Leben, Und der Bertrag gibt ihm Bestand.

Bertrag! es ging auch hierzulande Bon ihm der Rechte Satung aus, Es knüpfen seine heil'gen Bande Den Bolksstamm an das Fürstenhaus. Ob einer im Palast geboren, In Fürstenwiege sei gewiegt, Als Herrscher wird ihm erst geschworen, Wenn der Bertrag besiegelt liegt.

Solch teure Wahrheit ward versochten, Und überwunden ist sie nicht. Euch, Kämpser, ist kein Kranz gestochten, Wie der beglückte Sieg ihn slicht: Nein, wie ein Fähnrich, wund und blutig, Sein Banner rettet im Gesecht, So blickt ihr tief gekränkt, doch mutig Und ftolz auf das gewahrte Recht.

Rein herold wird's ben Böllern künden Mit Pauken- und Trommetenschal, Und bennoch wird es Wurzel gründen In beutschen Gauen überall, Daß Weisheit nicht bas Recht begrabeu, Noch Wohlfahrt es ersetzen mag, Daß bei bem biedern Bolt in Schwaben Das Recht besteht und ber Vertrag.

Prolog zu dem Trauerspiel: "Ernst, Herzog von Schwaben."

(Bur Feier ber württembergischen Berfassung wurde am 29. Oktober 1819 auf dem Hose und Nationaliheater zu Stuttgart das genannte Trauerspiel des Bersassers dieser Gedichte mit dem hier abgebruckten Brolog aufgeführt.)

Ein ernstes Spiel wird euch vorübergehn. Der Borhang hebt sich über einer Welt, Die längst hinab ist in der Zeiten Strom, Und Kämpfe, längst schon ausgekämpste, werden Bor euern Augen stürmisch sich erneun.

Zween Manner, ebel, bieber, fromm und fühn, Zween Freunde, treu und fest bis in den Tod, Breiswerte Namen beutscher Helbenzeit, Ihr werdet sehn, wie sie geächtet irren Und, in Berzweislung fechtend, untergehn.

Das ift ber Fluch bes unglüchel'gen Lanbes, Bo Freiheit und Gefet barnieberliegt, Daß fich bie Besten und bie Ebelsten Bergebren muffen in fruchtlofem Barm, Daß, bie fürs Baterland am reinften gluhn, Gebrandmarkt werben als bes Lands Berrater Und, bie noch jungft bes Landes Retter biefen, Sie flüchten muffen an bes Fremben Berb. Und mabrend fo die beste Rraft verdirbt, Erblüben, muchernd in der Bolle Segen, Bewaltthat, Bochmut, Reigheit, Schergenbienft. Bie anders, wenn aus fturmbewegter Zeit Befet und Ordnung, Freiheit fich und Recht Emporgerungen und fich festgepflangt! Da brangen bie, fo grollend ferne ftanben, Sich fröhlich wieber in ber Burger Reib'n, Da mirfet jeber Beift und jebe Banb Belebend, forbernd für bes Bangen Bohl, Da glänzt ber Thron, ba lebt bie Stadt, ba grünt Das Reld, ba bliden Männer frei und ftola: Des Kurften und bes Bolles Rechte find Bermoben, wie fich Ulm' und Reb' umichlingen, Und für bes Beiligtume Berteibigung Steht jeber freudig ein mit But und Blut. Man rettet gern aus trüber Gegenwart Sich in bas beitere Gebiet ber Runft, Und für bie Rranfungen ber Birtlichfeit Sucht man fich Beilung in bes Dichters Traumen. Doch heute, wen vielleicht ber Buhne Spiel Bermundet, ber gebente, fich jum Trofte, Belch Keft wir mahr und wirklich heut' begehn! Da mag er fehn, für mas bie Manner fterben.

Roch steigen Götter auf die Erbe nieber, Roch treten die Gedanken, die ber Mensch

Die höchsten achtet, in das Leben ein. Ja, mitten in der wildverworr'nen Zeit Ersteht ein Fürst, vom eignen Geist bewegt, Und reicht hochherzig seinem Bolt die Hand Zum freien Bund der Ordnung und des Rechts. Ihr habt's gesehen, Zeugen seid ihr alle; In ihre Taseln grab' es die Geschichte! Heil diesem König, diesem Bolte heil!

Sinngedichte.

Difticen.

Die Götter des Altertums.

Sterbliche manbeltet ihr in Blumen, Götter von Bellas! Ach, nun wurdet ihr felbft Blumchen bes neuen Gebichts.

Cells Platte.

Hier ist das Felsenriff, drauf Tell aus der Barke gesprungen; Sieh! ein ewiges Mal hebet dem Kühnen sich hier: Nicht die Kapelle dort, wo sie jährliche Messen ihm singen, Nein, des Mannes Gestalt; siehst du, wie herrlich sie steht? Schon mit dem einen Fuse betrat er die heilige Erde, Stöft mit dem andern hinaus weit das verzweiselnde Schiff.

Nicht aus Stein ist das Bild, noch von Erz, nicht Arbeit ber Hände,

Rur bem geistigen Blid Freier erscheinet es Mar; Und je wilber ber Sturm, je höher braufet die Branbung, Um fo mächtiger nur hebt fich bie Belbengestalt.

Die Ruinen.

Banbrer, es ziemet bir wohl, in ber Burg Ruinen zu schlummern; Träumend bauft bu vielleicht herrlich sie wieber bir auf.

7

Mutter und Kind.

Mutter.

Blide jum himmel, mein Rind! bort wohnt bir ein feliger Bruber; Beil er mich immer betrübt, führten bie Engel ihn hin.

Rinb.

Daß tein Engel mich je von ber liebenben Bruft bir entführe, Mutter, fo fage bu mir, wie ich betrüben bich tann!

Umors Pfeil.

Amor, bein mächtiger Bfeil, mich hat er töblich getroffen; Schon im elyfischen Land wacht' ich, ein Seliger, auf.

Die Rosen.

Dft einft hatte fie mich mit buftigen Rofen beichenket; Gine noch fprofite mir jungft aus ber Geliebteften Grab.

Antwort.

Das Röschen, bas bu mir geschickt, Bon beiner lieben Hand gepflückt, Es lebte kaum zum Abendrot, Das heimweh gab ihm frühen Tod; Nun schwebet gleich sein Geist von hier Als kleines Lied zurud zu bir.

Die Schlummernbe.

Bann beine Wimper neibisch fallt, Dann muß in beiner innern Belt Ein lichter Traum beginnen: Dein Auge ftrahlt nach innen.

Greifenworte.

Sagt nicht mehr: "Guten Morgen! guten Tag!" Sagt immer: "Guten Abend! gute Nacht! Denn Abend ist es um mich, und die Nacht Ist nahe mir; o wäre sie schon da!

Komm her, mein Kind, o bu mein sußes Leben! Nein, komm, mein Kind, o bu mein sußer Tob! Denn alles, was mir bitter, nenn' ich Leben, Und was mir suß ift, nenn ich alles Tob.

Auf den Tod eines Landgeistlichen.

Bleibt abgeschied'nen Geistern die Gewalt, Zu kehren nach dem ird'schen Ausenthalt, So kehrest du nicht in der Mondennacht, Wann nur die Sehnsucht und die Schwermut wacht. Nein, wann ein Sommermorgen niedersteigt, Wo sich im weiten Blau kein Wölkchen zeigt, Wo hoch und golden sich die Ernte hebt, Mit roten, blauen Blumen hell durchwebt, Dann wandelst du, wie einst, durch das Gesild' Und grüßest jeden Schnitter freundlich milb.

Radruf.

1.

Du, Mutter, sabst mein Auge trinken Des ird'schen Tages erftes Licht; Auf bein erblaffend Angesicht Sah ich ben Strahl bes himmels finken.

2.

Ein Grab, o Mutter, ist gegraben dir An einer stillen, dir bekannten Stelle; Ein heimatlicher Schatten wehet hier, Auch fehlen Blumen nicht an seiner Schwelle.

Drin liegst bu, wie bn ftarbest, unversehrt, Mit jedem Zug bes Friedens und der Schmerzen, Auch aufzuleben ift bir nicht verwehrt: Ich grub dir bieses Grab in meinem Herzen.

3.

Berwehn, verhallen ließen fie Den frommen Grabgesang; In meiner Bruft verstummet nie Bon dir ein sanfter Klang.

4

Du warst mit Erbe kaum bebeckt, Da kam ein Freund heraus, Mit Rosen hat er ausgesteckt Dein stilles Schlummerhaus. Bu Saupt zwei sanft erglühende, Zwei bunkle niederwärts; Die weiße, ewig blühende, Die pflanzt' er auf bein Herz.

5.

Zu meinen Füßen finkt ein Blatt, Der Sonne müb', bes Regens satt; Als dieses Blatt war grün und neu, Hatt' ich noch Eltern lieb und treu.

O wie vergänglich ist ein Laub, Des Frühlings Kind, des Herbstes Raub! Doch hat dies Laub, das niederbebt, Mir so viel Liebes überlebt.

Auf den Tob eines Kinbes.

Du tamft, bu gingst mit leiser Spur, Ein stücht'ger Gast im Erbensand; Woher? wohin? wir wissen nur: Aus Gottes Hand in Gottes Hand.

In ein Stammbuch.

Die Zeit in ihrem Fluge streift nicht bloß Des Felbes Blumen und bes Walbes Schmuck, Den Glanz ber Jugend und bie frische Kraft; Ihr schlimmster Raub trifft bie Gebankenwelt. Was schön und ebel, reich und göttlich war Und jeder Arbeit, jeden Opfers wert, Das zeigt sie uns so farblos, hohl und klein, So nichtig, daß wir selbst vernichtet sind. Und bennoch wohl uns, wenn die Asche tren Den Funken hegt, wenn das getäusche Herz Richt müde wird, von neuem zu erglühn! Das Echte doch ist eben diese Glut; Das Bild ist höher als sein Gegenstand, Der Schein mehr Wesen als die Wirklichkelt. Wer nur die Wahrheit sieht, hat ausgelebt; Das Leben gleicht der Bühne: dort wie hier Muß, wann die Täuschung weicht, der Borhang fallen.

Anf Wilheim Sauffe frühes Sinicheiben.

Dem jungen, frischen, farbenhellen Leben, Dem reichen Frühling, bem tein herbst gegeben, Ihm laffet uns zum Totenopfer zollen Den abgeknickten Zweig, ben blütenvollen!

Noch eben war von dieses Frühlings Scheine Das Baterland beglänzt. Auf schroffem Steine, Dem man die Burg gebrochen, hob sich neu Ein Wolkenschloß, ein zanberhaft Gebäu; Doch in der Höhle, wo die stille Kraft Des Erdgeists rätselhafte Formen schafft, Am Fackellicht der Phantasie entsaltet, Sahn wir zu helbenbildern sie gestaltet; Und jeder Hall, in Spalt' und Klust verstedt, Warb zu beseeltem Menschenwort erweckt.

Mit Selbenfahrten und mit Festestänzen, Mit Satyrlarven und mit Blumentränzen Umtleibete das Altertum den Sarg, Der heiter die verglühte Asche barg; So hat auch er, dem unsre Thräne taut, Aus Lebensbildern sich den Sarg erbaut.

Die Asche ruht, der Geist entsteugt auf Bahnen Des Lebens, dessen Fille wir nur ahnen, Wo auch die Kunst ihr himmlisch Ziel erreicht Und vor dem Urbild jedes Bild erbleicht.

Schidfal.

Ja, Schickfal, ich verstehe bich: Mein Glück ift nicht von biefer Welt, Es blüht im Traum ber Dichtung nur. Du senbest mir ber Schmerzen viel Und gibst für jedes Leib ein Lieb.

Sonette. Oftaven. Glossen.

Todesgefühl.

Wie Sterbenden zu Mut, wer mag es sagen? Doch wunderbar ergriff mich's diese Nacht: Die Glieber schienen schon in Todes Macht, Im Herzen fühlt' ich lettes Leben schlagen;

Den Geist befiel ein ungewohntes Zagen, Den Geist, der stets so sicher sich gebacht, Erlöschend jett, dann wieder angesacht, Ein mattes Flämmchen, das die Winde jagen.

Wie? hielten schwere Träume mich befangen? Die Lerche fingt, ber rote Morgen glüht, Ins rege Leben treibt mich neu Berlangen.

Wie? ober ging vorbei ber Tobesengel? Die Blumen, die am Abend frisch geblüht, Sie hängen hingewelket bort vom Stengel.

Der Blumenftrauß.

Wenn Strauchen, Blumen manche Deutung eigen, Wenn in den Rofen Liebe fich entzündet, Bergigmeinnicht im Namen ichon fich tundet, Lorbeere Ruhm, Chpreffen Trauer zeigen; Wenn, wo die andern Zeichen alle schweigen, Man boch in Farben zarten Sinn ergründet, Wenn Stolz und Neib dem Gelben fich verbündet, Wenn hoffnung flattert in den grünen Zweigen;

So brach ich wohl mit Grund in meinem Garten Die Blumen aller Farben, aller Arten Und bring' fie dir, zu wildem Strauß gereihet:

Dir ift ja meine Luft, mein Hoffen, Leiben, Mein Lieben, meine Treu', mein Ruhm, mein Reiben, Dir ist mein Leben, bir mein Tob geweihet.

Borfchlag.

Dem Dichter ift ber Fernen Bilb geblieben, Bei dem er einsam oftmals Trost gefunden, Und hält des Lebens Wirrung ihn umwunden, Er fühlt am Busen boch das Bilb der Lieben.

Auch, was ber Dichter sang, sehnsuchtgetrieben, Die Schöne lieft es oft in Abenbstunden, Und manches hat so innig sie empfunden, Daß ihr es tief im herzen fieht geschrieben.

Ein teures Bilb, wohl wirft es munberfraftig, Bohl mancher Rummer weicht bes Liebes Tonen, Doch ewig bleibt ber Trennung Schmerz geschäftig.

D Schidfal, wechf'le leicht nur mit ben Lofen: Den Dichter führe wieber ju ber Schönen! Die Lieber mögen mit bem Bilbe tofen.

Ratbarina.

Die Muse, die von Recht und Freiheit singet, Sie wandelt einsam, serne ben Palästen; Benn Lustgesang und Reigen bort erklinget, Sie hat nicht Anteil an des Hoses Festen: Doch nun der laute Schmerz die Flügel schwinget, Da kommt auch sie mit andern Trauergästen, Und hat sie nicht die Lebenden erhoben, Die Toten, die nicht hören, darf sie loben.

Die Stadt erbröhnt vom Schall ber Totengloden, Rie Menge brüftet sich im schwarzen Kleibe, Kein Antlitz lächelt, und kein Aug' ist troden, Ein Wettkampf ist im ungemess'nen Leibe: Doch all dies kann die Muse nicht verloden, Daß sie das Falsche nicht vom Echten scheibe; Die Glode tönet, wenn man sie geschwungen, . Und Thränen gibt es, die uicht tief entsprungen.

Der reiche Sarg, von Künftlerhand gezimmert, Mit einer Fürstin purpurnem Gewande, Mit einer Krone, die von Steinen stimmert, Bedeutet er nicht großes Weh dem Lande? Doch, wie der Purpur, wie die Krone schimmert, Die Muse huldigt nimmermehr dem Tande: Der ird'sche Glanz, kann er die Augen blenden, Die sich zum Licht der ew'gen Sterne wenden?

Sie blidt jum himmel, blidt jur Erbe wieber, Sie schaut in alle Zeiten ber Geschichte; Da steigen Königinnen auf und nieber, Und viele schwinden hin wie Traumgesichte Und find verfchollen in bem Mund ber Lieber Und find erlofchen in bes Auhmes Lichte, Indes in frifchem, unverblubtem Leben Die Ramen ebler Bürgerinnen fcmeben.

Drum barf bie Muse wohl, die ernste, fragen: "Hat dieser goldne Schmud ein Haupt umfangen, Das würdig und erleuchtet ihn getragen? Hat unter dieses Purpurmantels Prangen Ein hohes, tönigliches herz geschlagen, Ein Herz, erfüllt von heiligem Berlangen, Bon reger Kraft, in weitesten Bezirten Belebend, hülfreich, menschlich groß zu wirken?"

So fragt die Muse, boch im innern Geiste Warb ihr voraus der rechten Antwort Kunde; Da spricht sie manches Schmerzliche, das meiste Berschließt sie bitter in des Busens Grunde Und, daß auch sie ihr Totenopser leiste, Ihr Zeichen stifte dieser Trauerstunde, Legt sie zur Krone hin, der goldesschweren, Bedeutsam einen vollen Kranz von Ähren:

"Nimm hin, Berklärte, die du früh entschwunden! Nicht Gold noch Kleinod ist dazu verwendet, Auch nicht aus Blumen ist der Kranz gedunden, In rauher Zeit hast du die Bahn vollendet: Aus Feldesfrüchten hab' ich ihn gewunden, Wie du in Hungertagen sie gespendet; Ja, gleich der Ceres Kranze slocht ich diesen. Bolksmutter, Nährerin, sei mir gepriesen!" Sie spricht's, und auswärts beutet sie, da weichen Der Halle Bogen, die Gewölke sliehen: Ein Blick ist offen nach des himmels Reichen, Und droben sieht man Katharinen knieen; Sie trägt nicht mehr der ird'schen Würde Zeichen, Sie ließ der Welt, was ihr die Welt geliehen, Doch auf die Stirne fällt, die reine, helle, Ein Lichtstrahl aus des Lichtes höchstem Quelle.

Dramatische Dichtungen.

Aus "Schildeis."

Lied der zwei Wanderer.

Der erfte.

D Tannenbaum, du ebles Reis, Bist Sommer und Winter grün: So ist auch meine Liebe, Die grünet immerhin.

D Tannenbaum, boch tannst bu nie In Farben freudig blühn: So ist auch meine Liebe, Ach, ewig buntelgrün.

Der zweite.

O Birke, die so heiter Aus dunkeln Tannen glänzt Und sich vor andrem Solze Mit zarten Blättern kränzt, Mein jugenbliches Hoffen, D Birte, gleicht es bir? Du grünst so früh, so helle Und neigst boch beine Zier.

Aus "Normännischer Branch."

Das Lied vom Mägdlein und vom Ring.

Bohl fitt am Meeresstranbe Ein gartes Jungfräulein, Sie angelt manche Stunbe, Kein Fischlein beißt ihr ein.

Sie hat 'nen Ring am Finger Mit rotem Ebelstein, Den bind't sie an die Angel, Wirft ihn ins Meer hinein:

Da hebt sich aus der Tiefe 'ne Hand wie Elfenbein, Die läßt am Finger blinken Das goldne Ringelein;

Da hebt fich aus bem Grunde Ein Ritter jung und fein; Er prangt in goldnen Schuppen Und spielt im Sonnenschein.

Das Mägblein spricht erschroden: "Nein, ebler Ritter, nein. Laß bu mein Ringlein golben! Gar nicht begehrt' ich bein."

"Man angelt nicht nach Fischen Mit Golb und Sbelstein; Das Ringlein laß' ich nimmer; Mein eigen mußt bu sein."

Balladen und Romanzen.

Entfagung.

Wer entwandelt durch den Garten Bei der Sterne bleichem Schein? Hat er Süßes zu erwarten? Wird die Nacht ihm selig sein? Ach, der Harfner ist's; er sinkt Nieder an des Turmes Fuße, Wo es spät herunterblinkt, Und beginnt zum Saitengruße:

"Lausche, Jungfrau, aus ber Höhe Einem Liebe, dir geweiht, Daß ein Traum dich lind umwehe Aus der Kindheit Rosenzeit! Mit der Abendglode Klang Kam ich, will vor Tage gehen Und das Schloß, dem ich entsprang, Nicht im Sonnenstrahle sehen.

"Bon dem kerzenhellen Saale, Wo du throntest, blieb ich fern, Wo um dich beim reichen Mahle Freudig saßen eble Herrn; Mit ber Freube nur vertraut, hatten Frohes fie begehret, Richt ber Liebe Rlagelaut, Richt ber Kindheit Recht geehret.

"Bange Dämmerung, entweiche, Duft're Bäume, glänzet neu, Daß ich in dem Zauberreiche Meiner Kindheit selig sei! Sinken will ich in den Klee, Bis das Kind mit leichtem Schritte Bandse her, die schöne Fee, Und mit Blumen mich beschütte.

"Ja, die Zeit ist hingestogen, Die Erinn'rung weichet nie; Als ein lichter Regenbogen Steht auf trüben Wolken sie. Schauen slieht mein süßer Schmerz, Daß nicht die Erinn'rung schwinde. Sage das nur, ob dein Herz Noch der Kindheit Lust empfinde!"

Und es schwieg ber Sohn ber Lieber, Der am Fuß bes Turmes saß; Und vom Fenster klang es nieber, Und es glänzt' im dunkeln Gras: "Rimm ben Ring und benke mein, Denk" an unsrer Kindheit Schöne! Rimm ihn hin! Ein Ebelstein Glänzt barauf und eine Thräne."

Die Monne.

Im fillen Kloftergarten Eine bleiche Jungfrau ging, Der Mond beschien sie trübe, An ihrer Wimper hing Die Thräne zarter Liebe.

"D wohl mir, daß gestorben Der treue Buhle mein! Ich darf ihn wieder lieben: Er wird ein Engel sein, Und Engel darf ich lieben."

Sie trat mit zagem Schritte Wohl zum Mariabilb; Es stand in lichtem Scheine, Es sah so muttermilb Herunter auf die Reine.

Sie sank zu seinen Füßen, Sah auf mit himmelsruh', Bis ihre Augenliber Im Tobe sielen zu; Ihr Schleier wallte nieber.

Der Rrang.

Es pflückte Blümlein mannigfalt Ein Mägblein auf ber lichten Au; Da fam wohl aus bem grünen Balb Eine wunderschöne Frau. Sie trat zum Mägblein freunblich hin, Sie schlang ein Kränzlein ihm ins Haar: "Noch blüht es nicht, doch wird es blühn; O trag' es immerdar!"

Und als das Mägdlein größer warb Und sich erging im Mondenglanz Und Thränen weinte, süß und zart, Da knospete der Kranz.

Und als ihr holber Bräutigam Sie innig in die Arme schloß. Da wanden Blümlein wonnesam Sich aus den Anospen los.

Sie wiegte balb ein sußes Kind Auf ihrem Schoße mütterlich; Da zeigten an bem Laubgewind Biel goldne Früchte sich.

Und als ihr Lieb gesunken war, Ach, in des Grabes Nacht und Staub, Da weht' um ihr zerstreutes Haar Ein herbstlich falbes Laub.

Balb lag auch fie erbleichet ba, Doch trug fie ihren werten Kranz: Da war's ein Wunder, benn man sah So Frucht als Blütenglanz.

Der Schäfer.

Der schöne Schäfer zog so nah' Borüber an bem Königsschloß; Die Jungfrau von ber Zinne sah, Da war ihr Sehnen groß.

Sie rief ihm zu ein sußes Wort: "O burft' ich gehn hinab zu bir! Wie glänzen weiß die Lämmer bort, Wie rot die Blümlein hier!"

Der Jüngling ihr entgegenbot: "O kamest du herab zu mir! Wie glänzen so die Wänglein rot, Wie weiß die Arme dir!"

Und als er nun mit stillem Weh In jeder Früh' vorübertrieb, Da sah er hin, bis in der Höh' Erschien sein holdes Lieb.

Dann rief er freundlich ihr hinauf: "Billommen, Königstöchterlein!" Ihr sußes Wort ertonte drauf: "Biel Dant, du Schäfer mein!"

Der Binter floh, ber Leng erschien, Die Blümlein blühten reich umber; Der Schäfer that jum Schloffe ziehn, Doch fie erschien nicht mehr. Er rief hinauf fo klagevoll: Billtommen, Königstöchterlein!" Ein Geisterlaut herunterscholl: "Abe, bu Schäfer mein!"

Die Bätergruft.

Es ging wohl über die Heibe Zur alten Kapell' empor Ein Greis im Waffengeschmeibe Und trat in den dunkeln Chor.

Die Särge seiner Ahnen Standen die Hall' entlang, Aus der Tiefe thät ihn mahnen Ein wunderbarer Gesang.

"Bohl hab' ich euer Grugen, Ihr Belbengeister, gehört: Eure Reihe soll ich schließen; Beil mir! ich bin es wert."

Es ftanb an fühler Stätte Ein Sarg noch ungefüllt, Den nahm er zum Ruhebette, Zum Pfühle nahm er ben Schilb.

Die hande that er falten Aufs Schwert und schlummert' ein. Die Geisterlaute verhallten — Da mocht' es gar stille sein.

Die fterbenben Belben.

Der Danen Schwerter brangen Schwedens Heer Zum wilben Meer, Die Wagen klirren fern, es blinkt ber Stahl Im Mondenstrahl; Da liegen sterbend auf dem Leichenfeld Der schöne Sven und Ulf, der graue helb.

Sven.

D Bater, daß mich in der Jugend Kraft Die Norne rafft! Nun schlichtet nimmer meine Mutter mir Der Locken Zier; Bergeblich spähet meine Sängerin Bom hohen Turm in alle Ferne hin.

uif.

Sie werben jammern, in ber Rächte Grau'n Im Traum uns schaun. Doch sei getrost! Bald bricht ber bitt're Schmerz Ihr treues Herz; Dann reicht die Buhle dir bei Odins Mahl, Die goldgelocke, lächelnd den Pokal.

Spen.

Begonnen hab' ich einen Festgesang Jum Saitenklang, Bon Königen und Helben grauer Zeit, In Lieb' und Streit; Berlassen hängt die Harse nun, und bang' Erweckt der Winde Wehen ihren Klang.

uif.

Es glänzet hoch und hehr im Sonnenstrahl Allvaters Saal,

Die Sterne wandeln unter ihm, es ziehn Die Stürme bin;

Dort tafeln mit ben Batern wir in Ruh', Erhebe bann bein Lieb und end' es bu!

Sben.

O Bater, daß mich in der Jugend Kraft Die Rorne rafft! Noch leuchtet keiner hohen Thaten Bild Auf meinem Schild; Zwölf Richter thronen, hoch und schauerlich, Die werten nicht des Helbenmahles mich.

ulf.

Wohl wieget eines viele Thaten auf (Sie achten brauf): Das ist um beines Baterlandes Rot Der Helbentob. Sieh hin! Die Feinde sliehen. Blick' hinan! Der Himmel glänzt, bahin ist unsre Bahn.

Der blinde Ronig.

Bas fieht ber nord'ichen Fechter Schar Hoch auf bes Meeres Bord? Bas will in seinem grauen Haar Der blinbe König bort? Er ruft, in bitt'rem Harme Auf seinen Stab gelehnt, Daß überm Meeresarme Das Eisand widertönt:

"Gib, Räuber, aus bem Felsverlies Die Tochter mir zurück! Ihr Harsenspiel, ihr Lied so süß, War meines Alters Glück. Bom Tanz auf grünem Strande Hast bu sie weggeraubt, Dir ist es ewig Schande, Mir beugt's das graue Haupt."

Da tritt aus seiner Kluft hervor Der Räuber, groß und wild, Er schwingt sein Hunenschwert empor Und schlägt an seinen Schild: "Du hast ja viele Wächter, Warum benn litten's die? Dir dient so mancher Fechter, Und keiner kämpft um sie?"

Roch stehn die Fechter alle stumm, Tritt keiner aus den Reih'n, Der blinde König kehrt sich um: "Bin ich denn ganz allein?" Da faßt des Baters Rechte Sein junger Sohn so warm: "Bergönn' mir's, daß ich sechte! Bohl sühl' ich Kraft im Arm." "D Sohn, der Feind ist riesenstart, Ihm hielt noch keiner stand; Und doch, in dir ist edles Mark, Ich fühl's am Druck der Hand. Rimm hier die alte Klinge! Sie ist der Skalden Preis. Und fällst du, so verschlinge Die Flut mich armen Greis!"

Und horch! es schäumet und es rauscht Der Nachen übers Meer, Der blinde König steht und sauscht, Und alles schweigt umber, Bis drüben sich erhoben Der Schild' und Schwerter Schall Und Kampsgeschrei und Toben Und bumpfer Widerhall.

Da ruft ber Greis so freudig bang': "Sagt an, was ihr erschaut! Mein Schwert (ich tenn's am guten Klang), Es gab so scharfen Laut." — "Der Räuber ist gefallen, Er hat den blut'gen Lohn. Heil dir, du Helb vor allen, Du starter Königssohn!"

Und wieder wird es still umher, Der König steht und lauscht: "Bas hör' ich tommen übers Meer? Es rubert und es rauscht." — "Sie tommen angefahren, Dein Sohn mit Schwert und Schilb, In sonnenhellen Haaren Dein Töchterlein Gunilb."

"Billfommen!" ruft vom hohen Stein Der blinde Greis hinab,
"Nun wird mein Alter wonnig sein Und ehrenvoll mein Grab.
Du legst mir, Sohn, zur Seite Das Schwert von gutem Klang,
Gunilbe, du Befreite,
Singst mir ben Grabgesang."

Greichens Freude.

Was foll boch bies Trommeten sein? Was beutet bies Geschrei? Will treten an bas Fensterlein, Ich ahne, was es sei.

Da kehrt er ja, ba kehrt er icon Bom festlichen Turnei, Der ritterliche Königssohn, Mein Buhle wundertreu.

Wie steigt bas Roß und schwebt baher! Wie truglich sitt ber Mann! Fürwahr, man bächt' es nimmermehr, Wie sanft er spielen kann. Wie schimmert so der helm von Gold, Des Ritterspieles Dank! Ach, brunter glühn vor allem hold Die Augen, blau und blank.

Wohl ftarrt um ihn bes Pangers Erg, Der Rittermantel raufcht, Doch brunter fchlägt ein milbes Berg, Das Lieb' um Liebe taufcht.

Die Rechte läßt ben Gruß ergehn, Sein Helmgesieber wantt; Da neigen sich die Damen schön, Des Bolles Jubel bankt.

Was jubelt ihr und neigt euch fo? Der schine Gruß ift mein. Biel Dant, mein Lieb, ich bin fo froh, Gewiß, ich bring' bir's ein.

Nnn zieht er in bes Baters Schloß Und knieet vor ihm hin Und schnallt ben goldnen Helm sich los Und reicht bem König ihn.

Dann abends eilt zu Liebchens Thür Sein leiser, loser Schritt; Da bringt er frische Küffe mir Und neue Liebe mit.

Das Schlof am Meere.

"Saft bu das Schloß gesehen, Das hohe Schloß am Meer? Golben und rofig wehen Die Wolken drüber her.

"Es möchte sich niederneigen In die spiegeltlare Flut, Es möchte streben und steigen In der Abendwolfen Glut." —

"Wohl hab' ich es gesehen, Das hohe Schloß am Meer Und ben Mond barüber stehen Und Nebel weit umher."—

"Der Wind und bes Meeres Wallen, Gaben fie frischen Klang? Bernahmst bu aus hohen Hallen Saiten und Festgesang?" —

"Die Winbe, die Wogen alle Lagen in tiefer Ruh'; Einem Klagelied aus ber Halle Hört' ich mit Thränen zu."

"Sahest du oben gehen Den König und sein Gemahl, Der roten Mäntel Wehen. Der goldnen Kronen Strahl? "Führten fie nicht mit Wonne Eine schöne Jungfrau bar, Berrlich wie eine Sonne, Strahlend im golbnen haar?" —

"Wohl sah ich bie Eltern beibe, Ohne ber Kronen Licht, Im schwarzen Trauerkleibe — Die Jungfrau sah ich nicht."

Bom trenen Walther.

Der treue Walther ritt vorbei An unsrer Frau Kapelle; Da kniete gar in tiefer Reu' Ein Mägblein an ber Schwelle; "Halt' an, halt' an, mein Walther traut! Kennst du nicht mehr der Stimme Laut, Die du so gerne hörtest?"—

"Wen seh' ich hier? Die falsche Maid, Ach, weiland, ach, die Meine. Wo ließest du dein seiden Kleid, Wo Gold und Edelsteine?"— "O daß ich von der Treue ließ! Berloren ist mein Paradies, Bei dir nur sind' ich's wieder."

Er hub zu Roß bas schöne Weib, Er trug ein sanst Erbarmen; Sie schlang sich sest um seinen Leib Mit weißen, weichen Armen: "Ach, Walther, traut, mein liebend Berg, Es schlägt an taltes, ftarre Erz, Es flopft nicht an dem beinen."

Sie ritten ein in Walthers Schloß, Das Schloß war öb' und stille. Sie band ben Helm dem Ritter los; hin war ber Schönheit Fülle: "Die Wangen bleich, die Augen trüb', Sie sind bein Schmuck, du treues Lieb! Du warst mir nie so lieblich."

Die Rüftung löst die fromme Maid Dem Herrn, den sie betrübet: "Bas seh' ich? Ach, ein schwarzes Kleid! Ber starb, den du geliebet?" — "Die Liebste mein betraur' ich sehr, Die ich auf Erden nimmermehr, Noch überm Grabe sinde."

Sie finkt zu seinen Füßen hin Mit ausgestreckten Armen: "Da lieg' ich arme Büßerin, Dich sieh' ich um Erbarmen. Erhebe mich zu neuer Lust! Laß mich an beiner treuen Brust Bon allem Leib genesen!"

"Steh' auf, steh' auf, bu armes Rind! Ich tann bich nicht erheben; Die Arme mir verschlossen sind, Die Brust ist ohne Leben. Sei traurig stets, wie ich es bin! Die Lieb' ist hin, die Lieb' ist hin Und kehret niemals wieder."

Der Bilger.

Es wallt ein Pilger hohen Dranges, Er wallt jur fel'gen Gottesftabt, Bur Stabt bes himmlifchen Gefanges, Die ihm ber Geift verheißen hat:

"Du klarer Strom, in beinem Spiegel Birft du die heil'ge-balb umfahn; Ihr sonnenhellen Felsenhügel, Ihr schaut sie schon von weitem an.

"Wie ferne Gloden hör' ich's Klingen; Das Abendrot durchblüht den Hain. O hätt' ich Flügel, mich zu schwingen Beit über Thal und Felsenreih'n!"

Er ift von hoher Wonne trunten, Er ift von füßen Schmerzen matt, Und, in die Blumen hingefunken, Gebenkt er seiner Gottesftabt:

"Sie find zu groß noch, diese Räume, Für meiner Sehnsucht Flammenqual; Empfahet ihr mich, milbe Träume, Und zeigt mir das ersehnte Thal!" Da ift ber himmel aufgeschlagen, Sein lichter Engel schaut herab: "Bie sollt' ich bir die Kraft versagen, Dem ich bas hohe Sehnen gab?

"Die Sehnsucht und der Träume Beben, Sie find der weichen Seele füß, Doch edler ift ein ftarles Streben Und macht den schönen Traum gewiß."

Er schwindet in die Morgenbufte. Der Bilger springt gestärtt empor, Er strebet über Berg' und Rlufte, Er stehet icon am goldnen Thor.

Und fieh! gleich Mutterarmen schließet Die Stadt der Pforte Flügel auf, Ihr himmlischer Gesang begrüßet Den Sohn nach taps'rem Pilgerlauf.

Abschieb.

Bas Kinget und finget die Straß' herauf? Ihr Jungfern, machet die Fenster auf! Es ziehet der Bursch in die Weite, Sie geben ihm das Geleite.

Wohl jauchzen die andern und schwingen die Hit', Biel Bander darauf und viel eble Blüt', Doch dem Burschen gefällt nicht die Sitte, Beht still und bleich in der Mitte. Bohl klingen die Kannen, wohl funkelt der Bein: "Trink" aus und trink" wieder, lieb Bruder mein!"— "Mit dem Abschledsweine nur fliehet, Der da innen mir brennet und glühet!"

Und braußen am allerletten Haus, Da gudet ein Mägblein jum Fenfter heraus, Sie möcht' ihre Thranen verbeden Mit Gelbveiglein und Rosenstöden.

Und draußen am allerletten Haus, Da schlägt der Bursche die Augen auf Und schlägt fie nieder mit Schmerze Und leget die Hand aufs Herze.

"herr Bruder, und haft bu noch feinen Strauß, Dort winken und wanken viel Blumen heraus. Bohlauf, bu Schönste von allen, Laß ein Sträußlein herunterfallen!" —

"Ihr Brüber, was sollte das Sträußlein mir? Ich hab' ja kein liebes Liebchen wie ihr; An der Sonne würd' es vergehen, Der Wind, der würd' es verwehen."

Und weiter, ja weiter mit Sang und mit Rlang, Und bas Mägblein lauschet und horchet noch lang': "D weh'! er ziehet, ber Knabe, Den ich stille geliebet habe. "Da steh' ich, ach, mit der Liebe mein, Mit Rosen und mit Gelbveigelein; Dem ich alles gabe so gerne, Der ist nun in der Ferne."

Des Anaben Tob.

"Zeuch nicht ben bunkeln Walb hinab! Es gilt bein Leben, bu junger Knab'!" — "Mein Gott im Himmel, der ist mein Licht, Der läßt mich im dunkeln Walbe nicht."

Da zeucht er hinunter, ber junge Knab', Es braust ihm zu Füßen ber Strom hinab, Es saust ihm zu Haupte ber schwarze Walb, Und die Sonne versinket in Wolken balb.

Und er kommt ans finstere Räuberhaus, Eine holbe Jungfrau schauet heraus: "O wehe! du bist so ein junger Knab', Bas kommst bu ins Thal des Todes herab?"

Aus bem Thor die mörd'rische Rotte bricht, Die Jungfrau bedet ihr Angesicht; Sie stoßen ihn nieder, sie rauben sein Gut, Sie lassen ihn liegen in seinem Blut.

"O weh'! wie bunkel! keine Sonne, kein Stern! Wen ruf' ich an? Ift mein Gott so fern? Ha, Jungfrau dort im himmlischen Schein, Nimm auf meine Seel' in die Hände bein!"

Der Traum.

Im iconften Garten wallten Bwei Buhlen Sand in Sand, Bwo bleiche, frante Gestalten; Gie fagen ins Blumenland.

Sie küßten sich auf bie Wangen Und küßten sich auf ben Mund, Sie hielten sich fest umfangen, Sie wurden jung und gesund.

Zwei Glöcklein klangen helle, Der Traum entschwand zur Stund': Sie lag in der Klosterzelle, Er fern in Turmes Grund.

Der ichwarze Ritter.

Bfingsten war, das Fest der Frende, Das da feiern Walb und heide. hub der König an zu sprechen: "Auch aus den hallen Der alten hofburg allen Soll ein reicher Frühling brechen."

Trommeln und Trommeten schallen, Rote Fahnen festlich wallen. Sah der König vom Baltone: In Lanzenspielen Die Ritter alle fielen Bor des Königs starkem Sohne.

Aber vor des Kampfes Gitter Ritt zuletzt ein schwarzer Ritter. "Herr, wie ist Eu'r Nam' und Zeichen?"— "Burd' ich es sagen, Ihr möchtet zittern und zagen: Bin ein Fürst von großen Reichen."

Als er in die Bahn gezogen, Dunkel ward des himmels Bogen, Und das Schloß begann zu beben. Beim ersten Stoße Der Jüngling sank vom Rosse, Konnte kaum sich wieder heben.

Pfeif' und Geige ruft zu Tänzen, Faceln burch die Säle glänzen; Bankt ein großer Schatten drinnen. Er thät mit Sitten Des Königs Tochter bitten, Thät den Tanz mit ihr beginnen.

Tangt im schwarzen Kleib von Eisen, Tanget schauerliche Weisen, Schlingt sich kalt um ihre Glieber. Bon Bruft und haaren Entfallen ihr die klaren Blümlein welk zur Erbe nieber. Und zur reichen Tafel tamen Alle Ritter, alle Damen. Zwischen Sohn und Tochter innen Mit bangem Mute Der alte König ruhte, Sah sie an mit stillem Sinnen.

Bleich die Kinder beibe schienen; Bot der Gast den Becher ihnen: "Goldner Wein macht euch genesen." Die Kinder tranken, Sie thäten hössich danken: "Kühl ist dieser Trunk gewesen."

An bes Baters Bruft sich schlangen Sohn und Tochter; ihre Wangen Thäten völlig sich entfärben; Wohin der graue, Erschrod'ne Bater schaue, Sieht er eins der Kinder sterben.

"Beh'! die holden Kinder beide Rahmst du hin in Jugendfreude: Nimm auch mich, den Freudelosen!" Da sprach der Grimme Mit hohler, dumpfer Stimme: "Greis, im Frühling brech' ich Rosen."

Die brei Lieber.

In ber hohen Sall' fag Ronig Sifrib: "Bhr Barfner, wer weiß mir bas fconfte Lieb?" Und ein Jungling trat aus ber Schar behende, Die harf' in der Band, bas Schwert an ber Lende:

"Drei Lieber weiß ich; ben ersten Sang, Den haft bu ja wohl vergeffen schon lang': Meinen Bruder haft bu meuchlings erstochen." Und aber: "Haft ihn meuchlings erstochen."

"Das andre Lied, das hab' ich erdacht In einer finstern, stürmischen Racht: Mußt mit mir sechten auf Leben und Sterben." Und aber: "Mußt sechten auf Leben und Sterben."

Da lehnt' er bie harfe wohl an ben Tifch, Und fie zogen beibe die Schwerter frifch Und fochten lange mit wilbem Schalle, Bis ber König fant in ber hohen halle.

"Nun fing' ich bas britte, bas schönfte Lieb, Das werd' ich nimmer zu fingen mub': König Sifrib liegt in sei'm roten Blute." Und aber: "Liegt in sei'm roten Blute."

Des Golbichmiebe Töchterlein.

Ein Golbschmied in der Bude ftand Bei Perl' und Edelstein: "Das beste Kleinod, das ich fand, Das bist doch du, Helene, Mein teures Töchterlein!"

Ein ichmuder Ritter trat herein: "Billtommen, Mägblein traut! Billtommen, lieber Golbschmied mein! Mach' mir ein föstlich Kränzchen Kur meine suffe Braut!"

Und als das Kränzlein war bereit Und spielt' im reichen Glanz, Da hängt' Helen' in Traurigkeit, Wohl als sie war alleine, An ihren Arm den Kranz:

"Ach, wunderselig ist die Braut, Die's Kränzlein tragen soll! Ach, schenkte mir der Ritter traut Ein Kränzlein nur von Rosen, Wie wär' ich freudenvoll!"

Richt lang', ber Ritter trat herein, Das Kränzlein wohl beschaut': "D sasse, lieber Golbschmied mein, Ein Ringlein mit Demanten Für meine süße Braut!" Und als das Ringlein war bereit Mit teurem Demantstein, Da stedt' Helen' in Traurigkeit, Wohl als sie war alleine, Es halb ans Fingerlein:

"Ach, wunderselig ist die Braut, Die's Ringlein tragen soll! Ach, schenkte mir der Ritter traut Nur seines Haars ein Löcklein, Wie war' ich freudenvoll!"

Richt lang', ber Ritter trat herein, Das Ringlein wohl beschaut': "Du haft, o lieber Golbichmied mein, Gar fein gemacht die Gaben Kür meine süße Braut.

"Doch bag ich wiffe, wie ihr's fteh', Tritt, schöne Maib, herzu, Daß ich an bir zur Probe feh Den Brautschmuck meiner Liebsten! Sie ift so fcon wie bu."

Es war an einem Sonntag früh, Drum hatt' die seine Maid Heut' angethan mit sondrer Müh', Zur Kirche hinzugehen, Ihr allerbestes Kleid. Bon holber Scham ergriffen ganz Sie vor bem Ritter ftanb; Er sett' ihr auf ben golbnen Kranz, Er stedt' ihr an bas Ringlein, Dann faßt' er ihre Hand:

"Selene suß, helene traut, Der Scherz ein Ende nimmt. Du bist die allerschönste Braut, Für die ich's goldne Kranzlein, Für die den Ring bestimmt.

"Bei Gold und Perl' und Ebelstein Bift bu erwachsen hier, Das sollte dir ein Zeichen sein, Daß du zu hohen Ehren Eingehen wirft mit mir."

Der Wirtin Töchterlein.

Es zogen brei Buriche wohl über ben Rhein, Bei einer Frau Birtin, ba tehrten fie ein:

"Frau Wirtin, hat Sie gut Bier und Wein? Wo hat Sie Ihr schönes Töchterlein?" —

"Mein Bier und Wein ift frisch und flar. Mein Töchterlein liegt auf der Totenbahr"."

Und als fie traten zur Rammer hinein, Da lag fie in einem schwarzen Schrein. Der erste, ber schlug ben Schleier gurud Und schaute fie an mit traurigem Blid:

"Ad, lebtest bu noch, bu schöne Maid! Ich murbe bich lieben von biefer Zeit."

Der zweite bedte ben Schleier zu Und tehrte fich ab und weinte bagu:

"Ad, daß du liegst auf der Totenbahr'! Ich hab' dich geliebet so manches Sahr."

Der dritte hub ihn wieber fogleich Und tugte fie an den Mund so bleich:

"Dich liebt' ich immer, bich lieb' ich noch heut' Und werbe bich lieben in Ewigkeit."

Die Mähderin.

"Guten Morgen, Marie! So frühe schon rüstig und rege? Dich, treu'ste ber Mägbe, bich machet die Liebe nicht träge. Ja, mähst du die Wiese mir ab von jetzt in drei Tagen, Nicht durft' ich den Sohn dir, den einzigen, länger versagen."

Der Pächter, der stattlich begüterte, hat es gesprochen. Marie, wie fühlt sie den liebenden Busen sich pochen! Ein neues, ein kräftiges Leben durchbringt ihr die Glieder, Wie schwingt sie die Sense, wie streckt sie die Mahden danieder! Der Mittag glubet, die Mahber des Feldes ermatten, Sie suchen jur Labe den Quell und jum Schlummer den Schatten:

Roch ichaffen im heißen Gefilbe bie fummenden Bienen: Marie, fie ruht nicht, fie ichafft in die Wette mit ihnen.

Die Sonne verfinkt, es ertönet bas Abendgeläute. Wohl rufen die Nachbarn: "Marie, genug ift's für heute!" Wohl ziehen die Mähder, der hirt und die herde von hinnen: Marie, sie dengelt die Sense zu neuem Beginnen.

Schon fintet ber Tau, icon erglanzen ber Mond und bie Sterne,

Es duften die Mahben, die Nachtigall schlägt aus der Ferne: Marie verlangt nicht zu rasten, verlangt nicht zu lauschen, Stets läßt sie die Sense, die kräftig geschwungene, rauschen.

So fürder von Abend zu Morgen, von Morgen zu Abend, Mit Liebe fich nährend, mit seliger Hoffnung sich labend. Zum drittenmal hebt sich die Sonne, da ist es geschehen: Dort seht ihr Marien, die wonniglich weinende, stehen.

"Guten Morgen, Marie! Was seh' ich? O fleißige Hände! Gemäht ist die Wiese, das lohn' ich mit reichlicher Spende; Allein mit der Heirat . . . du nahmest im Ernste mein Scherzen.

Leichtgläubig, man fieht es, und thoricht find liebende Bergen."

Er spricht es und gehet bes Wegs, doch ber armen Marie Erstarret das Herz, ihr brechen die bebenden Kniee. Die Sprache verloren, Gefühl und Befinnung geschwunden, So wird sie, die Mähderin, dort in den Mahden gesunden. So lebt fie noch Jahre, fo stummer, erstorbener Beise, Und honig, ein Tropfen, bas ist ihr bie einzige Speise. D haltet ein Grab ihr bereit auf ber blühenbsten Biese! So liebenbe Mähberin gab es boch nimmer wie biese.

Sterbeflänge.

1. Das Ständchen.

"Was weden aus dem Schlummer mich Für süße Klänge doch? O Mutter, sieh! wer mag es sein In später Stunde noch?" —

"Ich höre nichts, ich sehe nichts. D schlumm're fort so lind! Man bringt bir keine Ständchen jett, Du armes, krankes Kind!"—

"Es ift nicht irbische Musit, Bas mich so freudig macht: Mich rufen Engel mit Gesang. D Mutter, gute Nacht!"

2. Die Orgel.

"Roch einmal fpielt die Orgel mir, Mein alter Nachbarsmann! Bersucht es, ob ihr frommer Schall Mein Berg erquiden tann!"

Die Rrante bat, ber nachbar fpielt', So fpielt' er nie borber,

So rein, fo herrlich, nein, er tennt Sein eigen Spiel nicht mehr.

Es ift ein frember, fel'ger Rlang, Der feiner Sanb entbebt; Er halt mit Grauen ein, ba war Der Freundin Geift entschwebt.

3. Die Droffel.

"Ich will ja nicht zum Garten gehn, Bill liegen sommerlang, Sört' ich die lust'ge Droffel nur, Die in bem Busche sang!"

Man fängt bem Kind die Droffel ein, Im Käfig fist fie bort, Doch fingen will fie nicht und hängt Ihr Köpfchen immerfort.

Roch einmal blidt bas Kind nach ihr Mit bittendem Gesicht, Da schlägt die Drossel schön und hell, Da glänzt sein Aug' und bricht.

Der Leitftern.

Der aussuhr nach bem Morgenlande, Des fremben Schiffes leichte Last, Schon führt er zu ber Heimat Strande, Bon Golbe schwer, den eignen Mast. Er hat so oft nach teinem Sterne Wie nach bem Liebesstern geschaut; Der lentt' ihn glücklich aus ber Ferne Zur Baterstadt ber teuren Braut.

Noch hat er nicht bas Ziel gefunden, Obicon er in die Thore trat. Wie mag er gleich die Braut erkunden Im Labyrinth der großen Stadt?

Wie mag fein Auge fie erlauschen? Der Blid ift überall verbaut. Bie mag er burch ber Märkte Rauschen Bernehmen ihrer Stimme Laut?

Dort ift ein Fenster zugefallen, Bielleicht hat sie herausgeschaut; hier dieses Schleiers eilig Wallen, Berbirgt es nicht die teure Braut?

Schon bunkeln sich bie Abenbichatten Roch irrt er burch bie Straßen hin, Die Füße wollen ihm ermatten, Das rege Herz boch treibet ihn.

Was halt er plötlich staunend inne? Horch! Saiten. Welcher Stimme Laut? Umsonst nicht sah er ob der Zinne Den Liebesstern, dem er vertraut.

Des Cangers Bieberfehr.

Dort liegt der Sänger auf der Bahre, Des bleicher Mund tein Lied beginnt, Es tranzen Daphnes falbe Haare Die Stirne, die nichts mehr erfinnt.

Man legt zu ihm in schmuden Rollen Die letzten Lieder, die er sang; Die Leier, die so hell erschollen, Liegt ihm in Armen sonder Rlang.

So schlummert er ben tiefen Schlummer, Sein Lieb umweht noch jedes Ohr, Doch nährt es stets ben herben Kummer, Daß man ben Herrlichen verlor.

Bohl Monben, Jahre find verschwunden, Cypressen wuchsen um sein Grab; Die seinen Tod so herb empfunden, Sie sanken alle selbst hinab.

Doch, wie ber Frühling wieberkehret Mit frischer Kraft und Regsamkeit, So wandelt jett, verjüngt, verklaret, Der Sänger in der neuen Zeit.

Er ift ben Lebenden vereinet, Bom hauch des Grabes feine Spur. Die Borwelt, die ihn tot gemeinet, Lebt felbst in seinem Liede nur.

Das Schifflein.

Ein Schifflein ziehet leise Den Strom hin feine Gleise. Es schweigen, die brin wandern, Denn keiner kennt ben anbern.

Was zieht hier aus bem Felle Der braune Weidgeselle? Ein Horn, das sanft erschallet; Das Ufer widerhallet.

Bon seinem Banderstabe Schraubt jener Stift und Habe Und mischt mit Flötentönen Sich in bes Hornes Dröhnen.

Das Mädchen saß so blöbe, Als sehlt' ihr gar die Rede, Jett stimmt sie mit Gesange Zu horn und Flötenklange.

Die Rub'rer auch fich regen Mit taktgemäßen Schlägen. Das Schiff hinunterslieget, Bon Melodie gewieget.

hart flößt es auf am Strande, Mann trennt sich in die Lande: "Wann treffen wir uns, Brüder, Auf einem Schifflein wieder?"

Cangere Borübergiehn.

Ich schlief am Blütenhügel hart an des Pfades Rand, Da lieh der Traum mir Flügel Ins goldne Fabelland.

Erwacht mit trunknen Bliden, Wie wer aus Wolken fiel, Gewahr' ich noch im Ruden Den Sanger mit bem Spiel.

Er schwindet um die Baume, Noch hör' ich fernen Rlang. Ob der die Bundertraume Mir in die Seele sang?

Traum.

Es hat mir jüngst geträumet, Ich läg' auf steiler Höh'; Es war am Meeresstrande, Ich wohl in die Lande Und über die weite See.

Es lag am Ufer brunten Ein schmudes Schiff bereit, Mit bunten Bimpeln webend, Der Ferg' am Ruber stehend, Als mar' ihm lang die Zeit. Da tam von fernen Bergen Ein luft'ger Zug baher; Bie Engel thaten fie glanzen, Geschmudt mit Blumenkranzen, Und zogen nach bem Meer.

Boran bem Zuge schwärmten Der muntern Kinber viel; Die andern Becher schwangen, Musizierten, sangen, Schwebten in Tanz und Spiel.

Sie sprachen zu bem Schiffer: "Billft bu uns führen gern? Bir find die Wonnen und Freuden, Bollen von der Erde scheiden, All von der Erde fern."

Er hieß ins Schiff fie treten, Die Freuden allzumal, Er fprach: "Sagt an, ihr Lieben, Ift feins zurückgeblieben Auf Bergen, noch im Thal?"

Sie riefen: "Wir find alle. Fahr' zu! Wir haben Eil'." Sie fuhren mit frischen Winden; Fern, ferne sah ich schwinden Der Erde Lust und Heil.

Der gute Ramerab.

Ich hatt' einen Kameraben, Einen bessern find'st du nit. Die Trommel schlug zum Streite, Er ging an meiner Seite In gleichem Schritt und Tritt.

Eine Rugel tam gestogen: Gilt's mir ober gilt es bir? Ihn hat es weggeriffen, Er liegt mir vor ben Füßen, Als war's ein Stück von mir.

Will mir die Hand noch reichen, Derweil ich eben lad': "Kann dir die Hand nicht geben, Bleib' du im ew'gen Leben Dein guter Kamerad!"

Der Rofentrang.

In bes Maies holben Tagen, In ber Aue Blumenglanz Eble Knappen fechten, jagen Um ben werten Rosentranz; Bollen nicht mit leichtem Finger Blumen pflücken auf dem Plan, Bollen fie als wach're Ringer Aus der Jungfrau Hand empfahn. In der Laube sitt die Stille, Die mit Staunen jeder sieht, Die in solcher Jugendfülle Seut' zum ersten Wase blüht. Bolle Rosenzweig' umwanken Als ein Schattenhut ihr Haupt; Reben mit den Blütenranken Salten ihren Leib umlaubt.

Sieh! im Eisenkleib ein Reiter Zieht auf trankem Roß baher, Senkt die Lang' als müber Streiter, Neigt das Haupt, wie schlummerschwer; Dürre Wangen, graue Loden. Seiner Hand entfiel der Zaum, Plöhlich fährt er auf, erschrocken, Wie erwacht aus bangem Traum:

"Seib gegrüßt auf biesen Auen, Schönste Jungfrau, eble herrn! Dürfet nicht ob mir ergrauen, Eure Spiele schau' ich gern. Gerne möcht' ich für mein Leben Mit euch brechen meinen Speer, Aber meine Arme beben, Weine Kniee wanken sehr.

"Kenne solche Zeitvertreibe, Bin bei Lang' und Schwert ergraut, Panzer liegt mir noch am Leibe Wie bem Drachen seine haut. Auf dem Lande Rampf und Wunden, Auf dem Meere Wog' und Sturm; Ruhe hab' ich nie gefunden, Als ein Jahr im finstern Turm.

"Beh', verlorne Tag' und Nächte! Minne hat mich nie beglückt; Nie hat dich, du rauhe Rechte, Beiche Frauenhand gedrückt. Denn noch war dem Erdenthale Jene Blumenjungfrau fern, Die mir heut' zum ersten Male Aufgeht als ein neuer Stern.

"Wehe, könnt' ich mich verjungen, Lernen wollt' ich Saitenkunft, Minnelieber wollt' ich fingen, Werbend um der Süßen Gunft; In des Maies holden Tagen, In der Aue Blumenglanz Wollt' ich freudig fechten, jagen Um den werten Rosenkranz.

"Beh', zu früh bin ich geboren! Erst beginnt die goldne Zeit: Zorn und Neid hat sich verloren, Frühling ewig sich erneut; Sie in ihrer Rosenlaube Wird des Reiches Herrin sein. Ich muß hin zu Nacht und Staube, Auf mich fällt der Leichenstein." Als ber Alte bies gesprochen, Er bie bleichen Lippen schloft; Seine Augen sind gebrochen, Sinken will er von dem Ros. Doch die ebeln Knappen eilen, Legen ihn ins Grüne hin; Ach, kein Balsam kann ihn heilen, Keine Stimme wedet ihn.

Und die Jungfrau niedersteiget Aus der Blumenlaube Glanz, Traurig sich zum Greise neiget, Setzt ihm auf den Rosenkranz: "Sei des Waiensestes König (Keiner hat, was du, gethan), Ob es gleich dir frommet wenig, Blumenkranz dem toten Mann!"

Der Sieger.

Anzuschauen bas Turnei, Saßen hundert Frauen droben; Diese waren nur das Laub, Meine Fürstin war die Rose. Auswärts blickt' ich ked zu ihr, Wie der Abler blickt zur Sonne. Wie da meiner Wangen Glut Das Bisier durchbrennen wollte! Wie des Herzens kühner Schlag Schier den Panzer durchgebrochen!

Shrer Blide fanfter Schein Bar in mir zu wilbem Lobern, Ihrer Rebe milbes Wehn Bar in mir zu Sturmestoben, Sie, ber schöne Maientag, In mir zum Gewitter worben: Unaufhaltbar brach ich los, Sieghaft alles nieberbonnernb.

Romanze vom fleinen Däumling.

Rleiner Daumling, fleiner Daumling, Allwärts ift bein Ruhm pofaunet, Schon bie Rinblein in ber Biege Sieht man ber Beschichte ftaunen. Belches Auge muß nicht weinm, Wie bu liefft burch Balbes Graufen, Mle bie Bolfe hungrig heulten Und die Nachtorfane fauften! Beldes Berg muß nicht ergittern, Wie bu lagft im Riefenhaufe Und den Oger borteft naben, Der nach beinem Fleisch geschnaubet! Dich und beine feche Gebrüber Saft vom Tobe bu erfaufet, Liftiglich bie fieben Rappen Mit den fieben Rronen taufcheud. Als ber Riefe lag am Felfen, Schnarchend, bag bie Balber raufchten, Haft bu ked die Meilenstiefel Bon den Füßen ihm gemauset.
Einem vielbedrängten König
Bist als Bote du gelausen;
Köstlich war dein Botenbrot:
Eine Braut vom Königshause.
Kleiner Däumling, kleiner Däumling,
Mächtig ist dein Ruhm erbrauset,
Mit den Siebenmeilenstiefeln
Schritt er schon durch manch Jahrtausend.

Romanze vom Rezenfenten.

Regensent, ber tapf're Ritter, Steigt zu Roffe fühn und ftolz. Ift's fein Bengft aus Andalufien, Ift es boch ein Bod von Bolg. Statt bes Schwerts bie icharfe Feber Bieht er tampfbereit vom Dhr, Schiebt ftatt bes Bifiers bie Brille Den entbrannten Augen vor. Bublitum, die eble Dame, Schwebt in taufenbfacher Not, Seit ihr balb, barbarifch ichnaubenb, Ein Siegfriedicher Lindwurm brobt. Bald ein füßer Sonettifte Gie mit Lautenklimpern lodt, Bald ein Mond ihr mpftifc predigt, Dag ihr bie Befinnung ftodt.

Rezensent, der tapfre Ritter,
Sält sich gut im Drachenmord,
Schlägt in Splitter alle Lauten,
Stürzt den Mönch vom Kanzelbord.
Dennoch will er, groß bescheiden,
Daß ihn niemand nennen soll,
Und den Schild des Helden zeichnet
Kaum ein Schriftzug rätselvoll.
Rezensent, du Hort der Schwachen,
Sei uns immer treu und hold!
Rimm zum Lohn des Himmels Segen,
Des Berlegers Chrensold!

Der Räuber.

Einft am iconen Frühlingstage Tritt ber Räuber in ben Malb. Sieh! ben hohlen Bfad hernieber Rommt ein ichlantes Dabden balb. "Trügft bu fatt ber Daiengloden." Spricht des Baldes fühner Sohn. "In bem Rorb ben Schmud bes Ronigs. Frei doch zögest du davon." Lange folgten feine Blide Der geliebten Ballerin; Durch bie Biefengrunde manbelt Sie ju ftillen Dorfern bin, Bis ber Garten reiche Blüte Bullt die liebliche Gestalt. Doch der Räuber fehret wieder In ben finftern Tannenwalb.

Durand.

Rach bem hoben Schloft von Balbi Riebt Durand mit feinem Spiele: Boll die Bruft von fuffen Liebern Naht er icon bem froben Riele. Dort ja wird ein holdes Fraulein. Bann die Saiten lieblich raufden. Augen fentend, gart erglübenb, Innig atmend nieberlaufden. In bes Bofes Linbenichatten Bat er icon fein Spiel begonnen, Singt er icon mit flarer Stimme. Bas er Gugeftes erfonnen. Bon bem Göller, von ben Fenftern Sieht er Blumen freundlich niden. Doch bie Berrin feiner Lieber Rann fein Auge nicht erbliden. Und es geht ein Mann vorüber. Der fich traurig ju ihm wendet: "Store nicht bie Ruh' ber Toten, Fraulein Blanta hat vollendet." Doch Durand, ber junge Ganger, hat barauf fein Wort gesprochen, Ach, fein Aug' ift icon erloichen, Ad, fein Berg ift ichon gebrochen! Drüben in ber Burgtapelle, Bo ungahl'ge Rergen glangen, Bo das tote Fraulein ruht. Bold geidmudt mit Blumenfrangen. Dort ergreifet alles Bolt Schred und Staunen, freudig Beben.

Denn von ihrem Totenlager Sieht man Blanta fich erheben. Aus bes Scheintobs tiefem Schlummer Ift fie blubend auferstanden, Tritt im Sterbetleid hervor Bie in brautlichen Gewanden. Roch, wie ihr geschehn, nicht wiffenb, Wie von Träumen noch umichlungen, Fragt fie gartlich, fehnfuchtsvoll: "Bat nicht hier Durand gefungen?" Ja, gefungen bat Duranb, Aber nie mehr wird er fingen, Auferwedt hat er die Tote. Ihn wird niemand wiederbringen. Schon im Sanbe ber Berflarten Bacht' er auf, und mit Berlangen Sucht er feine fuße Freundin, Die er wähnt vorangegangen; Aller himmel lichte Räume Sieht er herrlich fich verbreiten ; "Blanta, Blanta!" ruft er fehnlich Durch bie oben Seligfeiten.

Dante.

War's ein Thor ber Stadt Florenz Ober war's ein Thor ber Himmel, Draus am klarsten Frühlingsmorgen Zog so festliches Gewimmel?

Rinder, hold wie Engelicharen, Reich geschmudt mit Blumentrangen, Bogen in bas Rofenthal Bu ben froben Reftestängen. Unter einem Lorbeerbaume Stanb, bamale neunjährig, Dante, . Der im lieblichften ber Dabchen Seinen Engel gleich erfannte. Rauschten nicht bes Lorbeers 3meige, Bon ber Frühlingsluft ericuttert? Rlang nicht Dantes junge Seele, Bon ber Liebe Sauch burchzittert? Ja, ihm ift in jener Stunbe Der Gefanges Quell entsprungen: In Sonetten, in Rangonen Ift bie Lieb' ihm fruh ertlungen. Mls, jur Jungfrau hold erwachsen, Bene wieber ihm begegnet, Steht auch feine Dichtung icon Wie ein Baum, ber Blüten regnet. Aus bem Thore von Kloreng Rogen bichte Scharen wieber. Aber langfam, trauervoll, Bei bem Rlange bumpfer Lieber. Unter jenem ichwarzen Tuch, Mit bem weifen Rreus geichmudet. Trägt man Beatricen bin, Die ber Tob fo früh gepflüdet. Dante faß in feiner Rammer, Einfam, ftill, im Abendlichte. Borte fern bie Gloden tonen Und verhüllte fein Befichte.

In der Balber tieffte Schatten Stieg ber eble Ganger nieber: Bleich ben fernen Totengloden Tonten fortan feine Lieber. Aber in ber mild'ften Dbe. Bo er ging mit bangem Stöhnen, Ram ju ihm ein Abgefanbter Bon ber hingeschied'nen Schonen. Der ihn führt' an treuer Band Durch ber Bolle tieffte Schluchten, Bo fein irb'icher Schmerz verftummte Bei bem Anblid ber Berfluchten. Bald zum fel'gen Licht empor Ram er auf ben bunteln Begen; Aus des Baradiefes Bforte Trat die Freundin ihm entgegen: Soch und höher ichwebten beibe Durch des himmels Glang und Wonnen, Sie, aufblidend, ungeblenbet, Bu ber Sonne aller Sonnen, Er, die Augen hingewendet Nach der Freundin Angesichte, Das, verflärt, ihn ichauen lieft Abglang von bem em'gen Lichte. Einem göttlichen Gebicht hat er alles einverleibet Mit fo em'gen Feuerzügen, Bie ber Blit in Felfen ichreibet. Ja, mit Fug wird biefer Ganger Als ber Göttliche verehret. Dante, welchem irb'iche Liebe Sich ju himmlischer verkläret.

Bertran be Born.

Droben auf dem ichroffen Steine Raucht in Trümmern Autasort, Und der Burgherr steht gesesselt Bor des Königs Zelte dort: "Kamst du, der mit Schwert und Liedern Aufruhr trug von Ort zu Ort, Der die Kinder aufgewiegelt Gegen ihres Baters Wort?

"Steht vor mir, ber fich gerühmet In vermeff'ner Prahlerei, Daß ihm nie mehr als die Salfte Seines Geistes nötig fei? Run der halbe dich nicht rettet, Ruf' ben ganzen doch herbei, Daß er neu bein Schloß dir baue Deine Ketten brech' entzwei!"

"Bie du fagst, mein herr und König, Steht vor dir Bertran de Born, Der mit einem Lied entstammte Berigord und Bentadorn, Der dem mächtigen Gebieter Stets im Auge war ein Dorn, Dem zu Liebe Königskinder Trugen ihres Baters Zorn.

"Deine Tochter saß im Saale Festlich, eines Herzogs Braut, Und ba sang vor ihr mein Bote, Dem ein Lied ich anvertraut, Sang, was einst ihr Stolz gewesen, Ihres Dichters Sehnsuchtlaut, Bis ihr leuchtend Brautgeschmeibe Ganz von Thränen war betaut.

"Aus des Ölbaums Schlummerschatten Fuhr bein bester Sohn empor, Als mit zorn'gen Schlachtgesängen Ich bestürmen ließ sein Ohr; Schnell war ihm das Roß gegürtet, Und ich trug das Banner vor, Jenem Todespfeil entgegen, Der ihn traf vor Montforts Thor.

"Blutend lag er mir im Arme; Richt ber scharfe, kalte Stahl, Daß er sterb' in beinem Fluche, Das war seines Sterbens Qual. Strecken wollt' er bir die Rechte über Meer, Gebirg' und Thal; Als er beine nicht erreichet, Drückt' er meine noch einmal.

"Da, wie Autafort bort oben, Barb gebrochen meine Kraft; Richt bie ganze, nicht die halbe Blieb mir, Saite nicht, noch Schaft. Leicht hast du ben Arm gebunden, Seit der Geist mir liegt in Haft; Nur zu einem Trauerliede Hat er sich noch aufgerafft." Und der König senkt die Stirne: "Meinen Sohn hast du versührt, hast der Tochter herz verzaubert, hast auch meines nun gerührt: Nimm die hand, du Freund des Toten, Die, verzeihend, ihn gebührt! Weg die Fessen! Deines Geistes hab' ich einen hauch verspürt."

Der Baller.

Auf Galiciens Felsenstrande Ragt ein heilg'er Gnabenort, Wo die reine Gottesmutter Spendet ihres Segens Hort. Dem Berirrten in der Wildnis Glänzt ein goldner Leitstern dort, Dem Berstürmten auf dem Meere Öffnet sich ein stiller Port.

Rührt fich bort die Abendglode, Hallt es weit die Gegend nach; In den Klöstern Werben alle Gloden wach, Und es schweigt die Meereswoge, Die noch taum sich tobend brach, Und der Schiffer kniet am Ruber, Bis er leif' sein "Ave" sprach.

An bem Tage, ba man feiert Der Geprief'nen himmelsahrt, Bo ber Sohn, ben fie geboren, Sich als Gott ihr offenbart, Da in ihrem heiligtume Birkt fie Bunder mancher Art; Bo fie sonst im Bild nur wohnet, Kühlt man ihre Gegenwart.

Bunte Kreuzesfahnen ziehen Durch die Felber ihre Bahn; Mit bemalten Wimpeln grüßet Jedes Schiff und jeder Kahn; Auf dem Felsenpfade Klimmen Waller, sestlich angethan: Eine volle himmelsleiter, Steigt der schroffe Berg hinan.

Doch ben heitern Bilgern folgen Andre barfuß und bestaubt, Angethan mit har'nen hemben, Asche find's, die der Gemeinschaft Frommer Christen sind beraubt, Denen nur am Thor der Kirche hingulnicen ist erlaubt.

Und nach allen teuchet einer, Deffen Auge trosisos irrt, Den die Haare wisd umflattern, Dem ein langer Bart sich wirrt: Einen Reif von roft'gem Eifen Trägt er um den Leib geschirrt, Ketten auch um Arm' und Beine, Daß ihm jeder Tritt erklirrt.

Weil erschlagen er ben Bruber Einst in seines Zornes Hast, Ließ er aus bem Schwerte schmieben Jenen Ring, ber ihn umfaßt. Fern vom Herbe, sern vom Hose Wandert er und will nicht Rast, Bis ein himmlisch Gnabenwunder Sprenget seine Kettenlast.

Trüg' er Sohlen auch von Eisen, Wie er wallet ohne Schuh', Lange hätt' er sie zertreten, Und noch ward ihm nirgend Ruh'. Nimmer sindet er den Heil'gen, Der an ihm ein Wunder thu'; Alle Gnadenbilder sucht er: Reines winkt ihm Frieden zu.

Als nun ber ben Fels erstiegen Und sich an ber Pforte neigt, Tönet schon bas Abendläuten, Dem die Menge betend schweigt. Nicht betritt sein Fuß die Hallen, Drin der Jungfrau Bild sich zeigt, Farbenhell im Strahl der Sonne, Die zum Meere niedersteigt. Belche Glut ift ausgegoffen Uber Bolten, Meer und Flur! Blieb ber golbne himmel offen, Als empor bie Heil'ge fuhr? Blüht noch auf ben Rosenwolken, Ihres Fußes lichte Spur? Schaut die Reine selbst hernieber Aus bem glänzenden Azur?

Alle Bilger gehn getröftet, Rur ber eine regt fich nicht, Liegt noch immer an ber Schwelle Mit bem bleichen Angeficht. Fest noch schlingt um Leib und Glieber Sich ber Fesseln schwer Gewicht: Aber frei ift schon die Seele, Schwebet in bem Weer von Licht.

Die Bidaffoabrücke.

Auf der Bidassonünde Steht ein Heil'ger, altergrau, Segnet rechts die span'schen Berge, Segnet links den fränk'schen Gau: Wohl bedarf's an dieser Stelle Milden Trostes himmelher, Wo so mancher von der Heimat Scheidet ohne Wiederkehr. Auf ber Bibaffoabrude Spielt ein zauberhaft Gesicht, Wo ber eine Schatten siehet, Sieht ber andre goldnes Licht; Wo bem einen Rosen lachen, Sieht ber andre burren Sand, Jebem ist das Elend finster, Jebem glänzt sein Baterland.

Friedlich rauscht die Bidassoa Bu der Herbe Glodenklang, Aber im Gebirge bröhnet Knall auf Knall den Tag entlang, Und am Abend steigt hernieder Sine Schar zum Fußgestad', Unstet, mit zerriss'ner Fahne; Blut beträufelt ihren Pfad.

Auf ber Bibassabrücke Lehnen sie die Büchsen bei, Binden sich die frischen Wunden, Bählen, wer noch übrig sei; Lange harren sie Bermister, Doch ihr Häustein wächset nicht. Einmal wirbelt noch die Trommel, Und ein alter Kriegsmann spricht:

"Rollt die Fahne benn zusammen, Die ber Freiheit Banner war! Richt jum ersten Male wandelt Diesen Grenzweg ihre Schar; Richt jum ersten Male sucht fie Eine Freistatt in ber Fern',

Doch fie zieht nicht arm an Ehre, Bieht nicht ohne gunft'gen Stern:

"Der von vor'gen Freiheitskämpsen Mehr als einer Narben führt, Heute, da wir alle bluten, Mina, bliebst du unberührt. Ganz und heil ist uns der Retter, Noch verbürgt ist Spaniens Glück. Schreiten wir getrost hinüber! Einst noch kehren wir zurück."

Mina rafft sich auf vom Steine (Mübe saß er bort und still), Blidt noch einmal nach ben Bergen, Wo die Sonne sinken will; Seine Hand, zur Brust gehalten, hemmt nicht mehr des Blutes Lauf: Auf der Bidassonlide
Brachen alte Wunden auf.

Unftern.

Unstern, diesem guten Jungen, hat es seltsam sich geschickt, Manches wär' ihm sast gekungen, Manches wär' ihm schier geglückt. Alle Glücksstern' im Bunde hätten weihend ihm gesacht, Wenn die Mutter eine Stunde Früher ihn zur Welt gebracht.

Baffenruhm und helbenehre hätten zeitig ihm geblüht, Bar doch in dem ganzen heere Keiner so von Mut erglüht. Nur als schon in wilden Bogen Seine Schar zum Sturme brang, Kam ein Bote hergeflogen, Der die Friedenssahne schwang.

Nah' ist Unsterns Hochzeitseier; Holb und sittig glüht die Braut, Sieh! da kommt ein reich'rer Freier, Der die Eltern baß erbaut. Dennoch hätte die Geraubte Ihn als Witwe noch beglückt, Wäre nicht der Totgeglaubte Plöglich wieder angerückt.

Reich war' Unstern noch geworben Mit bem Gut ber neuen Welt, hatte nicht ein Sturm aus Norben Noch im Port bas Schiff zerschellt. Glücklich war er selbst entschwommen (Einer Planke hatt' er's Dank), hatte schon ben Stranb erklommen, Glitt zurück noch und versank.

In ben himmel sonder Zweifel Burb' er gleich gekommen sein, Liefe nicht ein dummer Teufel Just ihm in ben Weg hinein. Doch fie zieht nicht arm an Chre, Biebt nicht ohne günft'gen Stern:

"Zer von vor'gen Freiheitstämpfen Rehr als einer Narben führt, heute, da wir alle bluten, Mina, bliebst du unberührt. Ganz und heil ist uns der Retter, Noch verbürgt ist Svaniens Glück. Schreiten wir getrost binüber! Einst noch tehren wir zurück."

Mina rant nich auf vom Steine (Müde iaß er dort und nill), Blidt noch einmal nach den Bergen, Bo die Sonne finken will; Seine Hand, zur Bruft gehalten, Hemmt nicht mehr des Blutes Lauf: Auf der Bidassabrüde Brachen alte Sunden auf.

Unftern.

Unstern, diesem guten Jungen, hat es seltiam sich geschickt, Manches war' ihm saft gelungen, Manches war' ihm schier geglückt. Alle Glücksstern' im Bunde hätten weihend ihm gesacht, Wenn die Mutter eine Stunde Früher ihn zur Welt gebracht.

Baffenruhm und helbenehre hatten zeitig ihm geblüht, Bar doch in dem ganzen heere keiner so von Mut erglüht. Nur als schon in wilden Bogen Seine Schar zum Sturme brang, Kam ein Bote hergeflogen, Der die Friedenssahne schwang.

Rah' ift Unsterns Hochzeitseier; Holb und fittig glüht die Braut, Sieh! da kommt ein reich'rer Freier, Der die Eltern baß erbaut. Dennoch hätte die Geraubte Ihn als Witwe noch beglückt, Wäre nicht der Totgeglaubte Plöglich wieder angerückt.

Reich war' Unstern noch geworben Mit bem Gut ber neuen Welt, hatte nicht ein Sturm aus Rorben Roch im Port bas Schiff zerschellt. Glüdlich war er selbst entschwommen (Einer Planke hatt' er's Dank), hatte schon ben Strand erklommen, Glitt zurüd noch und versank.

In ben himmel sonder Zweifel Burb' er gleich gekommen sein, Liefe nicht ein bummer Teufel Just ihm in ben Weg hinein. Teufel meint, es sei die Seele, Die er eben holen soll, Packt den Unstern an der Kehle, Rennt mit ihm davon wie toll:

Da erscheint ein lichter Engel Rettend aus bem Rebelbuft, Donnert flugs ben schwarzen Bengel In die tieffte Höllenkluft, Schwebt ber goldnen himmelsferne Mit bem armen Unstern zu, Über gut' und bose Sterne Kührt er ben zur ew'gen Ruh'.

Der Ring.

Es ging an einem Morgen Ein Ritter über die Au; Er dacht' in bangen Sorgen An die allerschönste Frau:

"Mein wertes Ringlein golben, Berfünde bu mir frei, Du Pfand von meiner Holben, Wie steht es mit ihrer Treu'?"

Wie er's betrachten wollte, Bom Finger es ihm fprang; Das Ringlein hupft' und rollte Den Wiefenrain entlang. Er will mit schnellen handen Es haschen auf der Au, Doch goldne Blumen ihn blenden Und Gräfer, betropft von Tau.

Ein Fall' es gleich erlauschte, Der auf ber Linde faß; Bom Bipfel er nieberrauschte, Er holt' es aus bem Gras.

Mit mächtigem Gefieber Er in die Luft fich schwang; Da wollten seine Brüber Ihm rauben ben golbnen Fang.

Doch keiner gewann's von allen, Das Ringlein fiel aus ber Höh'. Der Ritter sah es fallen In einen tiefen See.

Die Fischlein hüpften munter Bu haschen ben goldnen Tanb; Das Ringlein sant hinunter, Bis es ben Bliden schwand.

"O Ringlein, auf ben Triften, Da äffen bich Gras und Blum'; O Ringlein, in den Lüften Da tragen die Bögel bich um; "D Ringlein, in Wassers Grunde Da haschen die Fische frei: Mein Ringlein, ist das die Kunde, Die Kunde, von Liebchens Tren'?"

Graf Cberharde Beifdorn.

Graf Eberhard im Bart Bom Bürttemberger Land, Er tam auf frommer Fahrt Zu Palästinas Strand.

Daselbst er einsmals ritt Durch einen frischen Walb; Ein grünes Reis er schnitt Bon einem Weistborn balb.

Er ftedt' es mit Bebacht Auf feinen Gifenhut; Er trug es in ber Schlacht Und über Meeres Flut.

Und als er war baheim, Er's in die Erbe fledt, Wo bald manch' neuen Keim Der milbe Frühling wedt.

Der Graf, getreu und gut, Besucht' es jedes Jahr, Erfreute dran den Mut, Wie es gewachsen war. Der herr war alt und laß, Das Reislein war ein Baum, Darunter oftmals faß Der Greis in tiefem Traum.

Die Wölbung, hoch und breit, Mit sanstem Rauschen mahnt Ihn an die alte Zeit Und an das ferne Land.

Die Ulme zu Birfau.

Bu hirfau in ben Trümmern, Da wiegt ein Ulmenbaum Frischgrünend seine Krone Hoch überm Giebelsaum.

Er wurzelt tief im Grunde Bom alten Klosterbau; Er wölbt sich statt bes Daches hinaus in himmelsblau.

Weil des Gemäuers Enge Ihm Luft und Sonne nahm, So trieb's ihn hoch und höher, Bis er zum Lichte kam.

Es ragen bie vier Banbe, Als ob fie nur bestimmt, Den fühnen Buchs zu ichermen, Der zu ben Wolken klimmt. Wenn bort im grünen Thale Ich einsam mich erging, Die Ulme war's, die hehre, Woran mein Sinnen hing.

Wenn in dem dumpfen, stummen Getrummer ich gelauscht, Da hat ihr reger Wipfel Im Windesslug gerauscht.

Ich fah ihn oft erglühen Im ersten Worgenstrahl; Ich fah ihn noch erleuchtet, Wann schattig rings bas Thal.

Zu Wittenberg im Kloster Buchs auch ein solcher Strauß Und brach mit Riesenästen Zum Klausenbach hinaus.

O Strahl bes Lichts, bu bringest hinab in jede Gruft. O Geist ber Welt, bu ringest hinauf in Licht und Luft.

Münfterfage.

Am Münsterturm, bem grauen, Da sieht man groß und klein, Biel' Namen eingehauen; Gebuldig trägt's ber Stein. Einft flomm bie luft'gen Schneden Ein Mufenfohn heran, Sah aus nach allen Eden, hub bann zu meißeln an.

Bon seinem Schlage knittern Die hellen Funken auf; Den Turm durchfährt ein Zittern Bom Grundstein bis zum Knauf;

Da zuckt in seiner Grube Erwins, bes Meisters, Staub, Da hallt die Glodenstube, Da rauscht manch fteinern Laub;

Im großen Bau ein Garen, Als wollt' er wunberbar Aus seinem Stamm gebären, Was unvollendet war.

Der Name war geschrieben, Bon wenigen gekannt; Doch ift er stehn geblieben Und längst mit Preis genannt.

Wer ift noch, ber sich wunbert, Daß ihm ber Turm erbröhnt, Dem nun ein halb Jahrhunbert Die Welt bes Schönen tönt?*

^{*} Auf ber Plattform bes Strafburger Munfters fteht unter vielen auch Goethes Rame von feinen atabemifden Jahren ber eingehauen.

Das Reh.

Es jagt' ein Jäger früh am Tag Ein Reh durch Balber und Auen, Da fah er aus bem Gartenhag Ein rofig Mägblein schauen.

Was ist geschehn bem guten Pferd? Hat es ben Fuß verletet? Was ist geschehn bem Jäger wert, Daß er nicht mehr ruft und hetzet?

Das Rehlein rennet immer noch über Berg und Thal so bange. Halt' an, du seltsam Tiersein boch! Der Jäger vergaß dich lange.

Der weife Dirich.

Es gingen brei Jager wohl anf ben Birfc, Gie wollten erjagen ben weißen hirfch.

Sie legten fich unter ben Tannenbaum, Da hatten die drei einen feltsamen Traum.

Der erfte.

"Mir hat geträumt, ich klopf' auf ben Bufch, Da rauschte ber hirsch heraus, husch, husch!"

Der zweite.

"Und als er fprang mit ber hunde Getlaff,. Da brannt' ich ihn auf das Fell, piff, paff!"

Der britte.

"Und als ich ben Dirfc an ber Erbe fah, Da fließ ich luftig ins Horn, trara!"

So lagen fie ba und sprachen bie brei, Da rannte ber weiße hirsch vorbei.

Und eh' die drei Jäger ihn recht gesehn, So mar er bavon über Tiefen und Soh'n.

Huich, huich! piff, paff! trara!

Sarald.

Bor seinem heergefolge ritt Der fühne helb haralb; Sie zogen in bes Monbes Schein, Durch einen wilben Balb.

Sie tragen mand,' erkämpfte Fahn', Die hoch im Winde wallt, Sie fingen manches Siegeslieb, Das durch bie Berge hallt.

Was rauschet, lauschet im Gebüsch? Was wiegt fich auf bem Baum? Bas fentet aus ben Bollen sich Und taucht aus Stromes Schaum?

Was wirft mit Blumen um und um? Was fingt so wonniglich? Was tanget burch ber Krieger Reihn, Schwingt auf die Rosse sich?

Bas toft so sanft und füßt so suß Und halt so lind umfaßt? Und nimmt das Schwert und zieht vom Roß Und läßt nicht Ruh' noch Raft?

Es ift ber Elfen leichte Schar: hier hilft kein Biberstand: Schon find die Krieger all bahin, Sind all im Feenland.

Rur er, der Beste, blieb zurud, Der fühne Belb Haralb: Er ist vom Wirbel bis zur Sohl' In harten Stahl geschnallt.

All seine Krieger sind entrückt, Da liegen Schwert und Schilb; Die Rosse, ledig ihrer Herrn, Sie gehn im Walbe wilb.

In großer Trauer ritt von dann Der ftolze Held Haralb; Er ritt allein im Mondenschein Wohl durch den weiten Walb. Bom Fessen rauscht es frisch und klar: Er springt vom Rosse schnell, Er schnalt vom Haupte sich den Helm Und trinkt vom kühlen Quell:

Doch, wie er kaum ben Durft gestillt, Bersagt ihm Arm und Bein; Er muß sich setzen auf ben Fels, Er nickt und schlummert ein.

Er schlummert auf bemselben Stein Schon manche hundert Jahr', Das Haupt gesenket auf die Brust, Mit grauem Bart und Haar.

Wann Blitze zuden, Donner rollt, Bann Sturm erbrauft im Walb, Dann greift er träumend nach bem Schwert, Der alte helb haralb.

Merlin ber Wilbe.

An Rarl Mager.

Du senbest, Freund, mir Lieber Boll frischer Balbesluft, Du regtest gerne wieber Auch mir die Dichterbrust; Du zeigst an schatt'ger Halbe Mir den beschilften See, Du lodest aus dem Walbe Zum Bad ein scheues Reh: Ob einem alten Buche Bring' ich die Stunden hin, Doch fürchte nicht, ich suche Mir trodne Blüten brin! Durch seine Zeilen windet Ein grüner Pfad fich weit Ins Feld hinaus und schwindet In Waldeseinsamkeit,

Da sitt Merlin ber Bilbe Am See auf moof'gem Stein Und starrt nach seinem Bilbe Im bunkeln Wiberschein; Er sieht, wie er gealtet Im trüben Beltgewühl: Hier in ber Wildnis waltet Ihm neuer Kraft Gefühl.

Bom Grün, das um ihn tauet, Ift ihm der Blid gestärkt, Daß er Bergang'nes ichauet Und Künftiges ermerkt; Der Wald in nächt'ger Stunde hat um sein Ohr gerauscht, Daß es in seinem Grunde Den Geist der Welt erlauscht.

Das Wild, das um ihn weilet, Dem stillen Gaste zahm, Es schrickt empor, enteilet, Weil es ein Horn vernahm. Bon raichem Jägertroffe Wirb er hinweggeführt Fern ju bes Königs Schloffe, Der längft nach ihm gefpurt:

"Gesegnet sei ber Morgen, Der dich ins Haus mir bringt, Den Mann, der, uns verborgen, Den Tieren Beisheit singt! Bohl möchten wir ersahren, Was jene Sprüche wert, Die dich seit manchen Jahren Der Walbesschatten lehrt.

"Richt um ben Lauf ber Sterne Deb' ich zu fragen an: Am Kleinen prüft' ich gerne, Wie es um bich gethan. Du kommft in biefer Frühe Mir ein Geruf'ner her; Du löfest ohne Mühe, Bovon bas haupt mir schwer:

"Dort, wo die Linden dustern, Bernahm ich diese Racht Ein Plaudern und ein Flüstern, Wie wenn die Liebe wacht. Die Stimmen zu erkunden, Lauscht' ich hinab vom Wall, Doch, wähnt' ich sie gefunden, So schlug die Nachtigall.

"Nun frag' ich bich, o Meister, Wer bei den Linden war: Dir machen beine Geister Geheimes offenbar, Dir fingt's der Bögel Kehle, Die Blätter saufeln's dir. Sprich ohne Scheu, verhehle Richts, was du schauest, mir!"

Der König steht umgeben Bon seinem Hofgesind'; Zu Morgen grüßt' ihn eben Sein rosenblühend Kind. Merlin, der unerschroden Den Kreis gemustert hat, Nimmt aus der Jungfrau Loden Ein zartes Lindenblatt:

"Laß mich bies Blatt dir reichen, Lies, Herr, was es dir sagt! Wem nicht an solchem Zeichen Genug, der sei befragt, Ob er in Königshallen Je Blätter regnen sah; Wo Lindenblätter fallen, Da ist die Linde nah'.

"Du haft, o herr, am Kleinen Mein Wiffen heut' erprobt; Mög' es dir so erscheinen, Daß man es billig lobt! Löft' ich aus einem Laube Dein Rätsel dir so bald, Biel größ're löst, das glaube, Der dichtbelaubte Wald."

Der König steht und schweiget, Die Tochter glüht von Scham. Der stolze Seher steiget hinab, von wo er kam. Ein hirsch, den wohl er kennet, harrt vor der Brüde sein Und nimmt ihn auf und rennet Durch Feld und Strom walbein.

Bersunken lag im Moose Merlin, boch tönte lang' Aus einer Waldkluft Schosse Noch seiner Stimme Klang. Auch bort ist längst nun Friede; Ich aber zweisse nicht, Daß, Freund, aus beinem Liede Merlin der Wilde spricht.

Die Bilbfaule bes Bacchus.

Kallisthenes, ein Jüngling zu Athen, Kam einst nach einer durchgeschwärmten Nacht, Den welten Epheufranz ums wilbe Haar, hintaumelnd in der Dämmerung, nach Haus, Er selber wie die Dämm'rung wüst und bleich.

Als nun ber Diener nach bem Schlafgemach 3hm leuchtet burch ben boben Gaulengang, Da tritt mit eins im vollen Kadelichein Des Bachus göttlich Darmorbild hervor. Bon icopferifder Meifterband geformt. In Jugenbfulle bebt fich bie Bestalt; Aus reichem, lang hinmallenbem Gelod Erglangt bas feingewölbte Schulternpaar, Und unterm Schatten üppigen Beflechts Bon Rebenlaub und schwellender Traubenfrucht Ericeint bas runde, blübenbe Beficht. Erichroden fährt Rallifthenes jurud Bor ber Ericheinung Berrlichkeit und Glang; 3hm ift, ale hatte mit bem Thurfusftab Der Gott bie Stirne ftrafend ihm berührt, Mle fprache gurnend ber belebte Dund : "Bas fpufft bu hier, bu mantendes Gefpenft, Erebicher Schatten, fraftlos finnbetäubt? Du haft ben beil'gen Epheu mir entweiht, Du nennest frevelnd meinen Briefter bich: hinmeg von mir! 3ch fenne beiner nicht. 3ch bin die Fulle schaffender Natur, Die fich besonders in dem edeln Blut Der Rebe reich und göttlich offenbart. Bill euer muftes Treiben einen Gott, So fucht ihn nicht auf fonnigem Beingebirg', Rein, sucht ihn brunten in bes Sabes Racht!" Der Gott verstummt, ber Fadel Licht erlifcht, Der Jüngling ichleicht beichamt in fein Gemach, Er nimmt vom Saupt ben welfen Epheufrang, Und ftill in bes Gemutes Innerftem Beichwöret er ein heiliges Belübd'.

Bon ben fieben Bechbrüdern.

Ich kenne sieben lust'ge Brüber, Sie sind die durstigsten im Ort; Die schwuren höchlich, niemals wieder Zu nennen ein gewisses Wort, In keinerlei Weise, Nicht laut und nicht leise.

Es ift bas gute Wörtlein "Baffer," Darin boch sonst kein Arges stedt. Wie kommt's nun, baß die wilden Praffer Dies schlichte Wort so mächtig schreckt? Merkt auf! ich berichte Die Bunbergeschichte.

Einst hörten jene burst'gen Sieben Bon einem fremben Zechkumpan, Es set am Waldgebirge brüben Ein neues Wirtshaus aufgethan, Da sließen so reine, So würzige Weine.

Um einer guten Predigt willen Hätt' keiner sich vom Plat bewegt, Doch gilt es, Gläser gut zu füllen, Dann sind die Bursche gleich erregt. "Auf, lasset uns wandern!"
Ruft einer dem andern.

Sie wandern rüftig mit dem Frühen; Bald steigt die Soune drückend heiß, Die Zunge lechzt, die Lippen glühen, Und von der Stirne rinnt der Schweiß: Da rieselt so helle Bom Kelsen die Onelle.

Bie trinken sie in vollen Zügen! Doch als sie kaum den Durst gestillt, Bezeugen sie ihr Mißvergnügen, Daß hier nicht Bein, nur Baffer quillt: "O fades Getränke! O ärmliche Schwenke!"

In seine vielverwob'nen Gänge Rimmt jett der Bald die Pilger auf. Da stehn sie plötslich im Gedräuge, Berworr'nes Dickicht hemmt den Lauf: Sie irren, sie suchen, Sie zanken und fluchen.

Derweil hat fich in finst're Better Die schwüle Sonne tief verhüllt; Schon rauscht der Regen durch die Blätter, Es zuckt der Blitz, der Donner brüllt; Dann kommt es gestossen, Unenblich ergossen.

Bald wird der Forst zu tausend Infeln, Zahllose Ströme brechen vor; hier hilft kein Toben, hilft kein Winfeln: Er muß hindurch, der eble Chor.

O gründliche Taufe! O köstliche Traufe!

Bor alters wurden Menschenkinder Berwandelt oft in Quell und Fluß; Auch unsre sieben arme Sünder Bedroht ein gleicher Götterschluß: Sie triefen, sie schwellen, Als würden sie Quellen.

So, mehr geschwommen als gegangen, Gelangen sie zum Walb hinaus, Doch keine Schenke sehn sie prangen, Sie sind auf gradem Weg nach Haus: Schon rieselt so helle Bom Kelsen die Quelle.

Da ist's, als ob sie rauschenb spreche: "Billsommen, saub're Brüberschar! Ihr habt geschmähet, thöricht Freche, Mein Wasser, bas euch labend war; Nun seib ihr getränket, Daß ihr baran benket."

So tam es, daß die fieben Brüber Das Wasser fürchteten hinsort Und daß fie schwuren, niemals wieder Zu nennen das verwünschte Wort, In teinerlei Weise, Richt laut und nicht leise.

Der Graf von Greiere.

Der junge Graf von Greiers, er steht vor seinem Hans, Er sieht am schönen Morgen weit ins Gebirg' hinaus, Er sieht die Felsenhörner verklärt im goldnen Strahl Und dämmernd mitten inne das grünste Alpenthal:

"D Alpe, grune Alpe, wie zieht's nach dir mich hin! Begludt, die dich befahren, Berghirt' und Sennerin! Oft sah ich sons hinüber, empfand nicht Leid noch Luft, Doch heute bringt ein Sehnen mir in die tiefste Bruft."

Und nah' und naher Mingen Schalmeien an fein Ohr: Die hirtinnen und hirten, fie ziehn zur Burg empor, Und auf bes Schloffes Rafen hebt an ber Ringeltanz, Die weißen Armel schimmern, bunt flattern Band und Kranz.

Der Sennerinnen jüngste, schlank wie ein Maienreis, Erfaßt die Hand des Grasen, da muß er in den Kreis; Es schlinget ihn der Reigen in seine Wirbel ein: "Hei! junger Graf von Greiers, gefangen mußt du sein!"

Sie raffen ihn von hinnen mit Sprung und Reigenlied, Sie tanzen durch die Dörfer, wo Glied fich reiht an Glied, Sie tanzen über Matten, fie tanzen durch den Wald, Bis fernhin auf den Alpen der helle Klang verhallt.

Schon steigt ber zweite Morgen, ber dritte schon wird kar: "Bo bleibt der Graf von Greiers? Ist er verschollen gar?" Und wieder sinkt zum Abend der schwülen Sonne Lauf: Da donnert's im Gebirge, da ziehn die Wetter auf. Geborsten ist die Wolke, der Bach zum Strom geschwellt, Und als mit jähem Strahle der Blitz die Nacht erhellt, Da zeigt sich in den Strudeln ein Mann, der wogt und ringt,

Bis er ben Aft ergriffen und fich ans Ufer ichwingt:

"Da bin ich. Beggeriffen aus eurer Berge Schoß, Im Tanzen und im Schwingen ergriff mich Sturmgetos; Ihr alle seid geborgen in hütt' und Felsenspalt: Nur mich hat fortgeschwemmet des Wolkenbruchs Gewalt.

"Leb' wohl, du grüne Alpe mit deiner frohen Schar! Lebt wohl — drei fel'ge Tage, da ich ein Hirte war! O! nicht bin ich geboren zu solchem Paradies, Aus dem mit Bligessamme des himmels Zorn mich wies.

"Du frische Alpenrose, rühr' nimmer meine Hanb! Ich fühl's, die talte Woge, sie löscht nicht diesen Brand. Du zauberischer Reigen, lock' nimmer mich hinaus! Nimm mich in deine Mauern, du ödes Grasenhaus!"

Schwäbische Runde.

Als Kaifer Rotbart lobesam Jum heil'gen Land gezogen kam, Da mußt' er mit dem frommen Heer Durch ein Gebirge wüst und leer. Daselbst erhub sich große Not, Biel Steine gab's und wenig Brot, Und mancher deutsche Reitersmann Hat dort den Trunk sich abgethan; Und als er die gulbnen Sporen ihm gab, Da schleubert's ihn wild in den Strom hinab.

Mit Arm, mit Fuß er rubert und ringt: Der ichwere Banger ihn nieberzwingt.

Ciegfriede Schwert.

Jung Siegfried mar ein ftolger Rnab', Ging von bes Baters Burg berab,

Bollt' raften nicht in Baters Saus, Bollt' manbern in alle Belt hinaus.

Begegnet' ihm mand Ritter wert Mit festem Schilb und breitem Schwert.

Siegfried nur einen Steden trug; Das war ihm bitter und leib genug.

Und als er ging im finstern Wald, Ram er zu einer Schmiede balb.

Da fah er Eisen und Stahl genug; Ein luftig Feuer Flammen schlug.

"D Meifter, liebster Meifter mein, Sag bu mich beinen Gefellen fein

"Und lehr' bu mich mit Fleiß und Acht, Wie man die guten Schwerter macht!"

Siegfried ben hammer wohl schwingen tunnt: Er schlug ben Amboß in ben Grund;

Er schlug, bag weit ber Balb erklang Und alles Eifen in Stude sprang.

Und von ber letten Gifenftang' Macht' er ein Schwert fo breit und lang:

"Run hab' ich geschmiebet ein gutes Schwert, Nun bin ich wie andre Ritter wert;

"Run schlag' ich wie ein andrer Belb Die Riefen und Drachen in Balb und Relb."

Rlein Roland.

Frau Bertha faß in ber Felfenkluft, Sie klagt' ihr bitt'res Los; Rlein Roland spielt' in freier Luft, Des Rlage war nicht groß.

"D König Karl, mein Bruber hehr, D daß ich floh von dir! Um Liebe ließ ich Pracht und Ehr', Nun gürnst du schrecklich mir. "O Milon, mein Gemahl so fuß, Die Flut verschlang mir bich. Die ich um Liebe alles ließ, Run läßt die Liebe mich.

"Rlein Roland, bu mein teures Rind, Run Ehr' und Liebe mir, Rlein Roland, tomm herein geschwind! Mein Troft tommt all von bir.

"Rlein Roland, geh zur Stadt hinab, Zu bitten um Speif' und Trank; Und wer dir gibt eine kleine Gab', Dem wünsche Gottes Dank!"

Der König Karl jur Tafel saß Im goldnen Rittersaal; Die Diener liefen ohn' Unterlaß Mit Schüffel und Bokal.

Bon Flöten, Saitenspiel, Gesang Warb jedes Herz erfreut, Doch reichte nicht ber helle Klang Zu Berthas Einsamkeit.

Und braußen in des Hofes Kreis, Da saßen der Bettler viel; Die labten sich an Trank und Speif' Mehr, als am Saitenspiel.

Der König schaut in ihr Gebrang' Wohl burch bie offne Thur,

Da brückt fich burch bie bichte Meng' Ein feiner Knab' herfür.

Des Anaben Rleib ift wunderbar, Bierfarb zusammengestüdt, Doch weilt er nicht bei ber Bettlerschar, herauf zum Saal er blidt.

Herein zum Saal Nein Roland tritt, Als wär's sein eigen Haus; Er hebt eine Schüffel von Tisches Mitt' Und trägt sie stumm hinaus.

Der König benkt: "Was muß ich sehn? Das ift ein sondrer Brauch." Doch weil er's ruhig läßt geschehn, So lassen's bie andern auch.

Es stund nur an eine kleine Weil', Klein Roland kehrt in den Saal: Er tritt jum König hin mit Gil' Und faßt seinen Goldpokal.

"Seiba! halt' an, bu keder Wicht!" Der König ruft es laut: Klein Roland läßt den Becher nicht, Zum König auf er schaut.

Der König erft gar finster sah, Doch lachen mußt' er balb: "Du trittst in die goldne Halle da Wie in den grünen Wald; "Du nimmst die Schüssel von Königs Tisch, Wie man Apsel bricht vom Baum; Du holst wie aus dem Bronnen frisch Meines roten Weines Schaum."

"Die Bau'rin schöpft aus bem Bronnen frisch, Die bricht die Äpfel vom Baum: Meiner Mutter ziemet Wildbret und Fisch, Ihr roten Weines Schaum."—

"Ift beine Mutter so eble Dam', Wie du berühmst, mein Kind, So hat sie wohl ein Schloß lustsam Und stattlich Hofgesind'?

"Sag' an, wer ist benn ihr Truchseß? Sag' an, wer ist ihr Schent?" — "Meine rechte Hand ist ihr Truchseß, Meine linke, die ist ihr Schenk." —

"Sag' an, wer find die Wächter treu?" — "Weine Augen blau allflund'." — "Sag' an, wer ist ihr Sänger frei?" — "Der ist mein roter Mund." —

"Die Dam' hat wad're Diener, traun, Doch liebt fie sondre Livrei, Wie Regenbogen anzuschaun, Mit Farben mancherlei." —

"Ich hab' bezwungen der Knaben acht Bon jedem Biertel der Stadt:

Die haben mir als Zins gebracht Bierfältig Tuch jur Bat." —

"Die Dame hat nach meinem Sinn Den besten Diener der Welt. Sie ist wohl Bettlerkönigin, Die offne Tafel hält?

"So eble Dame barf nicht fern Bon meinem Hofe fein: Bohlauf, brei Damen! auf, brei herrn! Führt fie zu mir herein!"

Klein Roland trägt ben Becher flint hinaus zum Bruntgemach; Drei Damen auf des Königs Wint, Drei Ritter folgen nach.

Es stund nur an eine Keine Weil' (Der König schaut in die Fern'): Da kehren schon zurück mit Eil' Die Damen und die Herrn.

Der König ruft mit einemmal: "Hilf Himmel! seh' ich recht? Ich hab' verspottet im offnen Saal Mein eigenes Geschlecht!

"Sis Simmel! Schwester Berta, bleich, Im grauen Pilgergewand; Silf Himmel! in meinem Bruntsaal reich Den Bettelstab in ber Sand!" Frau Berta fällt zu Füßen ihm, Das bleiche Frauenbild. Da regt fich plötlich ber alte Grimm, Er blickt fie an so wild.

Frau Berta fenkt die Augen schnell, Kein Wort zu reden fich traut; Klein Roland hebt die Augen hell, Den Öhm begrüßt er laut.

Da spricht ber König in milbem Ton: "Steh' auf, bu Schwester mein, Um diesen, beinen lieben Sohn, Soll bir verziehen sein."

Frau Berta hebt fich freubenvoll: "Lieb Bruber mein, wohlan! Klein Roland bir vergelten foll, Bas bu mir Gut's gethan;

"Soll werben seinem König gleich Ein hohes Helbenbilb, Soll führen die Farb' von manchem Reich In seinem Banner und Schilb

"Soll greisen in manches Königs Tisch Mit seiner freien Hand, Soll bringen zu Heil und Ehre frisch Sein seufzend Mutterland."

Roland Schilbträger.

Der König Karl saß einst zu Tisch Zu Aachen mit ben Fürsten. Man stellte Wildbret auf und Fisch Und ließ auch keinen dürsten; Biel Goldgeschirr von klarem Schein, Manch roten, grünen Ebesstein Sah man im Saale leuchten.

Da sprach herr Karl, ber starke helb: "Bas soll ber eitle Schimmer? Das beste Kleinob dieser Welt, Das sehlet uns noch immer: Dies Kleinob, hell wie Sonnenschein, Ein Riese trägt's im Schilbe sein, Tief im Arbennerwalde."

Graf Richard, Erzbischof Turpin, herr Haimon, Naims von Baiern, Mison von Anglant, Graf Garin, Die wollten ba nicht feiern: Sie haben Stahlgewand begehrt Und hießen satteln ihre Pferd', Zu reiten nach dem Riesen.

Jung Roland, Sohn bes Milon, sprach: "Lieb Bater, hört! ich bitte: Bermeint Ihr mich zu jung und schwach, Daß ich mit Riesen stritte, Doch bin ich nicht zu winzig mehr, Euch nachzutragen Euern Speer Samt Eurem guten Schilbe." Die sechs Genossen ritten balb Bereint nach ben Arbennen, Doch als sie tamen in ben Balb, Da thäten sie sich trennen. Roland ritt hinterm Bater her: Wie wohl ihm war, des helben Speer, Des helben Schilb zu tragen!

Bei Sonnenschein und Mondenlicht Streiften die kühnen Degen, Doch sanden sie den Riesen nicht In Felsen noch Gehegen. Bur Mittagsstund' am vierten Tag Des Herzog Milon schlafen lag In einer Eiche Schatten.

Roland sah in der Ferne bald Ein Blitzen und ein Leuchten, Davon die Strahlen in dem Wald Die Hirsch' und Reh' aufscheuchten. Er sah, es kam von einem Schild; Den trug ein Riese groß und wild Bom Berge niedersteigend.

Roland gedacht' im Herzen sein:
"Bas ist das für ein Schrecken!
Soll ich den lieben Bater mein
Im besten Schlaf erwecken?
Es wachet ja sein gutes Pferd,
Es wacht sein Speer, sein Schilb und Schwert,
Es wacht Roland der junge."

Roland das Schwert zur Seite band, Herrn Milons starkes Wassen, Die Lanze nahm er in die Hand Und thät den Schild aufrassen. Herrn Milons Roß bestieg er dann Und ritt erst sachte durch den Tann, Den Bater nicht zu wecken.

Und als er kam zur Felsenwand, Da sprach der Ries mit Lachen: "Was will doch dieser kleine Fant Auf solchem Rosse machen? Sein Schwert ist zwier so lang als er, Bom Rosse zieht ihn schier der Speer, Der Schild will ihn erdrücken."

Jung Roland rief: "Bohlauf zum Streit! Dich reuet noch bein Recen. Sab' ich die Cartiche lang und breit, Kann fie mich besser beden; Ein kleiner Mann, ein großes Pferd, Ein kurzer Arm, ein langes Schwert, Muß eins bem andern helsen."

Der Riese mit ber Stange schlug, Auslangend in die Weite: Jung Koland schwenkte schnell genug Sein Roß noch auf die Seite. Die Lanz' er auf den Riesen schwang: Doch von dem Wunderschilde sprang Auf Roland sie zurücke. Jung Roland nahm in großer haft Das Schwert in beibe Hande; Der Riese nach dem seinen saßt', Er war zu unbehende: Mit flinsem Hiebe schlug Roland Ihm unterm Schild die linke hand, Daß hand und Schild entrollten.

Dem Riefen schwand ber Mut bahin, Wie ihm ber Schilb entriffen: Das Kleinob, das ihm Kraft verliehn, Mußt' er mit Schmerzen miffen. Zwar lief er gleich dem Schilbe nach, Doch Roland in das Knie ihn stach, Daß er zu Boden stürzte.

Roland ihn bei ben Haaren griff, hieb ihm bas Haupt herunter: Ein großer Strom von Blute lief Ins tiefe Thal hinunter; Und aus des Toten Schilb hernach Roland das lichte Kleinod brach Und freute sich am Glanze.

Dann barg er's unterm Kleibe gut Und ging zu einem Quelle: Da wusch er sich von Staub und Blut Gewand und Waffen helle. Zurücke ritt ber jung' Roland Dahin, wo er ben Bater fand Noch schlafend bet ber Eiche. Er legt' sich an bes Baters Seit', Bom Schlafe selbst bezwungen, Bis in ber kühlen Abendzeit Herr Milon aufgesprungen: "Bach' auf, wach' auf, mein Sohn Roland! Nimm Schilb und Lanze schnell zur Hand, Daß wir ben Riesen suchen!"

Sie stiegen auf und eilten sehr, Zu schweisen in der Wisde. Roland ritt hinterm Bater her Mit dessen Speer und Schilde. Sie kamen balb zu jener Stätt', Wo Roland jüngst gestritten hätt'; Der Riese lag im Blute.

Roland kaum seinen Augen glaubt', Als nicht mehr war zu schauen Die linke Hand, dazu das Haupt, So er ihm abgehauen, Nicht mehr des Riesen Schwert und Speer, Auch nicht sein Schild und Harnisch mehr: Nur Rumpf und blut'ge Glieder.

Milon besah ben großen Rumpf: "Bas ist bas für 'ne Leiche? Man sieht noch am zerhau'nen Stumpf, Wie mächtig war die Eiche. Das ist der Riese. Frag' ich mehr? Berschlasen hab' ich Sieg und Ehr', Drum muß ich ewig trauern."



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Graf Richard tam ju Fuß baher, Ging neben seinem Pferbe; Das trug bes Riesen schwere Wehr, Den Harnisch samt bem Schwerte: "Wer suchen will im wilben Tann, Danch Baffenstück noch finden tann, Ift mir zu viel gewesen."

"Der Graf Garin thät ferne schon Den Schilb des Riesen schwingen. "Der hat den Schild, des ist die Kron', Der wird das Kleinod bringen." — "Den Schild hab' ich, ihr lieben Herrn! Das Kleinod hätt' ich gar zu gern: Doch das ist ausgebrochen."

Zulett thät man Herrn Milon sehn, Der nach bem Schlosse lenkte; Er ließ das Rößlein langsam gehn, Das Haupt er traurig senkte.
Roland ritt hinterm Bater her Und trug ihm seinen starken Speer Zusamt dem sesten Schilde.

Doch wie fie kamen vor das Schloß Und zu ben Herrn geritten, Macht' er von Baters Schilbe los Den Zierat in der Mitten; Das Riesenkleinod setzt' er ein: Das gab so wunderklaren Schein Als wie die liebe Sonne. Und als nun diese helle Sint Im Schilbe Misons brannte, Da rief der König frohgemut: "Heil Mison von Anglante! Der hat den Riesen übermannt, Ihm abgeschlagen Haupt und Hand, Das Kleinod ihm entrissen."

Herr Milon hatte sich gewandt, Sah staunend all die Delle: "Roland, sag' an, du junger Fant! Wer gab dir das, Geselle?"— "Um Gott, Herr Bater, jürnt mir nicht, Daß ich erschlug den groben Wicht, Derweil Ihr eben schließet!"

Rönig Rarls Meerfahrt.

Der Rönig Rari fuhr fiber Meer Mit feinen zwölf Genoffen, Bum heil'gen Lanbe fteuert' er Und warb vom Sturm verflogen.

Da sprach ber fühne helb Roland: "Ich tann wohl fechten und schirmen, Doch halt mir biefe Kunft nicht ftand Bor Wellen und vor Stürmen."

Dann fprach herr holger aus Danemart: "Ich tann bie harfe ichlagen —

Bas hilft mir bas, wenn also ftart Die Bind' und Bellen jagen?"

Herr Oliver war auch nicht froh, Er sah auf seine Wehre: "Es ist mir um mich selbst nicht so, Wie um die Altekäre."

Dann sprach der schlimme Ganelon (Er sprach es nur verstohlen): "Bär' ich mit guter Art davon, Möcht' euch der Teusel holen."

Erzbischof Turpin seufzte sehr: "Bir sind die Gottesstreiter, Komm, liebster Heiland, über das Meer Und führ' uns gnädig weiter!"

Graf Richard Ohnefurcht hub an: "Ihr Geister aus ber Holle, Ich hab' euch manchen Dienst gethan: Jett helft mir von ber Stelle!"

Herr Naimes diesen Ausspruch that: "Schon vielen riet ich heuer, Doch süßes Waffer und guter Rat Sind oft zu Schiffe teuer."

Da sprach ber graue herr Riol: "Ich bin ein alter Degen Und möchte meinen Leichnam wohl Dereinst ins Trockne legen." Es war herr Gui, ein Ritter fein, Der fing wohl an ju fingen:
"Ich wollt', ich war' ein Bogelein:
Wollt' mich ju Liebchen schwingen."

Da sprach ber eble Graf Garein: "Gott helf uns aus ber Schwere! Ich trint' viel lieber ben roten Bein Als Wasser in bem Meere."

herr Lambert sprach, ein Jüngling frisch: "Gott woll' uns nicht vergessen! Aß' lieber selbst 'nen guten Fisch, Statt baß mich Fische fressen."

Da sprach herr Gottsried lobesan: "Ich lass' mir's halt gefallen; Man richtet mir nicht anders an Als meinen Brüdern allen."

Der König Karl am Steuer faß; Der hat tein Wort gesprochen: Er lenkt bas Schiff mit festem Maß, Bis sich ber Sturm gebrochen.

Taillefer.

Normannenherzog Wilhelm sprach einmal: "Ber finget in meinem Hof und in meinem Saal? Ber finget vom Morgen bis in die späte Racht So lieblich, daß mir das Herz im Leibe lacht?" —

"Das ist der Taillefer, der so gerne singt Im Hose, wann er das Rad am Brunnen schwingt, Im Saale, wann er das Feuer schüret und sacht, Wann er abends sich legt und wann er morgens erwacht."

Der Herzog sprach: "Ich hab' einen guten Knecht, Den Tailleser; ber bienet mir fromm und recht; Er treibt mein Rab und schüret mein Feuer gut Und singet so hell: das höhet mir den Mut."

Da sprach ber Tailleser: "Und wär' ich frei, Biel besser wollt ich dienen und singen dabei. Bie wollt' ich dienen dem Herzog hoch zu Pferd! Bie wollt' ich singen und klingen mit Schild und mit Schwert!"

Richt lange, so ritt ber Tailleser ins Gefild' Auf einem hohen Pferde mit Schwert und mit Schild. Des Herzogs Schwester schaute vom Turm ins Feld; Sie sprach: "Dort reitet bei Gott ein stattlicher Held."

Und als er ritt vorüber an Frauleins Turm, Da sang er bald wie ein Lüftlein, bald wie ein Sturm. Sie sprach: "Der finget, das ift eine herrliche Lust: Es zittert der Turm, und es zittert mein Herz in der Bruft."

Der Herzog Wilhelm fuhr wohl über bas Meer, Er fuhr nach Engelland mit gewaltigem Heer. Er sprang vom Schiffe; da fiel er auf die Hand: "Hei!" rief er, "ich fass" und ergreif' dich, Engelland!" Als nun das Normannenheer zum Sturme schritt, Der edle Taillefer vor den Herzog ritt: "Manch Sährlein hab' ich gesungen und Feuer geschürt, Manch Jährlein gesungen und Schwert und Lanze gerührt.

"Und hab' ich Euch gedient und gesungen zu Dant, Zuerst als ein Knecht und dann als ein Ritter frant, So laßt mich das entgelten am heutigen Tag: Bergönnet mir auf die Feinde den ersten Schlag!"

Der Taillefer ritt vor allem Normannenheer Auf einem hohen Pferbe mit Schwert und mit Speer; Er sang so herrlich, das klang über Hastingsseld; Bon Roland sang er und manchem frommen Held.

Und als das Rolandslied wie ein Sturm erscholl, Da wallete manch Panier, manch Herze schwoll, Da brannten Ritter und Mannen von hohem Mut: Der Taillefer sang und schürte das Feuer gut.

Dann fprengt' er hinein und führte ben erften Stof, Davon ein englischer Ritter jur Erbe ichof; Dann fcmang er bas Schwert und führte ben erften Schlag,

Davon ein englischer Ritter am Boben lag.

Normannen fahen's, die harrten nicht allzu lang': Sie brachen herein mit Geschrei und mit Schilberklang. Bei! sausende Pfeile, klirrender Schwerterschlag! Bis Haralb fiel und sein tropiges heer erlag.

Herr Wilhelm stodte sein Banner aufs blutige Felb, Inmitten der Toten spannt' er sein Gezelt: Da saß er am Mahle, den goldnen Potal in der Hand, Auf dem Haupte die Königstrone von Engelland:

"Mein tapf'rer Taillefer, tomm, trint' mir Bescheid! Du haft mir viel gesungen in Lieb' und in Leid: Doch heut' im Hastingsfelde bein Sang und bein Rlang, Der tonet mir in ben Ohren mein lebensang."

Das Glüd von Ebenhall.

Bon Ebenhall ber junge Lord Läßt schmettern Festtrommetenschal, Er hebt sich an des Tisches Bord Und ruft in trunkner Gäste Schwall: "Nun her mit dem Glücke von Ebenhall!"

Der Schenk vernimmt ungern ben Spruch, Des Hauses ältefter Basal, Rimmt zögernd aus bem seibnen Tuch Das hohe Trinkglas von Kristall; Sie nennen's bas Glück von Ebenhall.

Darauf ber Lorb: "Dem Glas zum Breis Schent' Roten ein aus Portugal!" Mit Sändezittern gießt ber Greis: Und purpurn Licht wird überall; Es ftrahlt aus dem Glüde von Edenhall. Da spricht ber Lorb und schwingt's dabei: "Dies Glas von leuchtenbem Kristall Gab meinem Ahn am Quell die Fet; Drein schrieb sie: "Kommt dies Glas zu Fall, Kahr' wohl dann, o Glück von Ebenhall!

"Ein Kelchglas ward zum Los mit Fug Dem freud'gen Stamm von Ebenhall: Wir schlürfen gern in vollem Zug, Wir läuten gern mit lautem Schall. Stoßt an mit dem Glücke von Ebenhall!"

Erft klingt es milbe, tief und voll, Gleich dem Gesang der Rachtigall, Dann wie des Walbstroms laut Geroll, Zuletzt erdröhnt wie Donnerhall Das herrliche Glück von Ebenhall.

"Zum horte nimmt ein kühn Geschlecht Sich ben zerbrechlichen Kristal? Er bauert länger ichon, als recht: Stoßt an! Mit biesem kräft'gen Prall Bersuch' ich bas Glüd von Ebenhall."

Und als das Trinkglas gellend fpringt, Springt das Gewölb' mit jähem Anall, Und aus dem Rif die Flamme dringt; Die Gäste find zerstoben all' Mit dem brechenden Glücke von Edenhall.

Ein fturmt ber Feind mit Brand und Morb, Der in ber Racht erstieg ben Ball:

Bom Schwerte fallt ber junge Lorb, Salt in ber hand noch ben Kriftall, Das gersprungene Glud von Ebenhall.

Am Morgen irrt ber Schenk allein, Der Greis, in ber zerftörten Hall': Er sucht bes Herrn verbrannt Gebein, Er sucht im grausen Trümmersall Die Scherben bes Glücks von Ebenhall.

"Die Steinwand," spricht er, "springt zu Stück, Die hohe Säule muß zu Fall; Glas ist ber Erbe Stolz und Glück; In Splitter fällt ber Erbenball Einst gleich bem Glücke von Ebenhall."

Der lette Pfalzgraf.

Ich, Pfalzgraf Göt von Tübingen, Berkaufe Burg und Stadt Mit Leuten, Gülten, Feld und Walb: Der Schulben bin ich satt.

Bwei Rechte nur verkauf ich nicht, Zwei Rechte gut und alt: Im Kloster eins, mit schmudem Turm, Und eins im grünen Walb.

Am Rlofter ichentten wir uns arm Und bauten uns ju Grund:

Dafür ber Abt mir füttern muß Den Sabicht und ben hund.

Im Schönbuch um das Kloster her, Da hab' ich das Gejaid: Behalt' ich das, so ist mir nicht Um all mein andres leid.

Und hört ihr Monchlein eines Tags Richt mehr mein Jägerhorn, Dann zieht das Glöcklein, sucht mich auf! Ich lieg' am schatt'gen Born.

Begrabt mich unter breiter Eich' Im grünen Bogelsang Und lest mir eine Jägermess', Die dauert nicht zu lang'.

Graf Cberhard ber Raufchebart.

Ist benn im Schwabenlande verschollen aller Sang, Wo einst so hell vom Stausen die Ritterharse klang? Und wenn er nicht verschollen, warum vergist er ganz Der tapfern Bäter Thaten, der alten Waffen Glanz?

Man lispelt leichte Liedchen, man spitzt manch Sinngedicht, Man höhnt die holden Frauen, des alten Liedes Licht: Bo rüftig Helbenleben längst auf Beschwörung lauscht, Da trippelt man vorüber und schauert, wenn es rauscht. Brich benn aus beinem Sarge, steig' aus bem büstern Chor Mit beinem Helbensohne, bu Rauschebart, hervor! Du schlugst bich unverwüstlich noch greise Jahr' entlang: Brich auch burch unfre Zeiten mit hellem Schwerterklang!

1. Der Überfall im Wildbad.

In schönen Sommertagen, wann sau die Lüfte wehn, Die Bälber lustig grünen, die Gärten blühend siehn, Da ritt aus Stuttgarts Thoren ein Helb von stolzer Art, Graf Eberhard der Greiner, der alte Rauschebart.

Mit wenig Sbelknechten zieht er ins Land hinaus; Er trägt nicht Helm noch Panzer: nicht geht's auf blut'gen Strauß.

Ins Wilbbad will er reiten, mo heiß ein Quell entspringt, Der Sieche beilt und fraftigt, ber Greife wieber jungt.

Zu hirsau bei bem Abte, ba kehrt ber Ritter ein Und trinkt bei Orgesichalle ben kubsen Klosterwein. Dann geht's durch Tannenwälber ins grüne Thal gesprengt, Wo durch ihr Felsenbette die Enz sich rauschend brängt.

Bu Bilbbad an bem Markte, da steht ein stattlich Haus; Es hängt daran jum Zeichen ein blanker Spieß heraus: Dort steigt der Graf vom Rosse, dort halt er gute Rast; Den Quell besucht er täglich, der ritterliche Gast.

Wann er fich bann entkleibet und wenig ausgeruht Und sein Gebet gesprochen, so fteigt er in die Flut; Er sett fich stets zur Stelle, wo aus dem Felsenspalt Am beifiesten und vollsten der eble Sprudel wallt. Ein angeschoff'ner Eber, ber fich bie Bunde wusch, Berriet voreinst den Jägern den Quell in Kluft und Busch: Run ift's dem alten Reden ein lieber Zeitvertreib, Zu waschen und zu streden den narbenvollen Leib.

Da kommt einsmals gesprungen sein jüngster Ebelknab'; "Herr Graf, es zieht ein Hause bas ob're Thal herab: Die tragen schwere Kolben; der Hauptmann führt im Schild Ein Röslein rot von Golde und einen Eber wild."

"Mein Sohn, das find die Schlegler: die schlagen fraftig brein,

Gib mir den Leibrock, Junge! Das ist der Eberstein. Ich kenne wohl den Eber: er hat so grimmen Zorn; Ich kenne wohl die Rose: sie führt so scharfen Dorn."

Da kommt ein armer hirte in atemsosem Lauf: "herr Graf, es zieht 'ne Rotte das unt're Thal herauf: Der Hauptmann führt drei Beile; sein Rüstzeug glänzt und gleißt,

Daß mir's wie Wetterleuchten noch in ben Augen beißt."

"Das ist der Bunnensteiner, der gleißend' Wolf genannt: Gib mir den Mantel, Knabe! Der Glanz ist mir bekannt: Er bringt mir wenig Wonne; die Beile hauen gut: Bind' mir das Schwert zur Seite! Der Wolf, der lechzt nach Blut.

"Ein Mägblein mag man schreden, das sich im Babe schmiegt; Das ist ein lustig Reden, das niemand Schaben fügt: Wird aber überfallen ein alter Kriegeshelb, Dann gilt's, wenn nicht sein Leben, doch schweres Lösegelb." Da spricht der arme Hirte: "Des mag noch werben Rat; Ich weiß geheime Wege, die noch kein Mensch betrat; Kein Roß mag sie ersteigen, nur Geißen klettern dort: Wollt Ihr sogleich mir solgen, ich bring' Euch sicher fort."

Sie Klimmen burch bas Didicht ben fleisften Berg hinan; Mit seinem guten Schwerte haut oft ber Graf sich Bahn. Wie herb bas Fliehen schwede, noch hatt' er's nie vermerkt; Biel lieber möcht' er sechten: bas Bab hat ihn gestärkt.

In heißer Mittagsstunde bergunter und bergauf: Schon muß der Graf fich lehnen auf seines Schwertes Knauf. Darob erbarmt's den hirten des alten hohen herrn, Er nimmt ihn auf den Rücken: "Ich thu's von herzen gern."

Da benkt ber alte Greiner: "Es thut boch wahrlich gut, So fanftlich sein getragen von einem treuen Blut. In Fährben und in Nöten zeigt erst bas Bolt sich echt: Drum soll man nie zertreten sein altes gutes Recht."

Als brauf ber Graf gerettet zu Stuttgart sitt im Saal, heißt er 'ne Münze prägen als ein Gedächtnismal: Er gibt bem treuen hirten manch blankes Stück bavon; Auch manchem herrn von Schlegel verehrt er eins zum hohn.

Dann schidt er tücht'ge Maurer ins Bilbbab alsofort: Die sollen Mauern führen rings um ben offnen Ort, Damit in kunft'gen Sommern fich jeber greise Mann, Bon Feinben ungefährbet, im Babe jungen kann.

2. Die drei Konige gu Beimfen.

Dret Könige zu Beimsen, wer hatt' es je gebacht, Mit Rittern und mit Roffen, in Derrlichkeit und Pracht! Es find die hohen Saupter ber Schlegelbrüberschaft: Sich Könige zu nennen, bas gibt ber Sache Kraft.

Da thronen sie beisammen und halten eifrig Rat, Bebenken und besprechen gewalt'ge Waffenthat, Wie man ben stolzen Greiner mit Kriegsheer überfällt Und beffer als im Babe ihm jeden Schlich verstellt;

Wie man ihn dann verwahret und seine Burgen bricht, Bis er von allem Zwange die Ebeln ledig spricht. Dann fahre wohl, Landfriede! dann, Lehndienst, gute Nacht! Dann ist's der freie Ritter, der alle Welt verlacht.

Schon fant die Nacht hernieder, die Kön'ge find zur Auh'; Schon trähen jett die Hähne dem nahen Morgen zu: Da schallt mit scharfem Stoße das Wächterhorn vom Turm. Wohlauf, wohlauf! ihr Schläfer! Das Horn verkündet Sturm.

In Nacht und Nebel braußen, ba wogt es wie ein Meer Und zieht von allen Seiten fich um bas Städtlein her; Berhalt'ne Männerstimmen, verworr'ner Gang und Drang, Huffchlag und Rossesschnauben und dumpfer Waffenklang.

Und als das Frührot leuchtet, und als der Nebel sinkt, Hei! wie es da von Speeren, von Morgensternen blinkt! Des ganzen Gaues Bauern stehn um den Ort geschart, Und mitten halt zu Rosse der alte Rauschebart. Die Schlegler möchten schirmen bas Stäbtlein und bas Schloß,

Sie werfen von den Türmen mit Steinen und Geschoft. "Rur sachte!" ruft der Greiner, "euch wird das Bad geheizt: Aufdampfen soll's und qualmen, daß euch's die Augen beizt."

Rings um die alten Mauern ift Holz und Stroh gehäuft, In dunkler Nacht geschichtet und wohl mit Teer beträuft: Drein schießt man glüb'nde Pfeile — wie raschelt's da im Stroh!

Drein wirft man feur'ge Rrange - wie fladert's lichterloh!

Und noch von allen Enden wird Borrat zugeführt, Bon all den ruft'gen Bauern wird emfig nachgeschürt, Bis höher, immer höher die Flamme ledt und schweift Und schon mit luft'gem Praffeln der Türme Dach ergreift.

Ein Thor ist freigelaffen: so hat's ber Graf beliebt; Dort hört man, wie der Riegel sich leise, lose schiebt. Dort stürzen wohl verzweifelnd die Schlegler jetzt heraus? Rein, friedlich zieht's herüber als wie ins Gotteshaus.

Boran drei Schlegeltön'ge, zu Fuß, demütiglich, Mit unbedecktem Haupte, die Augen unter fich ; Dann viele Herrn und Knechte, gemachsam, Mann für Mann, Daß man sie alle zählen und wohl betrachten kann.

"Willfomm!" fo ruft ber Greiner, "willfomm in meiner Saft!

Ich traf euch gut beisammen, geehrte Brüberichaft! So tonnt' ich wieber bienen für ben Besuch im Bab. Rur einen miff' ich, Freunde! ben Bunnenftein — 's ift icab'."

Ein Bauerlein, das treulich am Feuer mitgefacht, Lehnt bort an seinem Spieße, nimmt alles wohl in acht: "Drei Könige zu Heimsen," so schwollt es, "das ift viel; Erwischt man noch den vierten, so ift's ein Kartenspiel,"

3. Die Schlacht bei Rentlingen.

Bu Achalm auf bem Felsen, da haust manch fühner Aar, Graf Ulrich, Sohn des Greiners, mit seiner Ritterschar; Wilb rauschen ihre Flüge um Reutlingen, die Stadt: Balb scheint sie zu erliegen, vom heißen Drange matt.

Doch plötzlich einst erheben die Städter fich zu Racht; Ins Urachthal hinüber find fie mit großer Macht. Balb steigt von Dorf und Mühle die Flamme blutig rot; Die Herden weggetrieben, die hirten liegen tot.

herr Ulrich hat's vernommen, er ruft im grimmen Zorn: "In eure Stadt soll tommen tein huf und auch tein horn." Da sputen sich die Ritter, sie wappnen sich in Stahl, Sie heischen ihre Rosse, sie reiten stracks zu Thal.

Ein Rirchlein stehet brunten, Sankt Leonhard geweiht; Dabei ein grüner Anger, ber scheint bequem jum Streit. Sie springen von ben Pferben, sie ziehen ftolze Reih'n, Die langen Spiefe ftarren: wohlauf! wer wagt sich brein?

Schon ziehn vom Urachthale bie Städter fern herbei, Man hört ber Manner Jauchzen, ber herben wild Gefchrei;

Man fieht fie fürder schreiten, ein wohl gerüftet Heer: Wie flattern ftolz die Banner! wie bligen Schwert und Speer! Run schließ' bich fest zusammen, bu ritterliche Schar! Bohl hast bu nicht geahnet so brauenbe Gefahr. Die übermächt'gen Rotten, sie ftürmen an mit Schwall: Die Ritter stehn und ftarren wie-Fels und Mauerwall.

Bu Reutlingen am Zwinger, ba ift ein altes Thor, Längst wob mit bichten Ranken ber Epheu sich bavor; Man hatt' es schier vergessen: nun tracht's mit einmal auf, Und aus bem Zwinger ftürzet gebrängt ein Bürgerhauf'.

Den Rittern in den Ruden fällt er mit grauser But: Heut' will der Städter baden im heißen Ritterblut. Bie haben da die Gerber so meisterlich gegerbt! Wie haben da die Kärber so purpurrot gefärbt!

Heut' nimmt man nicht gefangen: heut' geht es auf ben Tob:

Beut' fpritt bas Blut wie Regen, ber Anger blumt fich rot. Stets brangenber umichloffen und wütenber befturmt, Ift rings von Bruberleichen bie Ritterfchar umturmt.

Das Fähnlein ist verloren, herr Ulrich blutet start; Die noch am Leben blieben, sind mube bis ins Mart. Da haschen sie nach Rossen und schwingen sich darauf, Sie hauen durch, sie kommen zur festen Burg hinauf.

"Ad Alm —," ftöhnt' einft ein Ritter: ihn traf bes Mörbers Stoß;

"Allmächt'ger!" wollt' er rufen: man hieß bavon bas Schloft. herr Mrich finkt vom Sattel, halbtot, voll Blut und Qualm: Hat' nicht bas Schloß den Ramen, man hieß' es jetzt Achalm.

Bohl tommt am andern Morgen zu Rentlingen ans Thor Manch tranervoller Knappe, der seinen herrn verlor. Dort auf dem Rathans liegen die Toten all' gereiht: Man führt dahin die Knechte mit sicherem Geleit.

Dort liegen mehr benn sechzig, so blutig und so bleich; Richt jeder Anapp' erkennet ben toten Herrn sogleich. Dann wird ein jeder Leichnam von treuen Dieners Hand Gewaschen und gekleidet in weißes Grabgewand.

Auf Bahren und auf Bagen, getragen und geführt, Mit Eichenlaub befränzet, wie's helben wohl gebührt, So geht es nach dem Thore, die alte Stadt entlang; Dumpf tonet von den Türmen der Totengloden Rlang.

Got Beißenheim eröffnet den langen Leichenzug: Er war es, der im Streite des Grafen Banner trug; Er hatt' es nicht gelassen, bis er erschlagen war, Drum mag er würdig führen auch noch die tote Schar.

Drei eble Grafen folgen, bewährt in Schilbesamt, Bon Tübingen, von Zollern, von Schwarzenberg entstammt. O Zollern, beine Leiche umschwebe ein lichter Kranz: Sahft du vielleicht noch sterbend bein Haus im kunft'gen Glanz? Bon Sachsenheim zween Ritter, der Bater und der Sohn, Die liegen still beisammen in Lisien und in Mohn: Auf ihrer Stammburg wandelt von alters her ein Geist, Der längst mit Klaggebärden auf schweres Unheil weist.

Einft war ein herr von Luftnau vom Scheintob auferwacht:

Er kehrt' im Leichentuche zu seiner Frau bei Nacht; Davon man sein Geschlechte die Toten hieß zum Scherz. Hier bringt man ihrer einen: den traf der Tod ins Herz.

Das Lieb, es folgt nicht weiter: bes Jammers ift genng. Will jemand alle wiffen, die man von dannen trug: Dort auf den Rathausfenstern, in Farben bunt und flar, Stellt jeden Ritters Name und Wappenschilb fich dar.

Als nun von seinen Wunden Graf Ulrich ausgeheilt, Da reitet er nach Stuttgart: er hat nicht sehr geeilt. Er trifft den alten Bater allein am Mittagsmahl: Ein frostiger Willommen; kein Wort ertönt im Saal.

Dem Bater gegenüber sitt Ulrich an ben Tisch: Er schlägt die Augen nieber; man bringt ihm Wein und Fisch;

Da faßt ber Greis ein Meffer und fpricht fein Bort babei Und schneibet zwischen beiben bas Tafeltuch entzwei.

4. Die Döffinger Schlacht.

Am Ruheplat ber Toten, ba pflegt es ftill zu sein: Man hört nur leises Beten bei Kreuz und Leichenstein. Zu Döffingen war's anders: bort scholl ben ganzen Tag Der feste Kirchhof wiber vom Kampfruf, Stoß und Schlag. Die Städter find gekommen: ber Bauer hat sein Gut Zum festen Ort geflüchtet und halt's in tapf'rer hut; Mit Spieß und Rarst und Sense treibt er ben Angriff ab: Wer tot zu Boben finket, hat hier nicht weit ins Grab.

Graf Eberhard ber Greiner vernahm der Seinen Rot: Schon tommt er angezogen mit ftartem Aufgebot; Schon ist um ihn versammelt der besten Ritter Kern, Bom ebeln Löwenbunde die Grafen und die herrn.

Da kommt ein reisger Bote zum Wolf von Wunnenstein: "Mein herr mit seinem Banner will Euch zu Dienste sein." Der stolze Graf entgegnet: "Ich hab' sein nicht begehrt, Er hat umsonst die Manze, die ich ihm einst verehrt."

Balb fieht herr Ulrich brüben ber Städte Scharen fiehn, Bon Reutlingen, von Augsburg, von Ulm die Banner wehn: Da brennt ihn seine Narbe, da gart der alte Grou: "Ich weiß, ihr Übermüt'gen, wovon der Kamm euch schwoll."

Er fprengt zu feinem Bater: "Seut' gahi' ich alte Schulb; Will's Gott, erwerb' ich wieder die väterliche Hulb. Richt barf ich mit dir speisen auf einem Tuch, du Helb: Doch darf ich mit dir schlagen auf einem blut'gen Felb."

Sie steigen von ben Gaulen, die Herrn vom Löwenbund; Sie stürzen auf die Feinde, thun sich als Löwen kund. hei! wie der Löwe Ulrich so grimmig tobt und würgt! Er will die Schuld bezahlen, er hat sein Wort verbürgt. Wen trägt man aus bem Kampfe, bort auf ben Eichenftumpf?

"Gott fei mir Gunber gnabig!" Er flohnt's, er rochelt's bumpf.

D tonigliche Giche, bich hat ber Blit zerspellt!

D Ulrich, tapf'rer Ritter, bich hat bas Schwert gefällt!

Da ruft ber alte Recke, ben nichts erschüttern kann: "Erschreckt nicht! Der gefallen, ist wie ein andrer Mann. Schlagt drein! Die Feinde sliehen." Er ruft's mit Donnerlaut;

Wie rauscht sein Bart im Winde! hei! wie der Eber haut!

Die Städter han vernommen bas feltsam lift'ge Wort. "Ber flieht?" so fragen alle; schon wankt es hier und bort. Das Wort hat sie ergriffen gleich einem Zauberlied: Der Graf und seine Ritter burchbrechen Glieb auf Glieb.

Was gleißt und glänzt da broben und zuckt wie Wetterschein?

Das ift mit seinen Reitern ber Wolf von Wunnenstein. Er wirft fich auf die Städter, er sprengt fich weite Bucht: Da ist ber Sieg entschieden, der Feind in wilder Flucht.

Im Erntemond geschah es: bei Gott, ein heißer Tag! Was ba ber edeln Garben auf allen Felbern lag! Wie auch so mancher Schnitter die Arme sinken läßt! Wohl halten diese Ritter ein blutig Sichelsest.

Noch lange traf ber Baner, ber hinterm Pfluge ging, Auf roft'ge Degenklinge, Speereifen, Panzerring; Und als man eine Linde zerfägt und nieberftredt, Zeigt fich darin ein Harnisch und ein Geripp' verstedt. Als nun die Schlacht geschlagen und Sieg geblasen war, Da reicht der alte Greiner dem Wolf die Rechte dar: "Hab' Dank, du tapfrer Degen, und reit' mit mir nach haus, Daß wir uns gütlich pflegen nach diesem harten Strauß!"

"Bei!" fpricht ber Wolf mit Lachen, "gefiel Euch biefer Schwant?

Ich firitt aus haß ber Stäbte und nicht um Euren Dant. Gut' Racht und Glud zur Reise! Es fieht im alten Recht." Er fpricht's und jagt von bannen mit Ritter und mit Knecht.

Bu Döffingen im Dorfe, ba hat ber Graf die Racht Bei seines Ulrichs Leiche, des einz'gen Sohns, verbracht. Er kniet zur Bahre nieder, verhüllet sein Gesicht: Ob er vielleicht im stillen geweint, man weiß es nicht.

Des Morgens mit dem frühsten steigt Eberhard zu Roß; Gen Stuttgart fährt er wieder mit seinem reisgen Troß. Da kommt des Wegs gelausen der Zuffenhauser hirt; "Dem Mann ist's trüb zu Mute: was der uns bringen wird?" —

"Ich bring' Euch boje Kunde: nächt ist in unsern Trieb Der gleißend' Wolf gesallen, er nahm, soviel ihm lieb." Da lacht ber alte Greiner in seinen grauen Bart: "Das Wölstein holt sich Kochsteisch, das ist des Wölsteins Art."

Sie reiten rüftig fürber; fie sehn aus grünem Thal Das Schloß von Stuttgart ragen, es glänzt im Morgenstrahl;

Da kommt bes Begs geritten ein schmuder Ebelknecht; "Der Knab' will mich bebünken, als ob er Gutes brächt." "Ich bring' Euch frohe Märe: Glück zum Urenkelein! Antonia hat geboren ein Knäblein hold und fein." Da hebt er hoch die Hände, der ritterliche Greis: Der Fink hat wieder Samen, dem Herrn sei Dank und Preis!"

Der Schent von Limburg.

Zu Limburg auf ber Feste, Da wohnt' ein ebler Graf, Den keiner seiner Gäste Jemals zu Hause traf: Er trieb sich allerwegen Gebirg' und Walb entlang, Kein Sturm und auch kein Regen Berkeibet' ihm den Gang.

Er trug ein Wams von Leber Und einen Jägerhut Mit mancher wilden Feder: Das sieht den Jägern gut; Es hing ihm an der Seiten Ein Trinkgefäß von Buchs; Gewaltig konnt' er schreiten Und war von hohem Wuchs.

Wohl hatt' er Anecht und Mannen Und hatt' ein tüchtig Roß, Ging doch zu Fuß von dannen Und ließ daheim den Troß: Es war sein ganz Geleite Ein Jagbspieß start und lang, An bem er über breite Walbströme tübn sich schwang.

Run hielt auf Hohenstaufen Der beutiche Kailer Haus: Der zog mit hellen Haufen Ginsmals zu jagen aus; Er rannt' auf eine Hinde So heiß und hastig vor, Daß ihn sein Jagdgesinde Im wilden Forst verlor.

Bei einer kühlen Quelle, Da macht' er endlich halt; Gezieret war die Stelle Mit Blumen mannigfalt. hier bacht' er fich zu legen Zu einem Mittagschlaf: Da rauscht' es in der hägen Und stand vor ihm der Graf.

Da hub er an zu schelten: "Treff' ich ben Rachbar hie? Zu Hause weilt er selten, Zu Hose kommt er nie. Man muß im Walbe streisen, Wenn man ihn sahen will; Man muß ihn tapser greisen, Sonst hält er nirgenbs still."

Als brauf ohn' alle Fährbe Der Graf sich niederließ Und neben in die Erbe Die Jägerstange stieß, Da griff mit beiden Händen Der Kaiser nach dem Schaft: "Den Spieß muß ich mir pfänden; Ich nehm' ihn mir zu Kaft.

"Der Spieß ist mir verfangen, Des ich so lang' begehrt;
Du sollst bafür empfangen hier bies mein bestes Pferd: Richt schweisen im Gewälbe Darf mir ein solcher Mann, Der mir zu hof und Felbe Biel besser bienen kann."

"herr Kaifer, wollt vergeben! Ihr macht bas herz mir schwer. Laßt mir mein freies Leben Und laßt mir meinen Speer! Ein Pferd hab' ich schon eigen; Für Eures sag' ich Dant: Bu Rosse will ich steigen, Bin ich 'mal alt und krank."

"Mit dir ift nicht zu ftreiten, Du bift mir allzu fiolz. Doch führst du an ber Seiten Ein Trinkgefäß von Holz: Nun macht die Jagd mich bürften, Drum thu' mir das, Gefell, Und gieb mir eine zu burften Aus biefem Bafferquell!"

Der Graf hat sich erhoben; Er schwentt ben Becher klar, Er füllt ihn an bis oben, Sait ihn bem Kaiser bar. Der schliert mit vollen Zügen Den kühlen Trank hinein Und zeigt ein solch Bergnügen, Als war's ber beste Wein.

Dann faßt ber ichlaue Zecher Den Grafen bei ber Sand:
"Du schwenktest mir ben Becher Und fülltest ihn zum Rand, Du hieltest mir zum Munde Das labende Getränk: Du bist von dieser Stunde Des beutschen Reiches Schenk."

Das Singenthal.

Der Herzog tief im Walbe Am Fuß ber Eiche saß, Als singend an der Halbe Ein Mägdlein Beeren las. Erdbeeren kühl und duftig Bot sie dem greisen Mann, Doch ihn umschwebte luftig Noch stets der Tone Bann. "Mit beinem hellen Liebe,"
So sprach er, "seine Magd, Kam über mich ber Friede Nach mancher stürm'schen Jagd. Die Beeren, die du bringest, Erfrischen wohl ben Gaum, Doch singe mehr! Du singest Die Seel' in beitern Traum.

. "Ertönt an dieser Eiche Mein Horn von Elsenbein, In seines Schalls Bereiche Ist all das Waldthal mein. So weit von jener Birke Dein Lied erklingt rundum, Geb' ich im Thalbezirke Dir Erb' und Eigentum."

Roch einmal blies ber Alte Sein Horn ins Thal hinaus: In ferner Felfenspalte Berklang's wie Sturmgebraus. Dann sang vom Birkenhügel Des Mägbleins süßer Ntund, Als rauschten Engelstügel Ob all bem stillen Grund.

Er legt in ihre Hande Den Siegelring zum Pfanb: "Mein Weidwerk hat ein Ende — Bergabt ift bir bas Lanb." Da nidt ihm Dant die Holbe Und eilet froh waldans; Sie trägt im Ring von Golbe Den frischen Erdbeerstranß.

Als noch bes Hornes Braufen Gebot mit finst'rer Macht, Da sah man Eber hausen In tieser Balbesnacht; Laut bellte dort die Meute, Bor der die Hindin stoh, Und siel die blut'ge Beute, Erscholl ein wild Hallo.

Doch seit des Mägdleins Singen Ift ringsum Wiesengrün, Die muntern Lämmer springen, Die Kirschenhaine blühn, Festreigen wird geschlungen Im goldnen Frühlingsstrahl: Und weil das Thal ersungen, So heißt es Singenthal.

Ver sacrum.

Als die Latiner aus Lavinium Richt mehr dem Sturm der Feinde hielten stand, Da hoben sie zu ihrem Heiligtum, Dem Speer bes Mavors, slehend Blid und Hand. Da sprach ber Priester, ber die Lanze trug: "Euch künd' ich statt des Gottes, der euch grout: Richt wird er senden günst'gen Bogelstug, Wenn ihr ihm nicht den Weihefrühling zout."—

"Ihm fei der Frühling heilig!" rief das heer, "Und was der Frühling bringt, sei ihm gebracht!" Da rauschten Fittiche, da klang der Speer, Da ward geworfen der Etrusker Macht.

Und jene zogen heim mit Siegesruf, Und wo fie jauchzten, ward die Gegend grün; Feldblumen sproßten unter jedem Huf; Wo Speere streiften, sah man Bäum' erblühn.

Doch vor ber heimat Thoren am Altar, Da harrten schon zum festlichen Empfang Die Frauen und ber Jungfrau'n helle Schar, Befränzt mit Blüte, welche heut' entsprang.

Als nun verrauscht ber freudige Willsomm, Da trat ber Priester auf ben Sügel, stieß Ins Gras ben heil'gen Schaft, verneigte fromm Sein Haupt und sprach vor allem Bolke dies:

"Seil bir, der Sieg uns gab in Tobesgraus! Was wir gelobten, das erfüllen wir: Die Arme breit' ich auf dies Land hinaus Und weihe diesen vollen Frühling dir. "Bas jene Trift, die herdenreiche, trug, Das Lamm, das Zicklein flamme beinem Herb! Das junge Rind erwachse nicht dem Pflug Und für den Zügel nicht das mut'ge Bferd!

"Und was in jenen Blütengärten reift, Bas aus der Saat, der grünenden, gedeiht, Es werde nicht von Menschenhand gestreift: Dir sei es alles, alles dir geweiht!"

Schon lag bie Menge schweigenb auf ben Anie'n; Der gottgeweihte Frühling schwieg umber, So leuchtend, wie kein Frühling je erschien; Ein heil'ger Schauer waltet' ahnungschwer.

Und weiter sprach der Priester: "Schon gefreit Wähnt ihr die Häupter, das Gelübd' vollbracht? Bergaßt ihr ganz die Satzung alter Zeit? Habt ihr, was ihr gelobt, nicht vorbedacht?

"Der Blüten Duft, die Saat im heitern Licht, Die Trift, von neugeborner Zucht belebt, Sind sie ein Frühling, wenn die Jugend nicht, Die menschliche, durch sie den Reigen webt?

"Mehr als die Lämmer find bem Gotte wert Die Jungfrau'n in der Jugend erstem Krans; Mehr als der Füllen auch hat er begehrt: Der Jünglinge im ersten Waffenglanz. "D, nicht umsonst, ihre Söhne, waret ihr Im Kampse so von Gottestraft durchglüht! D, nicht umsonst, ihr Töchter, fanden wir, Rücklehrend, euch so wundervoll erblüht!

"Ein Bolt haft bu vom Fall erlöft, o Mars! Bon Schmach ber Knechtschaft hieltest bu es rein Und willst bafür die Jugend eines Jahrs: Nimm fie! Sie ist dir heilig, sie ist bein."

Und wieder warf das Boll sich auf den Grund, Nur die Geweihten standen noch umher, Bon Schönheit leuchtend, wenn auch bleich der Mund, Und heil'ger Schauer lag auf allen schwer.

Roch sag die Menge schweigend wie das Grab, Dem Gotte zitternd, den fie erst beschwor: Da suhr aus blauer Luft ein Strahl herab Und traf den Speer und flammt' auf ihm empor.

Der Priester hob bahin sein Angesicht (Ihm wallte glänzend Bart und Silberhaar), Das Auge strahlend von bem himmelslicht, Berkanbet' er, was ihm eröffnet war:

"Richt läßt ber Gott von seinem heil'gen Raub, Doch will er nicht den Tod, er will die Rraft; Richt will er einen Frühling, well und taub, Nein, einen Frühling, welcher treibt im Saft. "Aus der Latiner alten Mauern foll Dem Kriegsgott eine neue Pflanzung gehn, Aus diesem Lenz, inkräft'ger Keime voll, Wird eine große Zukunst ihm erstehn.

"Drum mable jeber Jüngling fich bie Braut: Mit Blumen find bie Loden schon beträngt; Die Jungfrau folge bem, bem fie vertraut! So gieht babin, wo euer Stern erglängt!

"Die Körner, beren Salme jett noch grun, Sie nehmet mit zur Aussaat in die Fern', Und von den Bäumen, welche jett noch blubn, Bewahret euch ben Schöftling und ben Kern!

"Der junge Stier pflig' euer Reubruchland, Auf eure Weiden führt das munt're Lamm; Das rasche Füllen spring' an eurer Hand, Für künft'ge Schlachten ein gesunder Stamm!

"Denn Schlacht und Sturm ift euch vorausgezeigt: Das ift ja dieses starken Gottes Recht, Der selbst in eure Mitte niedersteigt, Zu zeugen eurer Könige Geschlecht.

"In eurem Tempel haften wird sein Speer: Da schlagen ihn die Feldherrn schütternd an, Wann sie aussahren über Land und Meer Und um den Erdkreis ziehn die Siegesbahn. "Ihr habt vernommen, was bem Gott gefällt: Geht hin, bereitet euch, gehorchet still! Ihr seid das Saatsorn einer neuen Welt: Das ist der Weihefrühling, den er will."

Mus "Der Ronigefohn."

Der blinde Sanger.

Der König und die Königin Sie stehen auf dem Throne; Da glüht der Thron wie Morgenrot, Wie steigende Sonn' die Krone.

Biel ftolze Ritter stehn umber, Die Schwerter in ben Händen; Sie können ihre Augen nicht Bom lichten Throne wenden.

Ein alter blinder Sänger steht An seine harf' gelehnet; Er fühlet, daß die Zeit erschien, Die er so lang' ersehnet.

Und plöglich springt vom hohen Glanz Der Augen finst're hulle: Er schaut hinauf und wird nicht satt Der herrlichkeit und Fülle.

Er greifet in sein Saitenspiel; Das ift gar hell erklungen: Er hat in Licht und Seligkeit Sein Schwanenlied gesungen.

Des Cangers gluch.

Es ftand in alten Zeiten ein Schloß fo hoch und hehr, Beit glängt' es über die Lande bis an das blaue Meer; Und rings von dust'gen Gärten ein blütenreicher Krang, Drin sprangen frische Brunnen in Regenbogenglang.

Dort saß ein stolzer König, an Land und Siegen reich; Er saß auf seinem Throne so finster und so bleich: Denn was er sinnt, ist Schrecken, und was er blick, ist Wut, Und was er spricht, ist Geißel, und was er schreibt, ist Blut.

Einst zog nach biesem Schlosse ein ebles Sängerpaar, Der ein' in goldnen Loden, der andre grau von Haar: Der Alte mit der Harse, der saß auf schmudem Roß; Es schritt ihm frisch zur Seite der blühende Genoß.

Der Alte fprach jum Jungen : "Run fei bereit, mein Sohn!

Dent' unsrer tiefsten Lieber, stimm' an den vollsten Ton! Rimm alle Kraft zusammen, die Lust und auch den Schmerz! Es gilt uns heut', zu rühren des Königs steinern Herz."

Schon stehn die beiden Sänger im hohen Säulensaal, Und auf dem Throne sitzen der König und sein Gemahl: Der König surchtbar prächtig wie blut'ger Nordlichtschin, Die Königin süß und milbe, als blickte Bollmond drein.

Da schlug ber Greis die Saiten, er schlug sie wundervoll, Daß reicher, immer reicher der Klang zum Ohre schwoll; Da strömte himmlisch helle des Jünglings Stimme vor, Des Alten Sang dazwischen, wie dumpfer Geisterchor. Sie fingen von Lenz und Liebe, von sel'ger, goldner Zeit, Bon Freiheit, Männerwürde, von Treu' und Heiligkeit: Sie fingen von allem Süßen, was Menschenbrust durchbebt, Sie fingen von allem Hohen, was Menschenberz erhebt.

Die Höflingsschar im Kreise verlernet jeden Spott; Des Königs troti'ge Krieger, sie beugen sich vor Gott; Die Königin, zerstossen in Wehmut und in Lust, Sie wirft dem Sänger nieder die Rose von ihrer Brust.

"Ihr habt mein Boll verführet: verlodt ihr nun mein Beib?"

Der König schreit es wütenb, er bebt am ganzen Leib. Er wirft sein Schwert, bas blitzenb bes Jünglings Brust burchdringt,

Draus ftatt ber golbnen Lieber ein Blutftrahl hoch auffpringt.

Und wie vom Sturm zerstoben ist all der Hörer Schwarm, Der Jüngling hat verröchelt in seines Meisters Arm. Der schlägt um ihn den Mantel und setzt ihn auf das Roß, Er bind't ihn aufrecht feste, verläßt mit ihm das Schloß.

Doch vor dem hohen Thore, ba halt ber Sängergreis, Da faßt er seine Harse, sie, aller Harsen Preis: An einer Marmorsäule, da hat er sie zerschellt; Dann ruft er, daß es schaurig durch Schloß und Gärten gellt:

"Weh' euch, ihr ftolgen Hallen! Nie töne füßer Klang Durch eure Räume wieder, nie Saite noch Gesang, Nein, Seufger nur und Stöhnen und scheuer Stavenschritt, Bis euch zu Schutt und Moder der Rachereist zertritt! "Beh' euch, ihr buft'gen Gärten im holben Maienlicht! Euch zeig' ich bieses Toten entstelltes Angesicht, Daß ihr darob verdorret, daß jeder Quell versiegt, Daß ihr in kunft'gen Tagen versteint, verödet liegt.

"Beh' dir, verruchter Mörder, du Fluch des Sängertums! Umsonst sein all dein Ringen nach Kränzen blut'gen Ruhms; Dein Name sei vergessen, in ew'ge Nacht getaucht, Sei wie ein letztes Röcheln in leere Luft verhaucht!"

Der Alte hat's gerufen, ber himmel hat's gehört, Die Mauern liegen nieber, bie hallen find zerstört; Noch eine hohe Säule zeugt von verschwund'ner Bracht: Auch biese, schon geborften, tann fturzen über Nacht.

Und rings ftatt duft'ger Garten ein öbes Heibeland, Rein Baum verstreuet Schatten, fein Quell burchbringt ben Sand.

Des Königs Ramen melbet fein Lieb, fein Belbenbuch : Bersunten und vergeffen. Das ift bes Sangers Fluch.

Tells Tob.

Grün wird die Alpe werden, Stürzt die Lawin' einmal; Ju Berge ziehn die Herden, Finhr erst der Schnee zuthal. Euch stellt, ihr Alpensöhne, Witt jedem neuen Jahr Des Eises Bruch vom Föhne Den Kampf der Freiheit dar.

Da braust der wilde Schächen Hervor aus seiner Schlucht, Und Fels und Tanne brechen Bon seiner jähen Flucht. Er hat den Steg begraben, Der ob der Stäube hing, Hat weggespült den Knaben, Der auf dem Stege ging.

Und eben schritt ein andrer Zur Brücke, da sie brach: Richt stutzt der greise Wandrer, Wirst sich dem Anaben nach. Haßt ihn mit Ablerschnelle, Trägt ihn zum sichern Ort; Das Kind entspringt der Welle: Den Alten reißt sie fort.

Doch als nun ausgestoßen Die Flut ben toten Leib, Da stehn um ihn, ergossen In Jammer, Mann und Weib. Als tracht' in seinem Grunde Des Rotstocks Felsgestell, Erschallt's aus einem Munde: "Der Tell ist tot, der Tell!"

Wär' ich ein Sohn ber Berge, Ein hirt am ew'gen Schnee, Wär' ich ein keder Ferge Auf Uris grünem See, Und trat' in meinem harme Bum Tell, wo er verschieb: Des Toten haupt im Arme, Sprach' ich mein Rlagesieb:

"Da liegst bu, eine Leiche, Der aller Leben war; Dir trieft noch um bas bleiche Gesicht bein greises Haar. Hier steht, ben bu gerettet, Ein Kind wie Milch und Blut: Das Land, bas du entkettet, Steht rings in Alpenglut.

"Die Kraft berfelben Liebe, Die du dem Knaben trugst, Ward einst in dir zum Triebe, Daß du den Zwingherrn schlugst. Rie schlummernd, nie erschrocken, War Retten stets dein Brauch, Wie in den braunen Locken, So in den grauen auch.

"Wärst du noch jung gewesen, Als du den Knaben singst, Und wärst du dann genesen, Wie du nun untergingst, Wir hätten draus geschlossen Auf fünst'ger Thaten Ruhm: Doch schön ist nach dem großen Das schlichte Geldentum. "Dir hat bein Ohr geklungen Bom Lob, bas man bir bot: Doch ift zu ihm gebrungen Ein schwacher Ruf ber Not. Der ist ein Helb ber Freien, Der, wann ber Sieg ihn kränzt, Noch glüht, sich bem zu weihen, Was frommet und nicht glänzt.

"Gesund bist du gekommen Bom Werk des Zorns zurück: Im hülsereichen, frommen Berließ dich erst dein Glück. Der himmel hat dein Leben Richt für ein Volk begehrt: Für dieses Kind gegeben, War ihm dein Opfer wert.

"Bo bu ben Bogt getroffen Mit beinem sichern Strahl, Dort steht ein Bethaus offen, Dem Strafgericht ein Mal: Doch hier, wo bu gestorben, Dem Kind ein Heil zu sein, Haft bu bir nur erworben Ein schmucklos Kreuz von Stein.

"Beithin wird lobgesungen, Wie du bein Land befreit, Bon großer Dichter Zungen Bernimmt's noch späte Zeit: Doch fleigt am Schächen nieber Ein hirt im Abendrot, Dann hallt im Felsthal wieber Das Lieb von beinem Tob."

Die verlorene Rirche.

Man höret oft im fernen Balb Bon obenher ein dumpfes Läuten, Doch niemand weiß, von wann es hallt, Und kaum die Sage kann es deuten: Bon der verlornen Kirche foll Der Klang ertönen mit den Winden; Einst war der Psad von Wallern voll, Run weiß ihn keiner mehr zu finden.

Jüngst ging ich in bem Balbe weit, Bo tein betret'ner Steig sich behnet: Aus ber Berberbnis bieser Zeit Hatt' ich zu Gott mich hingesehnet. Bo in ber Bildnis alles schwieg, Bernahm ich bas Gesäute wieder; Je höher meine Sehnsucht stieg, Je näher, voller klang es nieder.

Mein Geist war so in sich getehrt, Mein Sinn vom Rlange hingenommen, Daß mir es immer unerklärt, Wie ich so hoch hinauf gekommen. Mir schien es mehr benn hundert Jahr', Daß ich so hingeträumet hätte: Als über Rebeln, sonnenklar, Sich öffnet' eine freie Stätte.

Der Himmel war so bunkelblau, Die Sonne war so voll und glühend, Und eines Münsters stolzer Bau Stand in dem goldnen Lichte blühend. Mir dünkten helle Wolken ihn, Gleich Fittichen, emporzuheben, Und seines Turmes Spitze schien Im sel'gen Himmel zu verschweben.

Der Glode wonnevoller Klang Ertönte schütternb in bem Turme; Doch zog nicht Menschenhand ben Strang: Sie ward bewegt von heil'gem Sturme. Mir war's, berselbe Sturm und Strom Hätt' an mein klopfend Herz geschlagen: So trat ich in ben hohen Dom Mit schwankem Schritt und freud'gem Zagen.

Wie mir in jenen Hallen war, Das kann ich nicht mit Worten schilbern. Die Fenster glühten bunkelkar Mit aller Märt'rer frommen Bilbern; Dann sah ich, wundersam erhellt, Das Bilb zum Leben sich erweitern: Ich sah hinaus in eine Welt Bon heil'gen Frauen, Gottesstreitern. Ich kniete nieber am Altar, Bon Lieb' und Andacht ganz durchstrahlet. Hoch oben an der Decke war Des himmels Glorie gemalet; Doch als ich wieder sah empor, Da war gesprengt der Auppel Bogen: Geöffnet war des himmels Thor Und jede hülle weggezogen.

Was ich für Herrlichteit geschaut Tit still anbetendem Erstaunen, Was ich gehört für sel'gen Laut, Als Orgel mehr und als Posaunen: Das steht nicht in der Worte Macht, Doch wer darnach sich treulich sehnet, Der nehme des Geläutes acht, Das in dem Walbe dumpf ertönet!

Graf Richard Ohnefurcht.

Graf Richard von der Normandie Erschraf in seinem Leben nie. Er schweifte Nacht wie Tag umber, Manchem Gespenst begegnet' er: Doch hat ihm nie was Grau'n gemacht Bei Tage noch um Mitternacht. Beil er so viel bei Nacht thät reiten, So ging die Sage bei den Leuten, Er seh' in tieser Nacht so licht, Als mancher wohl am Tage nicht.

Er pflegte, wenn er ichweift' im Land, So oft er wo ein Munfter fanb, Wenn's offen war, hineingutreten, Bo nicht, boch außerhalb zu beten. Go traf er in ber Racht einmal Ein Münfter an im oben Thal: Da ging er fern von feinen Leuten. Nachbenklich, ließ fie fürbag reiten ; Sein Bferb er an bie Bforte banb, Im Innern einen Leichnam fanb. Er ging porbei bart an ber Bahre Und Iniete nieber am Altare, Warf auf 'nen Stuhl die Banbichuh' eilig, Den Boben füßt' er, ber ihm beilig. Roch hatt' er nicht gebetet lange, Da rührte hinter ihm im Bange Der Leichnam fich auf bem Gestelle: Der Graf fah um und rief: "Gefelle, Du fei'ft ein Guter ober Schlimmer. Leg' bich aufs Ohr und rühr' bich nimmer!" Dann erft er fein Bebet beichloft (Beig nicht, ob's flein mar ober groß), Sprach bann, fich fegnend : "Berr, mein' Seel' Bu beinen Banben ich empfehl'." Sein Schwert er faßt' und wollte geben, Da fah er das Geivenst aufstehen. Sich brobend ihm entgegenreden, Die Arme in die Beite ftreden, Als wollt' es mit Gewalt ihn faffen Und nicht mehr aus ber Rirche laffen. Richard besann fich furze Beile: Er schlug bas Haupt ihm in zwei Teile;

3ch weiß nicht, ob es wehgeschrien, Doch mußt's ben Grasen lassen ziehn. Er fand sein Pferd am rechten Orte; Schon ist er aus des Kirchhofs Pforte, Als er der Handschuh' erst gedenkt. Er läßt sie nicht, zurück er lenkt, Hat sie vom Stuhle weggenommen: Wohl mancher war' nicht wiederkommen.

21us dem Machlasse.

Lieb.

Wie freudig sich ber Tannenbaum Bor meinem Fenster regt! Er wogt, er rauscht im Himmelsraum, Wann Wind und Regen schlägt.

Roch fühl' ich Kraft und Herzensluft, Ob Flut auf Flut sich türmt; Die Saite tönt in meiner Brust Am vollsten, wann es stürmt.

Die fromme Jägerin.

Es war eine Fürstin, so fromm und so frei, Das Beten verstand sie, das Jagen dabei, Es hing ihr beisammen am Gürtel vorn Der Rosenkranz und das Pulverhorn.

Sie hält auf bem Anstand, neiget sich vor, Die Hände gefaltet aufs Feuerrohr, Und wie sie in solcher Bertiefung steht, Denkt sie ans vergessene Morgengebet. Aus ber Beidtasch' holt sie ein Buchlein fromm Und heißet die Heiligen Gottes willsomm, Da rauscht es im Busch und hinaus ins Gefild', Und war es kein Engel, so war es ein Witb.

O schwer ift, ihr Lieben, ju jagen zugleich Rach hirschen und hafen und himmlischem Reich! Indes sie da betet in ihrem Brevier, Entweicht ihr ber herrlichste hirsch bes Revier.

Guter Bunich.

Der Busch war tahl, ber Walb war stumm, Zwei Liebenbe sah ich scheiben; Sie sah ihm nach, er sah herum, Bis ber Nebel trennte die beiden.

Wenn der Busch ergrünt, wenn der Wald wird saut, Wenn die Nebel weichen und schwinden, Da wünsch' ich dem Wanderer und der Braut Ein fröhliches Wiedersinden.

Wintermorgen.

Ein trüber Wintermorgen war's, Als wollt' es gar nicht tagen, Und eine dumpfe Glocke ward Im Rebel angeschlagen. Und als die dumpfe Glode bald, Die einzige, verklungen, Da ward ein heifres Grabeslied, Ein einziger Bers, gefungen.

Es war ein armer, alter Mann, Der lang gewankt am Stabe; Erüb, klanglos, wie sein Lebensweg, So war sein Weg zum Grabe.

Run höret er in lichten Sohn Der Engel Chöre fingen Und einen schönen, vollen Klang Durch alle Welten schwingen.

Die Wallfahrtefirche.

Wie stehest du so still und dufter, Zerfall'ne Wallfahrtstirche, hier! Wie wehn mit kläglichem Gestüfter Die falben Birken über dir. Dich sahn die Pilger aus der Weite Bergoldet einst im Morgenstrahl; Dein frommes, festliches Geläute Berhalte fern im Felfenthal.

Der heil'ge Tag ift aufgestiegen, Die Lieber tonen feierlich, Geweihte Burpurfahnen sliegen, Und Opferbufte wollen fich. Die Priester all' im Goldgeschmeide, Im Waffenglanz der Ritter Chor, Die Frauen auch im lichten Rleide, Sie ziehen am Gebirg' empor.

Doch eine wanbelt hehr vor allen, Sie trauert bei ber Schwestern Luft, Sie senket in bes Schleiers Wallen 3hr Haupt zur seufzervollen Bruft. Wohl mag fie sehnen sich und klagen: 3hr Treuer kampft im fernen Land, Dem sie in ihrer Kindheit Tagen Sich weihete mit herz und hand.

Und ahnend tritt fie in das Dunkel Des hochgewölbten Domes ein, Und wo die Kerzen trüben Funkel Bom duftigen Altare streun, Da brachte sie im schönern Leben Ihr Dankgebet dem Issubild, Da kniet sie hin, und Thränen beben Bom blauen Auge licht und milb.

Und als der Kinder Stimmen tönen Aus buft'rer Halle sufigiglich, Da wandelt in ein weiches Sehnen Der Jammer ihres Herzens sich; Und als zum hehren Orgelspiele Erschallet nun der volle Chor, Da hebt in seligem Gefühle Die bange Seele sich empor. Und ichon verwehn die Erbenlaute, Sie höret himmlisches Geton, Und Großes ichaut die Hochbetraute In leuchtenden, entwölften Soh'n: Die Engel in des himmels Glanze, Die Märthrer der Feffeln los Und lächelnd ben im Sternenglanze, Um ben ber Sehnsucht Thräne floß.

Sie hat vollbracht, sie ist berufen, Und ihr entzücktes Auge bricht; Sie stirbt an des Altares Stufen, Berklärung strahlt ihr Angesicht; Und alle staunen, die sie sehen; Es hallet dumpf der Gloden Klang; Es saßt ein Schauder aus den Höhen Die Betenden das Haus entlang.

Mn Sic.

Sag' e8, ob bu verlaffen ble Flur, weil ber Sommer verschwunden? Ob ber Sommer verschwand, weil du verlaffen die Flur?

Das Rlofter Birichau.

In ben Zellen und Gemachen Siten fünfzig Rlofterbrüber, Schreiben Bucher mannigfalt, Geiftlich, weltlich, vieler Sprachen, Predigten, Geschichten, Lieber, Alles farbig ausgemalt.

In ber letzten gegen Rorben Sitt ein Greis mit weißen haaren, Stützt die Stirn auf seine hanb — Schreibt sodann: "Des Feindes horben Brechen ein nach sieben Jahren, Und das Kloster stehr in Brand."

Das Röslein.

2, Mai 1817.

Bie fann aus biefem Röfelein So träftig Labfal quillen? Bie fann ein Blümchen, zart und flein, So tiefen Kummer stillen?

Das Röslein tommt von ihrer Hand, Drum macht es mich gesunden; Ich glaub': ein Dorn, von ihr gesandt, Er könnte nicht verwunden.

Miciewicz.

An der Beichsel fernem Strande Tobt ein Kampf mit Donnerschall, Beithin über deutsche Lande Kollt er seinen Biderhall. Schwert und Sense, scharfen Rlanges, Dringen her zu unsern Ohren, Und ber Ruf bes Schlachtgesanges: "Noch ift Bolen nicht versoren."

Und wir horchen und wir lauschen, Stille waltet um und um, Rur die trägen Wellen rauschen, Und das weite Feld ist stumm; Rur wie Sterbender Gestöhne, Lufthauch durch gebroch'ne Hallen, Hört man dumpfe Trauertöne: "Bolen, Bolen ist gefallen."

Mitten in ber stillen Feier Wirb ein Saitengriff gethan. Ha, wie schwillet diese Leier Boller stets und mächt'ger an! Leben, schaffen solche Geister, Dann wird Totes neu geboren; Ja, mir bürgt des Liedes Meister: "Noch ist Polen nicht verloren."

Nachruf.

Die Totenglode tönte mir So traurig sonst, so bang'; Seit euch geläutet warb von ihr, Ift fie mir heimatklang.

In ein Album.

Ein weinend Kind lagst bu auf Mutters Schoß, Als lächelnd rings umstanden dich die Deinen; Run lebe so, daß, wann erfüllt dein Los, Du lächeln mögst, wenn alle um dich weinen.

Ingwischen wandle frisch hinan Die wechselvolle Lebensbahn. Auf der man lacht, auf der man weint, Bald Regen fällt, bald Sonne scheint, Und doch im gläubigen Gemüt Das Ew'ge, Bechsellose blüht.

Mit Goethes Gedichten.

31. Mai 1849.

In biefen tampfbewegten Maientagen hört boch die Rachtigall nicht auf zu schlagen, Und mitten in bem tobenden Gebränge Berhallen nicht unsterbliche Gefänge.

Einer Dame ins Stammbuch.

Wann hört ber himmel auf zu ftrafen Mit Albums und mit Autographen?

Frage.

Gerne wüßt' ich, weil bein Wort gar so machtig ift erklungen, Wie bu benn so eigentlich felber bas Geschick bezwungen?

Sprüche.

Bon aller Herrschaft, die auf Erden waltet, Und der die Bölker pflichten oder frönen, Ift eine nur, je herrischer sie schaltet, Um so gepries'ner selbst der Freiheit Söhnen: Es ist das Königtum, das nie veraltet, Das heil'ge Reich des Wahren, Guten, Schönen; Bor dieser unbedingten Herrschaft beugen Der Freiheit Kämpfer sich und Bluteszeugen.

Benn ein Gebante, ben bie Menschheit ehrt, Den Sieg errang, fo mar's ber Muhe wert.

Umsonft bift bu von ebler Glut entbrannt, Wenn bu nicht sonnenklar bein Ziel erkannt.

Das Lieb, es mag am Lebensabend schweigen, Sieht nur ber Beift bann heil'ge Sterne fleigen.

Spate Rritif.

Als mich hatt' ein Lob beglückt, Selbst ein Tabel mich begeistert, Bard mir nie ein Kranz gepflückt, Roch ein Irrtum mir gemeistert.

Lob und Tabel wird mir jett, Doch mich labt, mich schmerzet keines; Meine Harf ist hingesett, Was ich sang, ist nicht mehr meines.

NOTES.

Page 3. Bormort ju der erften Auflage 1815.

Date, Aug. 28, 29, and Sept. 12, 1814. Uhland published the first collected edition of his poems in the autumn of 1815. He had previously, in April, 1809, requested Cotta to publish a volume, but had received the courteous and familiar answer in the case of a young author, that on account of the number of his engagements and the circumstances of the time he was unable to accept an offer which would otherwise have been a pleasure to him. A few months later Uhland wrote humorously to Kerner. saying that he had read in Von der Hagen's Musaeum of the mastersinger Hans Volz of Nuremberg, who had a private printing press, "presumably because, like myself, he could not find a publisher," and added that he had offered his works in vain to Mohr of Tübingen and Zimmer of Heidelberg. Cotta was only induced to undertake the work through the influence of the Baron von Wangenheim, Curator of the University of Tübingen, who was probably acquainted with the poet or his family. Later, when Wangenheim became prime minister and the resolute enemy of a popular constitution, Uhland, in numerous poems, and as a member of parliament, was forced to oppose his former patron. The first edition of Uhland's work contained one hundred and ninety-two poems.

This preface was retained through all the successive editions of the poems. It is in part a humorous defense of their publication. Uhland admits the pensive, even doleful (ft@fit@t), character of his earlier poems, but thinks they may be the source of joy and vigor, just as wine springs from the crushed grape. As the Clown accompanied Death in the old festivals of chivalry, so genuine grief may find relief in jest. Possibly he who is intent to search, may discern in single poems the germs of greater, and discover glimpses of the poet's inmost nature in his verse. If some find the poems trivial, they but illustrate the times in which they were produced, when painful oppression rested upon the German nation during its years of humiliation. Poetry demands

^{*} Notter, Ludwig Uhland, sein Leben und seine Dichtungen, pp. 79 and 146.

the atmosphere of freedom, and languishes when it is withheld; but since the nation has risen to new life in its recent victories, so poetry will rise with new vigor. The poet hopes that his work may prophesy a future of more perfect song.

Translated by Skeat.

Page 7. Des Dichters Abendgang.

Date, Feb. 8-9, 1805. Published first in the Dichterwald, 1813. and in Gedichte, 1815, signed "-d."
Variants I, line 7, read originally 200 fic des Beiligste ent=

idleukt.

II, 8, for du tehreft um stood dann tehre um. Line 5 began, Du mirst. The changes were made for the edition of 1815.

Page 7. An ben Tob.

Date, Jan. 19, 1805, Musenalmanach, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. This poem is the vague, per-fervid expression of a sensitive youth's contemplation of death. It lacks the intensity of a profound experience of loss, yet its refined and pure sentiment has caused it to be a favorite with many English students of Uhland.

Translated by Kendrick and Sandars.

Page 9. Der Ronig auf bem Turme.

Date, March 31 and April 1, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807. signed "L. U." Gedichte, 1815. An introductory stanza is preserved:

"Das Antlit wenbet ber Bachter Chor, Der König hub fich in filler Racht, Bur Binne bes Turmes fteigt er empor, Es leuchtet ber Sterne Pracht."

See Nägele, Beiträge zu Uhland, 1893, p. 45. Translated by Thackeray, Martin, K. F. Kroeker, Moir.

Page 10. Lieb eines Armen.

Date, Aug. 31 and Sept. 1, 1805. Gedichte, 1815. A poem of constant contrasts, and of touching simplicity. Spiritual riches, the glory of nature, and joy in the happiness of others may exist with personal loneliness and poverty in this world and with the memory of past gladness. Worship and praise exist for the lowliest, who will share alike future blessedness.

NOTES.

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III, 4. trat = betreten hat. V, 5. himmel her = vom Himmel her. Translated by Brooks, W. A. Butler, Sandars, Martin.

Page II. Gefang ber Junglinge.

Date, Sept. 17, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807, signed "L. U." Gedichte, 1815. An apostrophe to youth. Youth is a consecrated time in whose silence many footsteps resound: fruit shall ripen from it as from the blossoms in springtime; as in the glow of wine, so in youth vigor should be felt and womanhood reverenced. The last stanza gathers up the theme of each of the preceding to emphasize the consecration of life.

III, 6. Skeat translates, "In the strength of manhood blend." Translated by Skeat.

Set to music by Kreutzer.

Page 13. Muf ein Rinb.

Date, Sept. 13, 1814. Gedichte, 1852. This poem relates to Kerner's eldest daughter Marie, and was enclosed in a letter to him on Sept. 18. An introductory stanza comparing the refuge sought at the shrine of a saint with the relief found in the sweet communion of childhood was originally prefixed to this poem:

"Bon Schwermut und von Bangigfeit befallen Bflegt Mancher nach bem fillen Ort zu wallen, Bo unter blübenbem Gebüfche. Bei eines klaren Brunnleins Frifche, Gin lichtes heil'genbild in feiner Rifche herniederlächelt. Bis himmelstroft den Leibenben umfächelt."

This rendered an inversion necessary, and the present strophe began:

"So hab' ich, von bes Lebens Augft umfettet, Bu bir mich, o bu fuges Rinb gerettet."

Notter, p. 160. For an interesting account of the relations of Uhland and Kerner see *Das Kernerhaus und seine Gäste*, by Th. Kerner (1894).

Translated by Sandars.

Pace 13. Die Rapelle.

Date, Sept. 21, 1805. Published first in the Musenalmanach, 1807, and in Gedichte, 1815.

The chapel here referred to is the Burmlinger Rapelle, situated on a bare height at the western end of the Ammerberg. The chapel is Gothic, and rests upon an earlier structure, dating from the tenth century. Poems suggested by this chapel have been written by Kerner, Schwab and Karl Mayer. See Paulus' Ludwig Uhland und seine Heimath, Tübingen (1869), p. 33, and Notter, p. 160.

I, 1. Troben = da oben. The folk-songs often begin "Da broben, "for vivid effect. See Des Knaben Wunderhorn, I, 131, 366; also with "Da brunten," II, 3, 3; also Uhland, Die versunkene Krone; and Goethe, Schäfers Klagelied and Bergschloss,

"Da droben auf jenem Berge."

II, 2. Leichenchor, the procession to the grave, chanting the

funeral dirge.

II, 4. [auifit empor, listens intently to the sounds from above. In a letter to Kerner, dated Sept. 3, 1844, Uhland says: "Once when in our youthful years we descended from the chapel of Wurmling, we heard some shepherd lads upon a hill beneath the cross singing folk-songs. We ascended in order to inquire of them about their songs, but the boys would not utter a sound; scarcely had we descended again when they sang them afresh in derision, with a clear voice." Witwe, Ludwig Uhlands Leben, 1874, p. 324.

Translated by Baskerville, Brooks, Sandars.

Set to music by Kreutzer, Raff, Schumann, Bruch.

Page 14. Die fanften Zage.

Date, Oct. 7, 1805. Published first in the Musenalmanach, 1807, signed "L. U.," and in Gedichte, 1815.

Uhland loves to contrast the impression of different seasons upon the soul. In this he follows the Minnesingers whose ardent longing for spring and for release from the wearisome confinement of castle life finds continual expression in their poems.

Here the genial days of spring and the mellow days of autumn have a different message. To the poet, it is a contemplative emotion, which frees the soul from constraint (II, 3), but does not quicken it to desire (II, 4) and resolution. In autumn the richness of blossoms no longer adorns the earth (III, 5), but the forces of nature rest, and in resignation the soul finds peace, and lives in the memory of the past. The silence which comes to the soul with nature's pause is akin to the surrender of one's hold upon earth.

The first two stanzas relate to spring, the last two to autumn. A similar division is not uncommon in Uhland's poems. See his Winterlied.

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I, 3. aufgeschlagen. The conception of the sky as a tent or canopy is a favorite one among poets: see Goethe, and Rückert Die sterbende Blume, "himmel spann' bein blaue? Belt."

6. sich sonnig hebt, used in a factitive sense, lifts and bathes

itself in the sunlight.

The metre of the poems is trochaic tetrameter, the even lines lacking the unaccented final syllable; weak and strong rimes alternate.

Translations by Brooks, Sandars, Skeat.

Set to music by Kreutzer, Bruch.

Page 15. 3m Berbfte.

Date, Nov. 4, 1805. Musenalmanach. 1807, and Gedichte, 1815.

Page 15. Bunber.

Date, Nov. 8 and 9, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807, Gedichte, 1815.

Set to music by Kreutzer.

Page 16. Mond und Ochafer.

Date, Nov. 7, 1805. Published first in the Musenalmanach, 1807, and in Gedichte, 1815. An exceedingly effective contrast is presented in these two characters—the shepherd longing for spring, and the monk standing amid the beauty around him and contemplating only the cross with its lesson of sacrifice and denial.

Translated by Barber and Sandars.

Page 17. Schäfers Conntagelieb.

Date, Nov. 17, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807, signed "L.U." and Gedichte, 1815. A favorite poem and song. The silent shepherd in the solemn presence of nature worships as if surrounded by unseen hosts and as if earth and sky were united.

I, 1. Tas is not simply this, but embodies the entire impression which the solitude, the peal of the single bell and the silence

produce.

II. 3. Supply some such expression as E8 ift mir, I feel.

Translated by Brooks and W. A. Butler. Set to music by Kreutzer and Mendelssohn.

Page 17. Befang ber Ronnen.

Date, May 15 and 16, 1806. Musenalmanach, 1807; Gedichte, 1815.

II, 3. Jugendblut, thou art eternally young.

Translated by Sandars and Skeat.

Few poets have reproduced more sympathetically the spirit of the mediæval church than Uhland. He saw at once the picturesqueness of its service and the beautiful unselfishness of the element of renunciation in its life. He could feel the silent rapture of monk or nun or crusader standing before the visible emblems of his faith, as he has shown in so many poems, and at the same time the human element which ever accompanies a life of self-renunciation. See Der Mönch und Schäfer, Die Nonne, Der Pilger, Die verlorene Kirche and Der Waller.

- II, 3. Skeat translates this and the following line:
 - "To Thee, of fadeless youth the source."
- IV, 3. The darkness which accompanied the crucifixion. Translated by Brooks, Sandars, Skeat. Set to music by Kreutzer and Mendelssohn.

Page 18. Des Anaben Berglieb.

Date, June 29, 1806. Published first in the Musenalmanach, 1808, and in Gedichte, 1815. This poem originated on the Oesterberg, which constitutes a part of the ridge on which the Castle of Tübingen stands, and on the slope of which Uhland had a garden house. Uhland's wife, in her memorial of the poet, speaks of his fondness in boyhood for this height:

"Dit sah er auch dort den ziehenden Wolken, dem herannahenden Gewitter, dem Leuchten der Blige zu, und erft wenn der Regen heradzuprassellen ansieng, eilte er mit großen Sähen dem Eltern-hause zu. Dort in auch später, im Jahre 1806, das frische Gedicht "Tes Anaben Berglied," entstanden." — Witwe, p. 9.

- I, 1. nom Berg limits, and would naturally follow des hirten-find, as in the last line of the succeeding stanzas.
 - II. 1. Mutterhaus, figurative, = Quelle, source.
- III, 3. Sub rhyming with Lieb (4) according to the South German pronunciation. Uhland wrote upon a similar theme the Lieb eine Lieb eine

V, 2. Weuer, signal-fire.

IV, 1. The emphasis is upon Blitz und Donner, not upon unter mir.

IV, 3. Supply ihnen = rufe ihnen gu.

V. 1. The Sturmglode was rung to summon the people to arms, and was accompanied by signal fires (Heuer) on the moun-

The verse is iambic tetrameter. Each stanza ends in an unrimed verse, while the remaining verses end in a masculine rime. Any variation from the normal rime-scheme in poetry lends special emphasis to the line in which it occurs. The length of the rimed syllables do not always correspond in this poem, but words with a short vowel rime with those with a long, as in the case of Anab and herab, I, 3 and 4.

The charm of the Volkslieder is often found in the abruptness

of the introduction. The subject and the scene are mirrored in the first words of the poem and placed directly before the reader,

or, in song, before the ear of the listener.

The careless mountaineer, the companion of the storm, nourished in the free air of the mountains, rejoices in his lofty abode and recks little for the castles of the nobles beneath him. When the alarm sounds he joins the ranks of those fighting below. Such songs as these quickened the feelings of the youth who grew up with Uhland, and prepared them for the final struggle for German liberty a few years later.

Translated by Brooks, Kendrick and Sandars.

Often set to music. Favorite compositions are those of Schumann and Kreutzer.

Page 19. Entichluf.

Date, Nov. 23, 1805. Published first in the Musenalmanach, 1807, signed "L. U.," and in Gedichte, 1815. This poem is said to have been inspired by the young poet's love for the charming sister of his friend, Albert Schott, afterward Frau Durand-Mareuil. Notter, p. 158.

I. 1. forumt in the sense of the future. 4. niemand, dat.

III, 1. The flowers bending down before the beloved as she passes is a favorite figure of the Minnesinger. Longfellow uses the same in "A Gleam of Sunshine." 3. Gie durfen contrasts the bird's liberty with the poet's shyness.

 ∇ , 4. wie = how.

VI, 1. Schreden, here the neuter infinitive for the more common masculine substantive.

Translations by Dwight, Sandars and Furness.

Page 20. Lauf ber Belt.

Date, July 7, 1807. Published first in the Musenalmanach, 1808, signed "L. U.," and in Gedichte, 1815. The poem begins with an incident, and ends with a delicate conceit quite characteristic of the folk-poetry.

I. 5. bestellt, appointed a meeting. Translated by Furness and Sandars.

Page 21. Balblieb.

Date, Oct. 20, 1807. Published anonymously in the Morgenblatt of Dec. 29, 1807; Gedichte, 1815. Translated by Sandars.

Page 22. Geliger Tob.

Date, Nov. 7, 1807. Published first in the *Pantheon*, III, S. 107, of 1810; *Gedichte*, 1815.
Translated by Blackie, Sandars and Skeat.

Page 23. Untreue.

Date, Nov. 24, 1807. Gedichte, 1815.

I. 5. fremb, verichleiert. Uhland often omits the inflexion, as in the Volkslieder.

Set to music by Kreutzer and Liszt.

Page 23. Die Abgeschiedenen.

Date, Nov. 18, 1807. Published first in the Poetischer Almanach (1812), signed "Bolter," and in Gedichte, 1815.

Translated by

Set to music by Loewe, Dessauer and Curschmann.

Page 23. Die Bufriebenen.

Date, March 27, 1808. Appeared first in the *Poetischer Almanach* (1812), signed "Bolfer," *Gedichte*, 1815.

Translated by Ella Heath and Sandars.
Set to music by Loewe, Kreutzer, F. Lachner and Bruch.

Page 24. Bobe Liebe. .

Date, Feb. 4, 1808. Taschenbuch für Damen, 1809, signed "L. U.," and in Gedichte, 1815.

"Uhland verbindet nicht beliebige zwei Anschauungsreihen, sondern eine Borftellung wedt bei ihm die andere, für die eine fieht er in der anderen das Symbol." — Werner, p. 276.

er in der anderen das Symbol." — Werner, p. 276.

I, 1. trunken, adj., the survival of a participial form without ge-, like rechtschaffen. 2. ein Blid, a single glance, that is, of sublime love.

II, 2. hinan, upon the happiness of earth. Translated by Sandars.

Page 25. Rabe.

Date, Aug. 11, 1809. Gedichte, 1815.

The occasion of this poem was not, as would seem originally, the visit of a lover to his beloved, but suggested by a call which Uhland made upon his friend, Professor Conz. The poet transformed the silent garden, with its flowers and butterflies, into an ideal scene, where the lover is conscious of the presence of his mistress, whom he does not see. Werner has used this poem to illustrate the growth of a poem from a simple germ, its elaboration and climax. Lyrik und Lyriker, pp. 228-233, 350, 411.

Uhland sent the poem to his friend Mayer, Aug. 12, 1809. The letter which accompanied it gave the story of its origin.

Page 25. Borabend.

Date, Aug. 18, 1809. Gedichte, 1815.

Page 26. Der Commerfaden.

Date, Oct. 29, 1822. Gedichte, 1826.

Page 26. Rachts.

Date, April 11 and 12, 1808. Poetischer Almanach, 1812, signed "Boller," and Gedichte, 1815.

Page 26. Schlimme Rachbarichaft.

Date, Nov. 28, 1809. Gedichte, 1815. Uhland, while engaged upon the thesis for his doctor's degree, wrote a letter to his friend Mayer, who was then on a journey in North Germany, Feb. 6, 1810, in which he described his own life and gave him particulars of their common friends. In this letter he quoted the first stanza of this poem as it is printed, save a slight transposition (Doch rud' ich feine Seite fort), and the second in the following form:

"Balb fpielt mein Rachbar auf ber Flote Und fuhrt mir die Gebanten bin, Balb fieht am Fenster beim Filete Die angenehme Nachbarin."

Translated by Brooks and Sandars.

Page 27. Bauernregel.

Date, Dec. 3, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. Translated by Brooks, Dulcken, Sandars. Set to music by Loewe, Kreutzer and Marschner.

Page 27. Bans und Grete.

Date, June 28, 1814. Gedichte, 1815.

A quaint poem in dialogue, with naive, popular humor.

I, 1. Gudft, glance inquiringly or longingly, a quaint word still retained in popular speech.

Translated by Blackie.

Set to a main to be set to be se

Set to music by Loewe.

Page 28. Jägerlieb.

Date, March 21, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. A poem quite in the spirit of the folk-poetry. The comparison of one's love to hunted game is characteristic of the Bolfelieder. See Jagdglud, Des Knaben Wunderhorn, I, 294.

> "Der Jäger fab ein ebles Bilb Frifd, burtig und geschwinde, Es war ein schönes Frauenbild, Das fich allba ließ finbe."

Also the "Jägerlieder" in Ditfurth, Volks- und Gesellschaftslieder. in which there are constant references to Cupid as a huntsman.

II, 2. thắt', used as an auxiliary, like our verb "do." A M.H.G. usage surviving in the popular dialect and in folk-songs. Translated by Sandars and Skeat.

Page 28. Des Birten Binterlied.

Date, Nov. 20, 1809. Published in the Pantheon. Vol. iii, 1810, and in Gedichte, 1815. III. 1. 's for das.

Translated by Sandars.

Set to music by Mendelssohn and Kreutzer.

Page 29. Lieb Des Gefangenen.

Date, Sept. 4, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. One of Uhland's most spontaneous songs.

II, 4. zu mal, at the same time. 5. zu Thal = hinab.

Page 30. Frühlingelieber.

A group of poems written at different times but which have the merit of a common subject. Few poets have sung of spring in its varied suggestiveness with such absolute simplicity and natural feeling. Uhland did not incorporate with these poems "Ober Frühling," which he had published in the Poetischer Almanach (1812), as perhaps differing in tone and entirely in form and character. Goethe's poem Mailied, "Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur," surpasses these in pure joyousness, in the blending of nature and love, with the absence of a pensive didactic element.

This series of poems lends itself readily to musical effect. Some have been set to music many times, especially Frühlings-glaube.

1. Frühlingsahnung. - Date, March 21, 1812. Gedichte, 1815.

Translated by Skeat.

Set to music by Mendelssohn and Kreutzer.

2. Frühlingsglaube. — Date, March 21, 1812. Published first in the *Dichterwald*, 1813, and in *Gedichte*, 1815.

Translated by Skeat.

Set to music by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Kreutzer, M. Hauptmann, Curshmann, S. Bagge, E. Franck, Hermann Götz, F. Kücken, L. Hartmann, F. Lachner, Josephine Lang, K. G. Reissiger, F. Ries, W. Taubert, and E. Hanslick.

3. Frühling gruhe. - Date, March 21, 1812. Dichterwald, 1813; Gedichte, 1815.

Translated by Brooks.

4. Frühling &feier. - Date, 1814, day uncertain. Gedichte, 1815.

Translated by Blackie and Skeat.

Set to music by Mendelssohn and Kreutzer.

5. Lob des Frühlings. - Date, April 8, 1811. Poetischer Almanach, 1812; Gedichte, 1815.

Translated by Sandars.

- 6. Frühlingstroft. Date uncertain, probably 1830. Published in *Lieder* by Karl Mayer, 1833. This and the following poem were only incorporated with the rest of the series in the eighth edition of the poems (1834).
- 7. Rünftiger Frühling. Written in the autumn of 1827. Published under the title "Der große Frühling," in the fourth edition of the poems (1829).
- 8. Frühlingslied des Rezensenten. Date, May 19, 1812. Published first in the Dichterwald (1813), entitled Prühlingskritik, and signed "Spindelmann, der Recensent," and in Gedichte, 1815, where it constituted the last of the series (No. 6).

The sarcasm relates to a critic, Christoph Friedrich Weisser, who had ridiculed the *Poetic Almanach*, and the romantic spirit of Uhland and his fellow-poets.

Translated by Blackie.

II, 4. Reinethalben, I have no objections.

III, 3. Philomele = Nachtigall.

IV, 4. The Frühling of Christian Ewald von Kleist was a poem written in imitation of Thompson's Seasons. The reviewer, who has no feeling for nature, derives whatever mechanical sentiment he possesses from a poet whose work is full of minute matter-of-fact details and images. The union of this poem with the preceding, which manifest such an outburst of natural joy in spring, may be regarded as unfortunate.

Page 33. Der Ungenannten.

Date, May 15, 1819. Published first in the third edition of Uhland's poems, 1826. Written for the birthday of Emilie Vischer, who later became the poet's wife (May 29, 1820), and who wrote a beautiful tribute to his memory. Ludwig Uhland. Eine Gabe für Freunde. Zum 26. April 1865. The original title of the poem was simply the date, "Am 15. Mai 1819."

The two stanzas here published were preceded by a third:

"Bu eines Tages Ruhme, Der uns viel Beil befdieb, Bricht man mohl eine Blume, Und fingt man mohl ein Lieb. Bas heißt's, ein Blumden brechen, Bo reicher Frühling blüht? Gin neues Lieb ju fprechen, Bo volle Liebe glüht ?"

See Witwe, p. 167.

By the omission of this stanza the personal and occasional element in the poem was removed and its application no longer limited to the event which called it forth.

Translated by Barber, Blackie and Sandars.

Page 33. Freie Runft.

Date, May 24, 1812. Deutscher Dichterwald, 1813; Gedichte

1815.

A spirited defense of poetry, which is not limited to a few proud names. The spirit of poetry is universal. Sing the impulses of thy heart in gentle strain or in passion, as the inspiration of the moment suggests; if not the record of an entire life, the experiences of youth; if not to be bound in books, cast a single sheet to the winds.

Uhland's generous nature exposed him to endless applications for help. Some wished poems or dramas written to commemorate their pathetic or heroic history. Many young writers without poetic gifts interpreted the above poem to be a justification of any poetic endeavor, and sent frequently to Uhland their verses

with the motto "Singe, wem Gesang gegeben." The number of these poetical effusions was so great that Uhland once cried out in anger, "But I said, let him sing upon whom song has been bestowed." Witwe, pp. 416, 417. This poem has often been regarded as the motto of the Swabian school.

I, 2. This poem occupies the first place in the anthology,

Deutscher Dichterwald.

IV, 3. Militenmond, indefinite, for the time of flowers: Mond = Monat. The M. H. G. mane, moon, in the 14th century, mône, môn came to be in the 15th the usual form, and was frequent until late in the 17th century. It was both strong and weak in declension. The form Mond, M. H. G. mant, has appeared since the 14th century. The meaning was early transferred to the period of the moon's revolution, and used to indicate time. As such it is very common in Luther's translation of the Bible. The weak form is still preserved in compounds, Monsbenichein, Bauernregel, p. 27, Mondennacht, and in the sense of month.

V, 2. fliegend Blatt, a name applied to a single page or sheet, containing an item of news, a song, or later a satire, used after the invention of printing. The fliegende Blatter became powerful controversial weapons during the Reformation.

Set to music by Kreutzer and Moscheles.

Page 35. Das Thal.

Date, June 19, 1811. Published first in the Dichterwald, 1813, signed "-d," and in Gedichte, 1815. Many of Uhland's poems are closely associated with scenes near his native town. From the heights of Tübingen the Neckar Valley is visible to the southeast, through which once extended one of the great military highways over which the German emperors marched to Italy to be crowned. This valley led toward the hamlet of Wankheim, a favorite resort of the poet, where many of his poems originated. Uhland returned from Paris, Feb. 14, 1811, but the occasion of this poem seems to have been a return from a brief journey to Heilbronn and Stuttgart, a few days before the date of its composition. The pensive melancholy of this poem prevails in many of his earlier productions.

Page 36. Morgens.

Date, 1861, one of the very last poems which Uhland ever wrote. Gedichte, 1863.

Page 36. Rubethal.

Date, Feb. 7. 1812. Deutscher Dichterwald (1813). Gedichte, 1815. Set to music by Mendelssohn and Kreutzer.

Page 36. Abendwolfen.

Date, June 22, 1834. Published first in the eighth edition of Uhland's Poems (1834). The previous poem, Ruhethal, is a question; the present is an answer possibly unintended in composition, but its position, placed nearly twenty years later beside the former, suggests a purpose.

I, 1. abendwärts, in the west. 3. zerhaucht, dissolved. See Hassenstein, p. 140.

Page 37. Rechtfertigung.

Begun May 4, completed Sept. 7, 1816. Published first in the second edition of Uhland's Poems (1820). This poem is undoubtedly a personal confession and defense. It was written in the midst of the struggle for a liberal constitution, in which Uhland was actively engaged, but at a time when all hopes of a representative government had been temporarily disappointed by the rejection by the Constituent Assembly of the liberal constitution proposed by the king and a return to arbitrary government. All reform was now at an end, and all reforming spirits were powerless. Uhland would not accept office in a country without a constitution, and would have preferred to earn his bread as an advocate in a foreign land rather then accept a position where the sacrifice of his independence and his manhood were involved. He rejected all inducements looking to a professorship in his own university, which would subject him to a loss of liberty, and require him to take the oath of homage to the king. All hopes of promotion in his native country were at end. His disappointment as expressed in the poem was a personal one, but it was even more, it involved the defeat of his dearest hopes for his nation's welfare. A few months later he wrote sadly, to Varnhagen, that Germany had little more to expect from those in authority, from congresses and diets down, or from the pending negotiations of cabinets, that, on the contrary, only when every branch of the people awoke to self-consciousness and to inner conviction (innerer Begründung) would their power be felt. Witwe, p. 115-125.

I, 1. Scheine, illusion.

Page 37. An einem heitern Morgen.

Date, July 12, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. Sent to Mayer on the day of its composition: "Der heitere himmel, welcher diesen

Morgen nach langer Zeit wieder zu sehen war, veranlaste folgende Berse." Mayer, 1, 246.

Page 38. Gruf ber Geelen.

Date, Nov. 20 and 21, 1825. Gedichte, 1826 (third ed.).

Page 38. Muf ber überfahrt.

Date, Oct. 9, 1823. Published first in the third edition of Uhland's Poems (1826). The scene of this poem is the Neckar River near the village of Hofen below Cannstatt. The ruins of a castle stand on a height above, and a dam spans the stream.

II, 2. zween, an old inflected form of the masc. of the numeral. Uhland preserves often with apparent care the different forms of

the numeral corresponding to the different genders.

The elder of the two companions was his favorite uncle, Pastor Hoser, the brother of his mother, the minister of the church in the neighboring village of Schmieden. The poem An den Tod eines Landgeistlichen was dedicated to the memory of this uncle. The present poem was suggested by a solitary walk which Uhland took to Münster across the Neckar in 1822. See Witwe, p. 88,

and Notter, p. 160.

III, 3. Diefer, broufend bor un3 allen, refers to Uhland's friend, the young poet Friedrich von Harpprecht (1788-1813), who was a fellow-student of law with Uhland at Tübingen in 1805. His military spirit led him in 1807, in his nineteenth year, to enlist as a cavalry officer in the army of Würtemberg against Austria. Later, he was an officer of ordnance under General Berthier. At the bloody battle of Wagram he was on the staff of the emperor Napoleon. With the army of this country he marched to Russia, where he distinguished himself at the battle of Smolensk, when his bravery won for him the Order of Military Merit of Würtemberg and the French cross of the Legion of Honor. At the battle of the Borodino, he fought desperately and lost his leg by a cannon shot. He suffered great hardships on the way to Wilna, where he died from the effect of his injury, and the terrible sufferings of the retreat.

Uhland published anonymously Harpprecht's literary remains, consisting of letters and poems, in 1813. See Notter, pp. 46-50.

Translated by Moir, Barker, Brooks.

Set to music by Loewe.

Page 39. Die Berchen.

Date, April 2, 1834. Gedichte, 1834. Translated by Sandars.

Page 40. Dichterfegen.

Date, April 2, 1834. Gedichte, 1834. The poet's blessing, bestowing the flowers of song upon the earth, is not welcome to the aged laborer, who regards them as useless and an injury to the harvest. The poet defends his light strain. As the flowers delight the child with their brightness, so his modest flowers claim but a simple office.

Sandars has translated the last stanza very successfully.

"Friend, methinks my modest lay Will not make the field too gay; Flowers enough to deck thy sheaves, Flowers thy little grandson weaves."

Page 40. Die Connenwente.

Date, June 22-23, 1834. Published as above. The date coincides with that of Abendwolken. The pause of nature which this poem commemorates may be compared with the day's transition to evening with which Byron begins his Monody on the Death of Sheridan.

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who has not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart as dew along the flower,
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While nature makes that melancholy pause—
Her breathing moment on the bridge where time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime.

II, 2. immilend, with her complaint. 3. übermachten, fading.
4. Wedeichlag, the summons to a new career.
Translated by Brooks ("Sundown") and Skeat.

Page 41. Der Mobn.

Date, 1829. Morgenblatt, Nov. 27, 1829, and in Gedichte (1831). Notter states in his life of Uhland that the single incident which seems to have interested Uhland in the mystic speculations, which consumed so large a portion of the life of Kerner, somnambulism, etc., and narrated to him by the latter, was the story of Countess M[ede]m, who fell askep in her childhood in a field of poppies, whereby she entered into a peculiar mental state which bewildered her as regards the persons and things with which she was most nearly associated. Uhland used this suggestion to depict the ideal and the real of life, and of the poet's dream. He said to Kerner in a letter, "Thou seest that I have broken a poppy from your garden." See Notter, p.

75. Hebbel remarks that Uhland in *Der Mohn* has illustrated the profound truth that if poetry is a dream in which the possibilities of things in their most essential nature are symbolized, the poet must be the involuntary and eternal mirror of this dream. Quoted by Werner, p. 242. The second stanza refers to Kerner's story.

Translated by Blackie, Martin and Sandars.

Page 42. Reifen.

Date, June 28-29, 1834. Gedichte, 1834. In answer to an invitation to travel, the poet praises the inspiration which comes from his native valley and its familiar paths. Imagination beckons him to mystic isles, and traverses illimitable starry spaces. Dreams old and new, the future, the past, and boundless visions open ever before him here.

Translated by Furness.

Page 44. Banberlieber.

A group of poems, eight of which were published first in the Dichterwald (1813), as Mat neue Banderlieder, and signed "Uhland." The third, In der Herne, was incorporated with the others, in Gedichte, 1815. The date of the poems is as follows:

- 1. Lebewohl. Dec. 2, 1807.
- 2. Sheiden und Meiden. Aug. 18, 1811.

Set to music by Kreutzer and Brahms.

 In Der Herne. — June 2, 1806.
 Set to music by numerous composers, among others by Brahms, Kreutzer, Bungert, Dessauer, Dietrich and Methfessel.

- 4. Morgenlied. Nov. 20. 1811.
- Set to music by Loewe, Kreutzer, and Rubinstein.
- 5. Nachtreise. July 7, 1811.

Translated by Brooks.

Set to music by Kreutzer, E. Naumann, J. Brüll and Dessauer.

- 6. Winterreise. Nov. 13, 1811.
- 7. Abreise. Sept. 14, 1811.
- 8. Ginfehr. Nov. 20, 1811.

Translated by Brooks.

- 9. Beimtehr. Nov. 19, 1811.
- Set to music by Kreutzer and Brahms.

These "Songs of Travel," like so many of the folk-songs, receive a part of their charm from the relation of the traveler to his beloved, and his interpretation of nature as illustrating that relation. The meanings which may attach to the most simple event are practically endless: every shadow that passes over the sky, the tone of the note of every bird, all natural phenomena may become significant. This interpretation of nature is the source of the mystery, awe, and often of the superstition, with which all natural phenomena are invested. The lost ring or the broken millwheel may alike indicate that love is at an end. See Der Ring and

> "Da unten in jenem Thale Da treibt das Masser ein Rad, Das treibt nichts als Liebe Kom Abend bis wieder an Tag; Das Rad, das itz gedrochen, Die Liebe, die hat ein End, Und wenn zwei Liebende scheiden, Sie reichen einander die Händ."

- Müllers Abichieb : Des Knaben Wunderhorn, I, 126.

Page 48. Berfpatetes Dochzeitlieb.

Date, Nov. 24, 1816. Gedichte, 1820.
The original version of this poem in three stanzas is given by Keller, Ein Gedicht Uhlands Freunden sum Gruss mitgeteilt, Tübingen, 1876. The absence of the poet, or of his muse, was caused, as is shown by the original form of the second stanza, viz. the service of his country:

"Richt ift sie umgesprungen Mit eitlem Spiel und Tand, Sie hat diesmal gerungen Fürs teure Baterland."

The last four lines of the third stanza were substituted for the above verses. The omitted lines were:

"Sie frägt, was es bebeute, Daß sie verzüglich war. Trifft sie benn nicht auch heute Ein herzlich liebenb Baar."

The Crown Prince William had succeeded his father, King Frederick I, to power, Oct. 30, 1816. The proposed constitution was under discussion in the committee of the assembly, and Uhland, though not a member, was actively interested in the proceedings. Some of his most spirited political poems fall at this time, as Schwindelhaber, Nov. 12-14, Hausrecht, Nov. 20, Das Herz für unser Volk, Nov. 21.

Page 49. Meselfuppenlieb.

Date, Jan. 26, 1814. Gedichte, 1815.

II, 7. burften = jecten, as explained by Immermann, Münchhausen, I, 177, who speaks of the word as being in vogue in Swabia.

Set to music by Kreutzer.

Page 50. Erinflieb.

Date, Jan. 1, 1812. Published first in the Dichterwald (1813), signed "Bolfer," and in Gedichte, 1815. Like the preceding, a favorite student song, sung usually to the music of Kreutzer, but composed also by Spohr and Bruch. A spirited and tempestuous song whose separate themes, hunting, storm, battle and judgment, are united in the final stanza.

Translated by Skeat.

Set to music by Kreutzer, Spohr and Bruch.

Pago 52. Lieb eines beutschen Gangers.

Date, Jan. 29, 1814. Printed first in the Morgenblatt of Oct. 16, 1814, and in Gedichte, 1815. This poem was written after the withdrawal of Würtemberg from the support of Napoleon following the battle of Leipzig, and its patriotic co-operation with its North-German allies and Austria and Russia in the advance into France.

Uhland's intense patriotism banished all lesser themes from his mind, and explains the sudden cessation of the fountain of song within him, save when the cause of liberty was involved.

II, 1. Ratten, the Chatti, an Old German tribe which occupied in part the present Hesse, famous for its warlike spirit. 8. Uhland did not serve as a soldier in the Wars of Liberation, as his native land, under the lead of King Frederick I, fought on the side of Napoleon, even amid the snows of Russia. He was ready, in case there was a national levy and a general military service such as existed in all the other German States, to bear his part in a cause which assumed national proportions. He felt that in that case he should derive a satisfaction for his entire life in such service. See his letter written at the end of the year 1813. Witwe, p. 89.

The simplicity of this poem is only equaled by the modesty of the poet's aspiration: he did not seek fame, but only the right to sing the triumph of the German people in a sacred war.

Page 53. Auf bas Rind eines Dichters.

Date, June 11, 1814. Published first in Gedichte, 1815. Written as a birthday ode to Rosa Maria, Uhland's god-daughter, the

eldest child of his friend, the poet Kerner. She was the author of Justinus Kerner's Jugendliebs und mein Vaterhaus (1877). The date of the poem is coincident with the return of the victorious Würtembergers from the defeat of Napoleon and the capture of Paris under the Crown Prince William.

Page 54. Un bas Baterlanb.

Date, Jan. 29, 1814. Published in the first edition of Uhland's poems, and placed at the end of the *Lieder*, the first division, and designed to dedicate them to his Fatherland. As the flower of the German youth had fallen in that sacred struggle, what value was it possible to attach to the preceding poems in comparison with such grand and sacred sacrifices?

Set to music by Kreutzer.

Page 54. Die beutiche Sprachgefellichaft.

Date, Jan. 23, 1817. Published first in the third edition of the Gedichte (1826). The Berlin Society for the German Language numbered many of the foremost scholars of Germany among its members. Uhland was elected a member of the society in July, 1816, and he prepared an article upon the province of such a society, Ueber die Aufgabe einer Gesellschaft für deutsche Sprache, Jan. 8-10, 1817 (Schriften V, 283-290). Uhland in his poem has a high conception of the sacredness of speech, which receives its impress from within. Its purity, clearness and delicacy must spring from the heart. Only when the soul glows does language possess enthusiasm, vigor and ardor. Falsity in speech is to be censured above all else, and German loyalty and virtue must accompany German words. The German language should never be the servant of hypocrisy and idle dalliance, but the voice of tender reverence and of genuine affection, and should be proudly consecrated to the struggle for justice and liberty. In the case of Uhland, the most common themes were kindled with the glow of patriotism, and the enduring popularity of his verse is due to the pure and lofty atmosphere which it breathes.

Page 56. Die neue Dufe.

Date, Sept. 7, 1816. Gedichte, 1820. This poem reveals the sacrifice which it cost Uhland to be compelled to exchange poetry and the literary studies in which he found delight for the legal studies necessary to success in his profession. It explains also how his verse assumed a loftier note when the stern Goddess of Justice summoned nations and kings before her solemn bar.

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Vaterländische Gedichte.

In November, 1816, Uhland published anonymously for general circulation a sheet containing six poems. They were all the product of the political crisis which arose in connection with the struggle for constitutional government in his native land, and

appealed powerfully to the heart of the people.

King Frederick I had left the Congress of Vienna abruptly, and had announced, on Jan. 11, 1815, his intention to bestow a constitution upon his country "suited to its external and internal condition and the rights of the individual and the necessities of the State, and also a representative assembly," "to which he was not forced by any external necessity nor by any obligation into which he had entered to others," that is, to any foreign power. He sought thus to forestall the declaration of the Congress that every state of the new German Confederation should have a representative constitution. Würtemberg and Bavaria had protested energetically at the Congress against its right to prescribe the internal government of a country, as a breach of princely prerogatives.

The Constituent Assembly which the king called, met on March 15, 1815. The outline of a constitution which the king had drawn up was rejected almost unanimously, although it embodied principles of liberal constitutional government in advance of that of any other European state. The chief ground of opposition to it was not the provisions which it contained, but the assumption that they were derived from royal favor and not from early charters. The kingdom had been doubled in population and in extent of territory by adopting the cause of Napoleon. While "Old Würtemberg" could appeal to ancient chartered rights, "New Würtemberg" had no such appeal. Nearly all parties, - the nobility, who were represented for the first time in a national assembly, the clerical and the popular representatives, as well as the members from the original dukedom and the new territory, voted to reject the proposed constitution. The question of hereditary and of popular rights, and of royal privilege, agitated the nation. The struggle which now began lasted for four years and through three successive constitutional assemblies. It began under the reign of Frederick I, and was continued under that of his son William I, when the present constitution was formally ratified. The following poems arose during this contest, and illustrate the various political questions which were at issue. They show Uhland's energetic and uncompromising political

attitude, and his unyielding loyalty to his convictions, at a time when freedom of utterance imperiled all hopes of governmental favor and of civil promotion. Freytag says that the Swabian poets were the first "artist souls" who acquired vigor from participation in their country's politics, and among these, Uhland was chief. No participation on the part of a German poet in the public life of his nation equals that of Uhland. He thus labored in the spirit of that German poet who first of all exercised a commanding influence in politics, Walther von der Vogelweide, whose life he wrote so beautifully and sympathetically.

Page 57. Das alte gute Recht.

Date, Feb. 24, 1816. This poem illustrates the attitude of one political party, the "Old Würtembergers," of which the title of this poem was the watchword. They maintained the existence of certain immemorial and inalienable rights, which were not dependent upon the pleasure of the crown. These rights, which had been obtained by concessions from their rulers, were for the citizen: the right of voluntary expatriation; freedom from punishment, save after due trial before a regular tribunal and in accordance with law; exemption from taxation and from feudal service, save as provided by the constitution, also from enforced service at hunts or festivals or upon buildings; the inviolability of property and personal rights; the ability to possess weapons, and freedom from military service, save in case of war and with the consent of the estates, and then only for the period of the war; also the protection of the church in its former privileges. The standing army was to be recruited only by voluntary enlistments, especially in time of peace, and for a specific time of service.

All these rights had been violated. The Duke Frederick II. later Elector and King (Dec. 26, 1805), abolished the ancient constitution (Dec. 30, 1805), and ruled arbitrarily; he levied taxes. incurred lavish expenditures and administered the national treasury as his personal property. The rich possessions of the Protestant church were appropriated as state property. The questions which were at issue in the struggle are defined in the poem. Uhland emphasized the rights of the individual.

II, 3. ein und aus, everywhere.

IV. 1. magig = magige. 2. und mobl zu rechnen weiß, knows how to estimate justly, and is, 3. watchful over expenses.

V, 4. getreulich = treulich, an archaic form. VI, 3. versechten, originally porsechten, champion, defend.

VIII, 1. des, originally des, = deffen.

IX, 3. refers to the overthrow of hereditary rights by Frederick I.

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Page 59. 2Bürttemberg.

Date, Sept. 1, 1816. The year 1816, and especially the month of September, was with Uhland prolific in patriotic poems. The Baron von Wangenheim had been called from the curatorship of the University of Tübingen to be the guiding spirit in drafting the new constitution of the kingdom, and the voice of the king's absolute will, published then his pamphlet "Upon the division of the popular representation into two sections" (Ueber die Trennung der Volksvertretung in zwei Abtheilungen). The popular excitement and distrust were very great. Uhland opposed the introduction of an Upper House, or House of Lords. Later he published an impassioned address to the people entitled Keine Adelskammer.

III, 3. "Though man should seek thy ruin, Thou couldst not ruined be."

VI, 2. Alb or Alp, called also Rauhe or Schmäbiiche Alb; a lofty plateau and mountain chain extending between the Danube and the Neckar, from the Black Forest to the mountains of Franconia and constituting the Swabian Jura, between two and three thousand feet in height. Many peaks are crowned with castles and famous in history, as those of Hohenstaufen, Hohenzollern, Teck, Hohenneuffen, Lichtenstein, Achalm and Rechberg. The different parts of the range bear different names, as the Baralb, the Hardt, etc. The term Rauhe Alb is also applied to a limited portion of the range, viz., that which slopes on the south to the Danube.

VIII. 4. Beinsberg. An ancient town a few miles east of Heilbronn. Soon after the accession of Konrad III to the throne of Germany (March 7, 1138), he was involved in a contest with Henry the Proud, Duke of Bavaria, the most powerful prince of Germany, who had been his rival. Henry died soon after, but the war was continued in behalf of his son, afterward Henry the Lion, by the latter's uncle Welf VI. In the beginning of Nov., 1140, the king invested Weinsberg, which had been garrisoned by Welf. The king defeated a powerful army, sent to its relief, and, after a month's siege, the city itself was obliged to capitulate (Dec. 21, 1140). The king granted life to the women in the city, and permission to retain whatever they could carry away on their shoulders. They bore out of the city their husbands, and when Duke Frederick sought to prevent this, the king permitted it with the word, "A king's word cannot be perverted." The story of the deliverence dates from the century of the battle, and though called in question by eminent recent historians, has made the fame of the women of Weinsberg illustrious through all ages. 252 NOTES.

The ruins of the castle, Weibertreu, which was destroyed in 1525, are on a height above the town. Julius Kerner, the poet and physician, lived at the foot of the mountain. The castle is famous through Bürger's ballad, and poems of Kerner, August Mayer and others.

Page 60. Sefprach.

Date, Sept. 3, 1816. Directed against the Baron von Wangenheim (b. March 14, 1773; d. July 19, 1850). The Baron von Wangenheim, a native of Gotha, was one of the ablest of the many doctrinaire politicians who guided the fortunes of the states of South Germany in the difficult years of constitutional development which followed the wars of Liberation. After serving the government of Koburg-Saalfeld, where he became Vice-President in the ministry, he was dismissed from his post for unmasking its corrupt financial system (1804?). After the fall of the German Empire he was received into the public service of King Frederick of Würtemberg (1806). After the first constitution had been unanimously rejected by the convention, the king summoned Wangenheim to draft a new one. The former draft had been rejected by the deputies as apparently designed to perpetuate arbitrary power under the guise of constitutional government. The constitution which was outlined by Wangenheim and laid before the convention, Nov. 13, 1815, though defective in details, was a marvelous product of liberal statesmanship, but it encountered the bitter opposition of separate and even diverse interests in the kingdom. As the creation of modern political views, it did not ratify ancient and absolute methods or usages, hence it was opposed by the free, popular element which Uhland represented. The "Old Würtembergers" demanded their former constitution; the "New Würtembergers" sustained this demand because it would guarantee to them similar rights; the hereditary bureaucracy desired to recover their exclusive privileges: the nobility, formerly responsible only to the Empire, and the Protestant prelates, whose vast revenues had been merged into those of the state, all opposed upon personal grounds the pro-posed constitution. The party which appealed to national history naturally numbered the most adherents. Upon Wangenheim, as the responsible author of the new policy, the indignation of the populace was poured out. As a foreigner it was easy to characterize him as unfeeling for national institutions and as having no "heart for the people." The present poem is a conversation or dialogue upon dos afte gute Recht, between an "Old Würtemberger," who answers the objections raised by Wangenheim or some supporter of the new system.

II, 2. Das Beff're, an improvement, not simply what has been good in the past, is to be praised.

III, 1. meifer is of course to point out a better way. 3. einzeln = einzelnen. This form of the adjective was a favorite with Uhland.

V. 4. mählich = allmählich. VI. 3. The argument is that reforms must be based on existing institutions, and not simply theoretical, echoing the spirit of the time.

The poet Rückert had come to Stuttgart to be the editor of Cotta's Morgenblatt. Uhland enjoyed his friendship and, in his letters, praised his many gifts. Rückert differed from Uhland in his view of the proposed constitution, and when Uhland published the preceding poem Rückert issued a few days later (Nov. 16) an equally spirited rejoinder, bearing the same title as Uhland's, and later the full title, Gespräch zwischen einem Altwürtemberger und dem Freiherrn von Wangenheim.

"Ich bin bes Alten treuer Anecht, Beil es ein Sutes ift." — "Das Gute beffern ift ein Recht, Das nur ein Anecht vergißt." —

"Bom Guten hab' ich fich're Spur, Bom Beffern leiber nicht." — "Du foliegeft beine Augen nur, Sonft jeigt' ich bir bas Licht." -

"36 fomor' auf feinen einzeln Dann, Denn einer bin auch ich." "Bo bich bas 3ch nicht halten tann, Sprich, woran haltft bu bich?" -

"3d halt' es mit bem folichten Ginn, Der aus bem Bolte fpricht." -"Schlicht finn'ges Sprechen ift Gewinn, Berworr'nes Schreien nicht." -

"36 lobe mir ben ftillen Beift, Der mablich wirft und fcafft." -"Doch forbert jebes Bert zumeift Auch Schöpferarmes Rraft." -

"Bas nicht von innen feimt hervor, Ift in ber Burgel fcmach." — "Doch einmal muß man fa'n zuvor, Bas wurzeln foll bernach." —

"Du meinst es löblich, boch bu haft Für unfer Bolt tein herz." — "Für es trag' ich samt andrer Last Auch biefer Kräntung Schmerz." —

See Treitschke, Historische und Politische Aufsätze (1865), Article on Karl August von Wangenheim.

Page 61. Un bie Bolfsvertreter.

Date, Sept. 6, 1816.

The plan of a constitution was under debate in a commission consisting of certain royal officials and the representatives of the estates. The poem was an appeal to the representatives of the people to insist energetically upon a constitution embodying their ancient rights, which had been tested, proved and demonstrated. An agreement between the assembly and the crown was at first rendered impossible by the rigid insistence by the former upon the retention of a standing commission of parliament to control the execution of the laws, and upon an independent treasury.

The main object of this commission would have been to maintain popular rights by obstructing the royal will. Such a system of government could not accord with the demands of a modern state. The dominance of a committee, composed of a clerical element, in effect partly hereditary, and of the knighthood, in addition to representatives of the cities, would not have been an effective executive body. Though a similar organization had been on occasions in the past a guardian of popular rights, it had been capable of monstrous perversion and of corruption.

Page 62. Am 18. Oftober 1816.

Date, Oct. 15-17, 1816. The battle of Leipzig, which resulted in the overthrow of Napoleon's power, occurred between the 16th and 18th of Oct., 1813.

This is one of Uhland's most spirited poems, national in its character, and not limited to questions which agitated his country alone. The people had conquered on that memorable day; they had rescued the princes from humiliation, but freedom had not resulted, because justice had not been established. The blood of the people had been poured out, but the worldly-wise needed to be informed that the motive of this great sacrifice was simple justice. Court councillors and marshalls had not fathomed the profound significance of that awful battle, when God summoned nations to judgment.

I, 1. The poem begins in an impassioned strain. Should some glorified poet of freedom who had died on the battle-field, such possibly as Theodore Körner, who fell near Lützow, Aug. 26,

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1813, now return, he would sing in sharp censure and with celestial power.

II, 8. The festival of this battle, which was celebrated throughout Germany, had lost its significance. Frederick I of Würtemberg even forbade its obervance.

Î, 3. When the Russian General, Prince Schwarzenberg announced to the Allied Monarchs the fall of Leipzig, they fell upon their knees and rendered thanks to God for their great victory.

V, 2. wollt', claim. 7. ausjubruten, without the umlaut, for the modern ausjubrüten. The reference is to 3pr Beijen of the first line, — to the doctrinaire writers, who did not grasp the significance of the struggle, but whose writings served to disseminate opinions which would undermine the new liberty and result in reaction.

VI, 2. trüben, dull or dimmed.

The patriotic poems which follow were published first in the *Vaterländische Gedichte*, 1817. They also appeared in *Gedichte*, 1820 (second edition).

Page 64. Das Berg für unfer Bolf.

Date, Nov. 21, 1816. This poem was a powerful arraignment of the Baron von Wangenheim, who was characterized as carrying out the proposed changes in the constitution without reference to the popular sentiment and without regard to national history. The poem ends with a touching appeal to the king, to whose royal house their ancestors had been loyal, and in whose personal service the youth had won fame in battle.

Page 66. Den Landftanben jum Chriftophstag 1817.

Date, March 14, 1817. Duke Christopher of Würtemberg, the son of Duke Ulrich, was born May 12, 1515, and reigned from Nov. 6, 1550, to Dec. 28, 1568. He is honored as the founder of the national constitution. He ratified the Compact of Tübingen of 1514, between the crown and the estates, which formed the magna charta of the liberty of his country. By this treaty it was provided that no war should be entered upon thereafter without the knowledge and consent of the estates; that free emigration from the country should be permitted to all citizens; that neither land nor people should be pledged without the advice, knowledge and consent of the estates; that the estates should no longer be responsible for the ducal obligations, and that extraordinary assessments should no longer be levied and no citizen should be condemned, save after just trial and in accordance with law. The application of these principles in administration, and the regulation of the civil affairs of the dukedom was the great merit of the

Duke. The church and ecclesiastical establishments were regulated in accordance with the new Protestant faith; public "German" schools were established everywhere, and Latin schools in all the cities and larger villages. Through his wisdom, justice and clemency, the Duke came to be loved as the father of his country.

When the constitutional struggle arose, the supporters of the ancient order, "bas alte gute Recht," glorified the system under which the country had been governed for two hundred and fifty years. They were medallions of Duke Christopher in hat-buckles

and in iron finger-rings.

St. Christopher's day was the 15th of March. On the 3d of March of this year, the king laid before the parliament the draft of a new constitution, believing, as he said, that "only by an established legal order could he establish the permanent happiness of his people; this aim he hoped to attain by a constitution whose leading principle should be justice, and whose leading characteristic should be publicity." This was the third constitution which had been laid before the chamber for ratification. This constitution was alike opposed by Uhland and his friends as embodying serious defects, and the assembly in rejecting it (June 2) declared that an imperfect constitution ought not to go into effect. The objections urged against the new constitution were, that it embodied a bi-cameral system, including a house of lords, and failed to provide for a permanent committee of control in the interim of the sessions of the parliament, with a treasury at its disposal.

II, 1. erlaucht, illustrious, the title of a duke, with which, by

a play upon words, erleuchtet is explained.

III, 7. gefandelt, strewn with sand, that is, to dry the ink, and as a sign that the question is disposed of. 8. lettes, final, implying an unswerving demand.

Page 67. Gebet eines Burttembergers.

Date, April 18, 1817. This solemn appeal was written during the struggle above described. It assumes that the purpose of the king is generous, but that the voice of the people cannot reach him on account of the ministers who stand between him and the popular will.

Translated by Sandars.

Page 67. Machruf.

Date, June 7, 8, 1817. This poem was addressed to the representatives of the people after the dissolution of the assembly by the king, June 4. It is a lofty utterance when it is considered that it was published in a monarchy, and asserted proudly that the liberty

of the human soul stands above, and is independent of the will of any human sovereign; favor may flow from the throne, but justice is an inherent, universal treasure.

The constitution rests upon a compact between prince and people; it alone binds the people to the throne; princely birth alone does not give a claim to obedience, but allegiance is sworn only when the sovereign has first done homage to the law.

The battle has been fought for such truth, and has not been lost. No crown has been entwined for the warriors in this conflict, such as victory weaves for the successful, but, like a standard-bearer, who, wounded and bleeding, has preserved his banner in the fight, so should the people's representatives, though injured, look courageously and proudly up to the right which they have defended. Heralds may not proclaim it to the nations with trumpet peal, but such heroism will take root everywhere in German soil.

I, 4. tranten, the idea is, no prince alone can slake the people's thirst for liberty.

III, 1. Bertrag. The reference is to the Tübingen Treaty of 1514, and other compacts between the sovereigns and people.

V. 5. Beisheit, expediency, temporary prudential considerations. 6. Bolifaptt, an apparent prosperity, such as that which has sprung from reforms in administration introduced by the king. Translated by Sandars.

Page 69. Prolog ju bem Trauerspiel "Ernft, Berjog von Schwaben."

Date, Oct. 27, 1819. Published in the Morgenblatt of Nov. 2 of the same year, and in Gedichte, 1820. The subject of Uhland's drama was the story of Duke Ernst II, the step-son of the Emperor Konrad, the hero of the Volksbuch, Herzog Ernst, which in in its earlier, Low German form, dates back to the middle of the eleventh century. The chivalric spirit and the misfortunes of this young prince won the popular sympathy. The friendship of Duke Ernst and his companion Werner became the subject of songs and proverbs.

Having been injured in his ancestral rights by the Emperor, he rose against him, was declared under the ban of the empire, and perished after numerous heroic adventures. The drama commemorates the noble friendship of Duke Ernst and Werner. The play was performed to celebrate the adoption of the constitution in Würtemberg after a struggle of four years.

Uhland interprets his drama as illustrating the recent history of his country. Freedom and law must co-exist; patriots had been branded as traitors and sought refuge in foreign lands.

While the best strength of the land is thus consumed, arbitrary power and its accompaniment, cowardice and vassal-service, flourish, but with law, order, freedom and justice, those who have stood aloof participate in all the duties of citizens and are loyal to the throne. The rights of prince and people are one. From the troubled present men seek refuge in the serene domain of art. The drama recalls noble, heroic poems, and the poet's dreams give hope of a better future. This poem was added to the Vaterländische Lieder in the third edition of Uhland's works (1826).

Translated by Skeat.

Sinngedichte.

Page 72. Diftichen.

Die Botter Des Altertums. - Date, Jan. 24, 1814. Ge-dichte, 1815.

Xells Blatte. - Date, Jan. 25, 1810. Poetischer Almanach, 1812, and Gedichte, 1815. Tell's Platte is the ledge on the east side of the lake of Lucerne, upon which William Tell, the traditional hero of Swiss liberty, sprang from the boat of Gessler, as he was being conducted a prisoner to the governor's castle in Küssnacht. A chapel which was built on the shore of the lake to commemorate this event contains frescoes illustrating scenes in the life of Tell. The legendary date of Tell's death is 1354. The chapel is said to have been erected in 1388. A second chapel stands near Küssnacht on the spot where he shot Gessler. Uhland visited this portion of Switzerland in the late autumn of 1806 with his friends Jäger, Hochstetter and Kind. He was attracted thither again by his interest in this legend, in the summer of 1859. A toast found among Uhland's papers, which he delivered, or possibly wrote to deliver, at the Schiller festival in Stuttgart, Nov. 10, 1859, unites the names of Schiller and Tell. "Aber Eines gehort hieber; gemiß ift, daß ein Schiller gelebt hat; er lebt noch und mit ihm lebt ein Tell; fie find ungertrennlich verbunden, der Denter und Dichter, der Beld der Freiheit; fie leben hoch!" - Witwe, pp. 25, 461, 463.

Die Ruinen. - Date, Jan. 18, 1810. Poetischer Almanach, 1812, and Gedichte, 1815.

Mutter und Rind. - Date, Nov. 29, 1807. Gedichte, 1815.

Translated by Furness.

Amors Pfeil. - Date, Sept. 14, 1810. Poetischer Almanach, 1812, and in Gedichte, 1815.

Die Rosen. - Date, Jan. 23, 1810. Published as above.

Page 73. Untwort.

Date, March 26, 1808. Gedichte, 1815. Sent to Uhland's friend Mayer, April 28. See Ludwig Uhland, seine Freunde und Zeitgenossen, Vol. I, pp. 82-84.

Page 74. Die Schlummernbe.

Date, Nov. 22, 1807. Published anonymously in the Morgenblatt of Dec. 29, 1807, and again in the same journal Oct. 19, 1815, also in Gedichte, 1815.

Page 74. Greifenworte.

Date, Nov. 7, 1807. Published anonymously in the Morgenblatt of Dec. 29, 1807, and in Gedichte, 1815. Uhland states in a letter to Mayer (p. 15), that the "Greisenworte" belong properly to a drama which he had recently sketched. Letter of Nov. 15.

Page 74. Auf ben Tob eines Landgeiftlichen.

Date, May 23, 1813. Published first in the Frauentaschenbuch, 1815, and in Gedichte, 1815. Written in memory of Uhland's uncle, after returning from the burial, and sent to his mother in October following. Uhland's poem Auf der Ueberfahrt also commemorates this uncle. See Witwe, p. 88.

Translated by K. F. Kroeker, W. W. Story.

Page 75. Radiruf.

Date of No. 1, June 1; No. 3, June 3; No. 5, after Aug. 29, 1831. Nos. 2 and 4 were written in the beginning of June, 1831. The first four were published in the fifth edition (1831) of Uhland's poems, and No. 5 in the sixth edition (1833). Uhland's grief for his mother found expression a few moments after her death in the first poem. See Notter, p. 224; Werner, p. 405. The poems which immediately followed were probably written in connection with that event.

Nos. 1, 2 and 5 translated by Furness.

Page 76. Auf den Tob eines Rinbes.

Date, 1859. Gedichte, 1863. With the exception of Morgens, the latest poem of Uhland included in his collected works. These lines were suggested by the death of Ernst, the little son of Uhland's nephew, Ludwig Mayer, to whom they were sent in a letter of June 18, 1859. See Witwe, p. 460.

Translated by Finlayson.

Page 76. 3n ein Stammbuch.

Date, 1825. Gedichte, 1826. It is perhaps not possible to say what was the exact occasion of this poem. Uthland felt and expressed in several poems the apparent defeat which sometimes comes to life, while the glorious vision which inspired it remains. The dream surpasses its realization. The illusion has a truer existence than the mere facts of experience. He who has attained the absolute truth has ceased to live. Skeat translates Gedankenwell (1.4), "the ideal world," and line 13, "Imagination soars beyond the fact." See his translation, also that of Sandars. The poem is more abstruse than most of the author's.

Page 77. Auf Bilbelm Bauffs frubes Binfcheiben.

Date, between Nov. 18 and Dec. 5. Morgenblatt, Dec. 5, and Gedichte, 1829. Wilhelm Hauff (1802-27), a gifted poet and novelist of graceful and exuberant fancy, resided in Tübingen in his youth, and studied at the University (1820-24), where he enjoyed the esteem of Uhland. He wrote numerous books in rapid succession, Märchen, Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan, etc. His novel of Lichtenstein (1826) and Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller (1827) have been a source of delight to all readers. He died as editor of the Morgenblatt, Nov. 18, 1827, when his life was full of promise of greater achievements.

Page 76. Edidjal.

Date, Sept. 19, 1810. Gedichte, 1815.

Page 79. Totelgefühl..

Date, Nov. 23, 1810. Published first in the Poetischer Almanach (1812), and in Gedichte, 1815.

Page 79. Der Blumenftrauf.

Date, Aug. 28, 1811. Published first in the Jahrbüchlein, 1815, and in Gedichte, 1815.

Page 80. Berichlag.

Date, March 1, 1811. Published under the title of "Zaulch" in the Süd-Deutsche Miscellen, 1811, March 23; Gedichte, 1815.

Page 81. Ratharina.

Date, Jan. 27-29, 1819. Published first anonymously in the Morgenblatt for Feb. 5, 1819, and in Gedickie, 1820. Queen Katharina Paulowna, in whose memory this poem was written,

was a Russian grand duchess, the sister of the Emperor Alexander. After the death of her first husband, Prince Peter of Holstein-Oldenburg, she married the Crown Prince Wilhelm of Würtemberg. The years 1816 and 1817 were years of famine and sore distress in the kingdom. Scanty harvests had preceded. Owing to the storms of the early spring and the snows of autumn, the harvest failed. There was no food for man or beast. The poor sought to sustain life by eating cooked roots and grasses. But limited relief was possible before the harvest of the following year. The court and government made heroic sacrifices in order to secure grain from foreign countries. Amid all the distress, the queen was most tender in her ministrations to the suffering. Through her influence, charitable societies were formed, and all classes united for the permanent relief of the poor. She died ere the consequences of the national calamity were fully removed (Jan. 9, 1819). Her daughter, Princess Sophie, became the beloved queen of the Netherlands, the friend of scholars and the patron of art.

Uhland, whose political attitude at the time made him an opponent of the government, could not refrain from offering a tribute to the ruler whom all loved. In a letter to his parents dated Feb. 5, he wrote: "I enclose to you, dear parents, a poem which I have written upon the queen's death. I believed that it was more suitable to publish it without my name. But I make no secret that I am its author, which might be easily guessed." Some months later, when Uhland presented an address to the king on behalf of the Parliament, the king expressed to him his indebtedness for the poem. Uhland answered that it expressed his deepest emotions. The king thereupon said that while they might differ in opinions, he hoped they would not differ in feeling. Witwe, pp. 152, 158.

Dramatische Dichtungen.

Page 83. Mus "Chilbeis."

Lied der zwei Banderer. — Uhland and his friend Kerner were interested early in the folk-book of König Eginhart, a legendary king of Bohemia, who was fabled to have carried away the daughter of the emperor, Otto I, from a convent, extracts from which are found in Uhland's memorandum book, under the dates, May 5th and 6th, 1809. Kerner was stimulated by it to write, Das Nachspiel der ersten Schattenreihe oder König Eginhard, ein chinesisches Schattenspiel, and Uhland wrote a sketch of a drama in prose, called Die Entführung (1808).

On July 26, 1809, he sent to Kerner a version of his dramatic fragment in verse entitled Schildeis, dramatisches Mährchen in acht Scenen. Later he revised the poetic version, giving it the form in which it was printed in the Poetischer Almanach (1812), one scene of which was included in his Dramatische Dichtungen, Gedichte, 1815. The last two stanzas of the present poem were printed first in Gedichte, 1834. See Keller, Uhland als Dramatiker, pp. 120-191, and Notter, pp. 80-84; 93-103. The first part of this poem was based upon a folk-song, Dannenbaum, Des Knaben Wunderhorn, II, 501:

D Tannenbaum, D Tannenbaum! Du bift ein ebles Reis. Du grüneft in bem Binter, Als wie gur Commerszeit!

Barum follt' ich nit grunen, Da ich noch grunen tann? Ich hab tein Bater, tein Mutter, Der mich versorgen tann.

In Büsching and von der Hagen's Sammlung deutscher Volkslieder (1807), the poem is given as a Silesian Mountain Shepherd's Song, No. 42. Certain lines of it are contained in Uhland's Volkslieder, No. 151:

D tanne! bu bift ein ebler zweig, bu grüneft winter und bie liebe fommerzeit.

Wenn alle beume burre fein jo gruneft bu, ebles tannenbeumelein!

also in Clemens Brentano's Ges. Schriften, II, 103 (1852). Compare the first stanza of Longfellow's The Hemlock Tree.

> O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! How faithful are thy branches! Green not alone in summer time, But in the winter's frost and rime! O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! How faithful are thy branches!

Page 84. Mus "Rormannifcher Brauch."

Das Lied vom Mägdlein und vom Ring. - Gedichte, 1815. Uhland began a drama based upon the old Norman custom of requiring the guest to pay for his entertainment by narrating some adventure, on June 15, 1814, which was executed on Feb. 14th and 15th, 1815. See the Diz dou Soucretain de Cluny, by Jehan li Chapelain, quoted by Keller, p. 311.

"Usages est en Normandie, Que qui herbergiez est qu'il die Fable ou chançon die à l'oste. Ceste costume pas n'en oste Sire Jehans li Chapelains."

A Norman Viking, Balder by name, sought refuge in a storm upon an island on the coast of Normandy. His host demanded a present in return for his hospitality, and when Balder told him that his ship was laden with precious goods from the Mediterranean and armor from the North, he was told that a story or a song was required from the guest, who came from the land of his fathers. Balder thereupon related how the son and daughter of two mighty northern counts who had suffered common peril in battle and upon the deep, were betrothed, the boy in youth when he was receiving his first training in arms, and the maiden while still in her cradle. Through the heedlessness of the women in care of the girl, a boat in which she had been placed was borne away by the waves. The young hero sought in vain to ride with his steed into the ocean and rescue her. Ships which were sent in search traversed the sea in vain, and terrible storms arose. At last they returned bringing the empty bark, and all hope of rescuing the little bride was abandoned. The youth became a sea-rover wedded to the sea in which his bride wearing her ring had perished. His boat was splendid, like a wedding ship. He won great sea-fights, and was called the "Bridegroom of the Ocean." Richard the fisher, who had listened to the story, had once known heroic tales of Norman dukes and heroes, but now his memory was weak and confused, and he begged his foster daughter Thorilde to sing the "Song of the Maiden and the Ring." The weird song touched Balder's heart; he recognized the maiden with golden locks, by the ring which she wore, as his lost bride, and his wedding boat

Translated by W. C Bryant A Northern Legend, Dexter and

Sandars.

Balladen und Romanzen.

Page 85. Entfagung.

Written on the 18 and 19 of February, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. A harper returned to the castle which was once his home, to see whether the princess, his early playmate, retained the remembrance of the friendship of their childhood. He saw the brilliantly lighted castle which he might not enter, for he must leave before the dawning of the morning.

The scene of the poem is suggested in the first stanza.

I, 1. entwandeln = hinwandeln; line 4 read originally was

mag ihm beidieden fein?

Werner uses this poem to illustrate the transition from an epic to a lyric poem. The situation at the beginning is, in his view, epic, which introduces the lyric, that is, the poetry of feeling and emotion. Lyrik und Lyriker, p. 12.

Translated by W. A. Butler, Martin (" The Farewell").

Page 87. Die Ronne.

Date, Jan. 20, 1805. Published like the preceding. stanza consists of five verses, the first verse having no corresponding rime.

II, 1. Buble, = lover: in a pure sense, as often in the popular

III, 2. Mariabild, a foreign form. 3. lichtem Scheine, contrasts the brightness encircling the Virgin's head with the pale light of the moon.

(I, 3). mohl. A popular use of this word, frequent in Uhland's poems, as also in Goethe's. See Der Kranz, I, 3.

Translated by Blackie, Dexter.

Often set to music: among others by Brahms, Mendelssohn, Raff, Otto Nicolai, Dessauer, Walther von Goethe, S. Thalberg.

Page 87. Der Rrang.

Date, Jan. 28, 1805. Published like the preceding.

VI. 1. Lieb, used constantly by Uhland as an uninflected neuter, as in the Minnesinger and in the folk songs.

VII, 2. merten, precious, valued. See Der Rosenkranz, I, 4. Translated by Blackie, Martin, Thackeray.

Page 80. Der Schafer.

Date, Jan. 29, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. Pronounced by Heine the most beautiful of all Uhland's poems.

III, 1. entgegenbot = erwiederte. VI, 1. Lenz was in general use for spring in the 16th cent.: it is now poetic.

Translated by Barber, W. A. Butler.

Set to music by Silcher and Kreutzer.

Page go. Die Batergruft.

Date, June 5 and 7, 1805. Published in connection with the preceding ballads.

I. 3. Beschmeide = Ruftung, as in M. H. G. 4. Chor is usu-

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ally neuter in this sense, but masculine when meaning a chorus of singers.

III, 4. es, originally the genitive.

IV, 4. This line read originally " Und nahm jum Bfühle."

V, 4. mocht', a popular periphrastic form.

The suggestion that Goethe, in his ballad, Der König in Thule, exercised an influence upon Uhland in this poem, must be regarded as very doubtful.

Set to music by Liszt.

Page gr. Die fterbenben Belben.

Date, July 14, 1804. Gedichte, 1815. This is the earliest of all Uhland's poems which he retained. He was reluctant to include this vigorous youthful production in the collected edition of his works, and only yielded to the insistence of his friend Mayer. His severe judgment has, in several cases, omitted poems of much freshness and beauty. See Mayer, Vol. I, p. 48. The original title of the poem was Der Helden Sterbgesang. Uhland became acquainted with the heroic forms of Northern history and mythology through the work of Saxo Grammaticus (1204), which he read in his boyhood with eager interest in the German translation of Müller. The names and the scene of this dramatic poem are borrowed from this work.

His youthful patriotism glorifies death for one's fatherland. Two heroes, father and son, lie dying on the field of battle. The son laments that he is snatched away from his beloved in the vigor of youth and from heroic song. The father answers that he shall be received into Walhalla, the glorious temple of gods and heroes, where he shall banquet with Odhin the All-father, where his beloved, faithful in death, shall reach to him the goblet at the feast. It is true, the father says, that the picture of many heroic deeds will not be emblazoned on his shield; but one deed, death for one's fatherland, will outweigh them all. The heroes die in the midst of victory. A romantic feature is given to the poem in the death of the youth's golden-haired bride, who was wont to watch for him from the tower.

Many German poets participated in the Wars of Liberation, as Fouqué, Eichendorff, Immermann, Seckendorf, and Körner.

I. 3. Bagen, chariots.

II, 1. Rorne, one of the three goddesses of fate, who allot

human destiny.

VI, 5. Rightr were the twelve superior gods of Norse mythology, Odinn, Tyr, Thórr, Freyr, Baldr, Bragi, Héimdalr, Hödr, Hermodr, Váli, Vidr, Forseti, who compose the assumed Pantheon. Translated by Blackie, Brooks, Martin, Mrs. Sarah Helen

Whitman.

Page ge. Der blinbe Rouig.

Date, Aug. 23 and 24, 1804, but rewritten and greatly changed for the first edition of his poems, Dec. 5, 1814. Uhland himself gives the source of the poem in his lectures, Schriften, Bd. VII, p. 213 ff.: 1. 204-205. Chap. on "Waften und Rosse."

The subject was taken from Saxo Grammaticus, Lib. IV, 93-96, like the preceding. The brave Danish king, Wermund, who had become old and blind, was challenged by the king of the Saxons to surrender his realm, since he could no longer administer it, or, should be decline, permit his son to contest with the son of the Saxon king for its possession. King Wermund offered to fight personally with the Saxon king, but the latter refused to contend with a blind adversary. The ambassadors then insisted upon the contest between the sons. Wermund had a son, Uffo, born to him late in life, a silent prince who surpassed all youths of equal age in bodily strength, but had been regarded as lacking intelligence and spirit. The prince begged permission from his father to answer the ambassadors, and offered to fight, not only with the son of the Saxon king, but with the most powerful champion whom he could bring with him. The aged king rejoiced at these words, and could only convince himself that it was his son by touching his limbs and his face. An island in the Eider River had been chosen as the place of combat, in accordance with ancient Norse usage. Skrep, a famous blade, which nothing could withstand, had been buried because the king could not intrust it to his son, and would grant it to no other, was now given to the young prince. The people stood upon the shore; but the king. Wermund, placed himself at the end of the bridge so that, in case his son fell, he could throw himself into the river, and awaited anxiously the result. Uffo distrusted his sword because it was rusted and weak, and received the blows of the Saxons on his shield at first. He delayed to strike until he had separated his two adversaries, and then, with one blow, severed the body of the Saxon champion, and afterward slew the Saxon prince. The king recognized the sound of his ancient blade, and rejoiced. The original form of this poem is given by Eichholtz, Quellenstudien. p. 17, and by Düntzer, Erl, p. 110, as well as the first printed form. Uhland is fond of beginning a poem by a question, containing a picture of the whole scene, appealing at once to the imagination.

I, 1. ebeln stood for nord'iden, in the earliest form of the poem. 2. Bord = Ufer. 8. Contests upon an island are of frequent mention in mediæval lore, and bore the name holmgang. See Uhland's translation of the old French poem, Viane, where Roland and Oliver fight on an island in the Rhone; also Eichholtz, p. 15; Uhland, Schriften, Bd. IV, p. 378.

III, 3. Sünenschwert, gigantic sword. The word Sune, O. H. G. Hûn, M. H. G. Hiune, Heune, had, as early as the thirteenth century, a transferred meaning of giant, derived from the popular terror of the nations to the East, which invaded the German territory, as the Huns, Avars, Vandals, etc. The term remained in this sense, pre-eminently in Low Germany, where prehistoric graves bear the name of "Huns' graves," Sünengrüber. hunnenhugel, hunehedde, hiunehedde. The word was probably a German tribal name before the invasions from the East.

V, 6. Preis, glory.

VII, 3. Rlang. In popular lore a sword had a particular note or voice. Weapons were often personified, Schriften, 1, 295. Many swords of magic origin, forged in the depths of the earth, are famous in mediæval lore. Such was Balmung, Siegfried's brand, the sword Durandel, and Alteclaire (Haute Claire), used by Oliver in his contest with Roland, and the blade Excalibur in Tennyson's The Passing of Arthur. Charlemagne's swords were Joyeuse and Flamberge. The name Gunild appears in Saxo as the faithful wife of Osmund, who followed him to death. The name does not occur in Uhland's first version of the poem.

The historical existence of Wermund and Uffo is proved, but their date is uncertain, and Uffo's later heroic deeds were unrecorded, but believed by Saxo to be illustrious. The character of Gunild is the creation of the poet. See Uhland, Schriften, VII, pp. 213-217.

Translated by Barber, Blackie, Brooks, Sir Theodore Martin, Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman.

Page 95. Gretchens Freude.

Date, Sept. 14, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807, and Gedichte, 1815. The poem represents the simple joy of the lowly maiden in her princely lover, whose heart amid all the pride of the tournament beats only for her, who salutes her on his return while receiving the acclamations of the people. It has often been compared with the song of Clärchen in the first act of Goethe's Egmont.

III, 2. truglich = trogig.

IV. 2. Dant = Siegespreis, prize of victory. This sense of Dant is very common in the language of later chivalry.

VII, 4. ich bring dir's ein, my love shall be your return. IX, 2. lofer, free.

Page 97. Das Colof am Meere.

Date, Nov. 4 and 5, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807, and Gedichte, 1815. The poem is in dialogue form. Two travellers meet, and question each other concerning the castle. One has seen it in the glow of the evening light and in the brightness of hope, the other when enveloped in mist, suggesting woe. The metre, which is iambic, is varied by the introduction of anapests and trochees. Trochees appear in I, 3; IV, 2 and 4; VI, 1; VII, 1, 3, and 4; VIII, 2. Variants: I, 3, gülben for golben; VI, 4, gülbnen for golbnen; VII, 2, light for jößne; VII, 4, gülbnen for golbnen. Vallen, IV, 3, and vallen, V, 3, are not intended to present a difference of meaning.

Translated by Longfellow, Aytoun, Martin, Sandars.

Set to music by Raff and Kreutzer.

Page 98. Bom treuen Balther.

Date, Dec. 9 and 16, 1805. Musenalmanach, 1807, and Gedichte, 1815. Few poems of Uhland have a more subtle dramatic interest than this. The irrevocableness of lost love is the theme.

I, 3. Rapelle. Chapels dedicated to the Virgin became very numerous during, and subsequent to, the Crusades, when Mary became the type of ideal womanhood. The Lady Chapels in the English cathedrals date from this time.

3. gar formerly stood before the preposition, and not as now before the adjective, D.

5. traut = innig geliebt, my heart's love, a familiar word in the folk-aongs.

II, 2. weiland, formerly, M. H. G. wilent; really a dative

plural, O. H. G. hwîlôm, É. whilom.

III, 6 and 7. Notice the use of an with the acc. with foliagt, and with the dat. with flopft.

V, 1. fromme, the maid is called so from her penitence.

Translated by Sandars.

Page 100. Der Bilger.

Date, Jan. 30, 1806. Musenalmanach, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. The city which the pilgrim seeks is that of ideal and mystic blessedness on earth. See Whittier's poem of Norembega, where the weary explorer fancies that he sees the domes and spires of the wonderful city:

"Yet onward still to eye and ear The baffling marvel calls; I fain would look before I die On Norembega's walls.

No builded wonder of these land My weary eye shall see; A city never made with hands Alone awaiteth me." Poetical Works, Vol. II., 507 (1875). I, 2. jur, the definite article is often used for the indefinite

in the introduction to poems.

II, 2. umfahn = umfangen. fahen, the unnasalized form of fangen, common in Luther, was long retained in dialect, and, with a popular or archaic tinge, even in the present century in Schiller, Platen, Rückert, and others,

III, 2. durchblüht, lends a glow to.

IV, 1. trunten, absorbed, the survival of a participial.

V, 2. Flammenqual, glowing torture.

VII, 2. weichen, tender, sensitive.

VIII, 1. er = der Traum.

Translated by Barber, Brooks.

Page 101. Abichieb.

Date, May 15, 1806. Musenalmanach, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. Uhland, whose life was passed in a university town, was famillar, both as a student and a professor, with the beautiful custom of German student life, to escort a comrade who had finished his studies, a certain distance on his journey. For similar poems see the Kommersbuch, 31st ed., Nos. 125 (Lied eines absiehenden Burschen, G. Schwab), 198, 210, 234, 249, 350-352. Numerous touches throughout this poem are in the genuine spirit of the Volkslied.

I, S. Burin. See the full form below (V, 2), a name applied to a student in the Middle Ages, who received a purse or stipend, bursa, or was a member of an endowed hall or charitable founda-

tion which was also called bursa.

III, 2. lieb Bruder mein = mein lieber Bruder. The uninflected adjective and the genitive possessive of the pronoun, placed as in early German after its noun, are very common in the folksongs. 3. The departing student can banish only for a moment, while the parting toasts are drunk, the pain of separation from his love.

IV, 4. Gelbreiglein, yellow violets. The word is a double diminutive from the Lat. viola, M. H. G. viol, vei[h]el. Beigelein and Beielein are favorite German forms for the common Beilden. The form is ridiculed by Heine in his Schwaben-spiegel, Werke, XIV, 89, 91, etc. The first syllable is here metrically short, Gelbreiglein; in line IX, 2, the first and last syllables are accented. The verse is iambic tetrameter, the first couplet ending in a monosyllabic (masculine) rime; the second has three accented syllables and a hypermeter syllable, and ends in a dissyllabic (feminine) rime.

In the Kommersbuch this poem is set to a folk-melody; it has also been set to music by Kreutzer and Loewe.

Translated by?

Page 103. Des Anaben Tob.

Date, June 1, 1806. Published in *Tröst Einsamkeit*, May 28, 1808. *Gedichte*, 1815. In Nov., 1807, abridged. The earlier form has not been preserved.

Page 104. Der Traum.

Date, Oct. 28-29, 1806. Tröst Einsamkeit, May 28, 1807.

I, 3. 300, the feminine numeral corresponding to the old masculine 300cm.

4. in with the acc., as often in M. H. G.

Translated by Aytoun, Martin. Set to music by Schumann and Kreutzer.

Page 104. Der ichmarge Ritter.

Date, Sept. 1 and 2, 1806. Musenalmanach, 1807. Gedichte, 1815. The conception of Death as a knight in black armor entering halls of merriment, was not unfamiliar in the popular ballads of other nations. The paintings and frescoes illustrating the Dance of Death, danse macabre, which originated in the 14th century and were placed on the walls of cloisters and churches, may not only have sprung from this conception but have intensified it. Uhland represents Death's weird and chilling approach: the sky grows dark, the earth trembles at his presence. As he draws near, the flowers wither and fall. The familiar modern Greek poem of Demos has a similar imagery. The romantic element always enters into Uhland's poems. It is not the mere depiction of the grim powers of fate, but love and life, youth and age, courage and beauty, are introduced to make the contrast complete. The king, who has rejoiced over the victory of his son and the defeat of his rivals, has to bow before a mightier monarch.

I, 1. Hingsten, an old dative plural, = an or su den Hingsteietragen, from the Greek pentecoste, the fiftieth day after Easter. The word was used first in the acc., and then as a feminine or neuter noun in the nom. sing. An introductory word es is understood. 5. Hofburg, the place where the court of a prince was established; in Vienna, the Emperor's palace. 6. His ing, symbolic; the tournament with brilliant knights and ladies.

III, 1. Gitter, the lists, bars. The space for the single com-

bats was enclosed to prevent the rush of spectators or the withdrawal or flight of one of the combatants. 3. Zeichen, crest, or arms borne upon the shield. 4. wurde ich es sagen = sollte ich es Ihnen sagen.

V, 3. manit, sways, an effective word as here used.

VIII, 3. genesen, brings weal. The word had originally the idea of a victorious return from danger; then recovery, return to health.

Translated by Longfellow, Sandars.

Page 107. Die brei Lieber.

Written Nov. 10, 1807. Tröst Einsamkeit, May 18, 1808. The duty of the nearest kinsman to avenge an injury, blood revenge, existed not only among the Germanic nations, but among the Greeks. In Iceland and in Sparta it has prevailed until the present century. This poem is a free invention of the poet.

I, 1. Sifrid, the Norse form of Siegfried. It is used here as

an iambus, and in V, 3 as a trochee.

II, 4. aber, again. The last line forms a refrain.

V, 3. fei'm, a contraction such as often occurs in the Volkslieder.

IV, 3. mohl. See the first line of *Der Wirtin Töchterlein*. Uhland wrote to Mayer, in a letter of Nov. 15, 1807, transmitting this ballad, "It arose in an evening walk, when the moon, veiling itself from time to time in dark clouds, stood above our castle. The grewsome words (of the refrain) belong to a recently sketched drama" (Mayer, I 14).

Set to music by Loewe and Schumann.

Page 108. Des Golbichmieds Tochterlein.

Date, Jan. 28, 1809. Pantheon, II (1810). Gedichte, 1815. This poem was one of several enclosed in a letter to Mayer, Jan. 29, 1809. Uhland sent two forms of the poem, a longer and a shorter, requesting Mayer to give his opinion of their merits. In the longer, the goldsmith made also a necklace for the bride. Uhland recognized that this involved a repetition of incident, and chose to retain the shorter form. Occasionally there are felicities in the longer poem which have been lost in the more exact statement of the shorter. There is a simplicity more cor-responding to the tone of the Volkslied in certain parts of the original. The maiden's speech when she donned the necklace is of this character (IV):

> "Ach wunberselig ift bie Braut, Die foldes tragen foll. Ach ftedte mir ber Ritter traut Rur an bie Bruft ein Blumlein, Bie mar' ich freubenvoll."

See Mayer, Ludwig Uhland, I, 116-118.

Steudener, Zur Beurtheilung von L. Uhlands Dichtungen, p. 6, calls attention to a Volkslied in Uhland's collection which suggests certain stanzas of the present poem:

"Ad golbidmib, lieber golbidmib mein, mad mir von golb ein ringelein! Rad mir von golb ein ringelein! es gehört der herzallerliebsten mein.

Und ba bas ringlein war bereit, groß arbeit war baran geleit (gelegt)."

Alte hock- and niederdeutsche Volkslieder, Bd. I, 48, Nr. 15 A. The first stanza read in the original:

"Ein Goldschmieb war in einer Stadt, Der fast' viel ebler Stein'. Das reichfte Aleinob, bas er hatt', Das war bie jung' belen, Sein theures Löchterlein."

Translated by Brooks, Sandars. Set to music by Loewe.

Page IIo. Der Birtin Tochterlein.

Date, Dec. 24, 1809, published first in the *Deutscher Dichterwald*, 1813, signed "Volker." *Gedichte*, 1815. A folk-song has been held to be the basis of this poem, beginning:

Gs tamen brei Diebe aus Morgenland, Die geben fich für drei Grafen aus, Sie tamen vor des Frau Wirthin haus;

The three strangers here contend for the possession of the maiden, the first of whom claimed to have given her a betrothal ring, the second to have pledged her in a glass of wine. She was slain and divided between them, Intognito, Des Knaben Wunderhorn, II, 34 (1876, 2te Aufl.). See Simrock, Volkslieder, No. 32. Boxberger, in the AfLg., Bd. XI, communicates from the Nachlass of Achim von Arnim, one of the original collectors of the poems, in Des Knaben Wunderhorn, two similar Volkslieder, with a refrain, the first beginning:

Marfdierer brey Solbaten wohl über ben Rhein, Bohl über ben Rhein. Sie lehrten ben einer Frau Birthin ein, Bielleich um und um, Bielleich um und um, Bielleich um und um, Bielleicht bo babara. Frau Wirthin habt ihr gut Bier und auch Bein, So ichentet uns braben Solbaten frijo ein, etc.

The second began:

Es reisen brey Burice wohl über ben Rhein, Schnapp auf! Sie kehrten bei einer Frau Birthin wohl ein, Schnapp auf unb schnapp nieber, Sauf aus und klopf wieber, Sauf aus und klopf wieber,

The coarse soldier's song is transformed by Uhland so as to show the power of innocence and beauty in death to awe and even exalt. Constancy extending beyond the grave thus became the motive of the poem, which is one of the most touching of all Uhland's poems.

1. Buride or Buriden. 3. Sie, the use of the third person in address for the second; gut in prose would be inflected to agree with both Bier and Bein. 5. ift, the use of the singular verb with two singular subjects.

A rhymed couplet with four accented syllables is a favorite verse in the folk-songs:

"Es flohen brei Sterne wohl über ben Rhein."
— Wunderhorn, II, 43.

Eichholtz, p. 105; Mittler, Hessische Volkslieder, No. 121. A poem similar to Uhland's, and probably based upon it, appeared in the Wunderhorn, 2d ed., and in Simrock's Volkslieder, No. 32:

Es reiten brei Reiter mohl über ben Rhein, Bei einer Frau Birthin, ba tehrten fie ein.

Translations by Barber, Dexter, Brooks, W. A. Butler, Martin. Sung to a popular folk-melody, also set to music by Loewe.

Page III. Die Dahberin.

Date, Feb. 9, 1815. Gedichte, 1815. The Nürnberger Correspondent of Nov. 13, 1814, under the title "Das Opfer der Liebe," contained the narrative upon which this poem is based, and Uhland's poem is a poetical version almost exact in content with the original account. The scene took place in Disouguin, a village near Aire, in the former county of Artois. The name of the maiden was Marie Josefe Dalb, who fell exhausted when she heard the words of the landlord, and learned that her exertion was in vain. She lived eleven years in an unconscious state, without the power to move, the only sign of life being a scarcely perceptible token of breathing. The purely pathetic is not necessarily poetic; and it may be questioned here whether the former element does not dominate in this poem, to the expense of the

latter. See Holland, Ueber Uhlands Gedicht, Die Mähderin (1874).

II, 2. stattlich, richly. 4. Mahden, swaths. VI, 1. surder = meiter, an old comparative of fort. Translated by Brooks, Sandars.

Page 113. Sterbeflange.

1. Das Standchen. Date, Oct. 4, 1810. Morgenblatt, Oct. 19. and Gedichte, 1815.

The motive of this poem, the celestial music heard by the

dying, has been used by numerous poets.

Uhland sent to Kerner, June 10, 1809, the sketch of a comedy in one act called *Die Serenade*. When the two students speak of music, Claros says: -

Ia, ich glaube, wenn wir verklärt werden, so geschieht es durch Die Delodie ber himmlifden Chore, und nicht umfonft fagt man, daß die dem Tobe nahen öfters felige Rufit horen, denn das ift ihr übergang in das Geifterreich."

Keller, Uhland als Dramatiker, p. 477, Notter, p. 86.

Translated by Aytoun, Blackie, Brooks, Dexter, Martin, W.

W. Story.

More than one hundred musical compositions have been printed

based on this poem, among others by Loewe, Spohr, H. Proch, J. Brill, J. Dessauer, C. Eckert, F. Hiller, F. W. Jähns.

2. Die Orgel. 3. Die Droffel. June 14 and 15, 1834. Published first in the eighth edition of Uhland's Poems, 1835.

Translated by Brooks, Sandars.

Page 114. Der Leitftern.

Date, Nov. 27-28, 1809. Jahrbüchlein, 1815. Gedichte, 1815. Sent by Uhland, through his friend Mayer, to Rosa Varn-

hagen, in Hamburg, Feb. 17, 1810. Mayer, I, 148.

I, 1. der relates to er in the third line. Its position at the beginning of a verse, occurs in Goethe and is not infrequent in Uhland 2. fremden is contrasted with eignen in the fourth line, and leichte with ichmer.

Translated by Skeat.

Page 116. Des Cangers Bieberfehr.

Date, Feb. 3, 1810. Poetischer Almanach, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. Several of Uhland's poems are tributes to the immortality of song and the poet's influence. The past lives only in his verse.

IV, 1. Monden = Monate, a weak plural. Translated by Brooks, Furness.

Page 116. Das Ochifflein.

Date, Jan. 28, 1810. Published first in the *Pantheon*, Bd. III, r (1810). Uhland, in a journey the same year, upon the Rhine, from Mainz to Koblenz, witnessed an incident similar to that described in this poem.

"Ein unbekannter Reisegenoffe blies das Posthorn zwar ziemlich schie Tone verklärten sich im Wiederhall; da zog ein anderer eine Flote hervor und dann stimmte die Gesellschaft mit Besang ein. Ein sonderbares Zusammentressen mit meinem Liede."

Diary of May 15, 1810. Witwe, p. 60.

III, 2. Stift = Zwinge, ferrule; Habe, U. G. for Griff, handle.

Set to music by Loewe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Kreutzer.

Page 118. Gangers Borübergiehn.

Date, Feb. 3, 1810. Poetischer Almanach, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. The most successful of Uhland's poems of sentiment are those in which the thought is only suggested, and left to the imagination of the reader. It is apparently unconscious, but at the same time the highest art. The hearer is won into the mood of the poem, as in the case of a mysterious landscape which throws its spell over the beholder.

II, 2. mer = einer der.

Translated by Blackie ("Dream or Reality").

Page 118. Der Traum.

Date, Nov. 28, 1811. Die Musen, Part Third, 1812, and in Gedichte, 1815. In popular lore in Germany kindly spirits, the elves, the nixes, or the dwarfs, bless some locality with their presence. If offended, these gentle beings forsake their home, and those whom they have blessed prosper no more.

II, 4. Herge, ferryman. The O. H. G. word, ferjo, M. H. G. verge, which survived in the 17th cent., has been revived in late poetical language.

Translated by Barber, Brooks.

Page 120. Der gute Ramerad.

Date, Sept., 1809. A poem in the genuine spirit of the Volkslied, the conciseness, vividness, and quaint forms of which it

preserves. The melody to which it is sung has contributed much to make it popular.

I, 2. nit, a popular form for nicht.

III, 3. In the midst of the fight duty calls the soldier, and he cannot stop to reach his hand to his dying comrade. There is no harshness here, as some editors have held, only loyalty to duty. Higher interests even than those of affection demand that he shall not waver in the moment of peril.

II, 10. A popular equivalent of the classical animae dimidum mea.

III. 1. will, sc. id. 2. derweil = während. 3. fann, sc. id. Eichholtz thinks that he finds the source of this poem in a Volkslied given in Des Knaben Wunderhorn for 1806, Rewelge. The two stanzas run as follows:—

Ach Bruber bin ich jest geschoffen. Die Rugel bar mich schwer getroffen, Erag mich in mein Quartier, Es ift nicht weit von hier.

Ach Bruber ich tann bich nicht tragen, Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen, Ich muß marschieren in Tob.

Translated by Sandars, Skeat.

Set to music by Kreutzer and others, also sung to a popular melody. It is also sung to the music of Holtei's Mantellied (, Schier breißig Jahre bift du alt"), which has revived a popular strain of the 16th century.

Page 120. Der Rofentranj.

Date, July 27, 1810. Poetischer Almanach, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. The poet places in contrast the bright scene of the tournament, with young knights eager for recognition, and the veteran crusader, who has grown gray in conflict, returning weary to his home. His heart had once bounded with like ardor in combats of knightly valor; even now he would willingly join in the contest, but his limbs fail him. A hitherto unknown vision of love comes to him in the fair young queen of the contest. His life ends with the death of hope. There is no reason to suppose that the sixth stanza relates to Uhland himself.

VI, 6. The queen of the tournament is often represented crowned with flowers.

X, 7. e8 relates to the act of crowning the veteran hero.

Page 123. Der Sieger.

Date, June 1, 1809. Poetischer Almanach, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. The knight, conscious that the gaze of the queen of the tournament rests upon him, is irresistible. Holland quotes a passage from Uhland's dramatic fragment, Schildeis, which contains substantially this scene:

Eginharb. "Gebenift bu bes Turniers zu Regensburg? Der Baiernherzog gab es.

Dietmalb.

Dia : wie fagen Die fconen Damen rings auf bem Geruft!

Eginharb.

Die anbern waren Laub mir, Abelheit Die Rofe.

Dietwalb. Abelheit, bes Raifers Tochter?

Eginhard.

Bie ich aufblidte, traun es wollte ba Des herzens Schlag ben Kanger mir burchbrechen, Der Kangen Glut burchbrennen bas Biffer. Ihr ganftes Augenlicht, es war in mir Au Flammen, ihrer Rebe milbes Behn Rum Sturme, fle, ber schöne Watentag, In mir zum braufenben Gewitter worben, Und alles nieberbonnernd, brach ich los."

See Keller, pp. 140-141.

For the metre see the note to the Romanze vom kleinen Däumling. Translated by Blackie.

Page 124. Romange vom fleinen Daumling.

Date, Nov. 30, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. This poem commemorates the achievements of Tom Thumb, the hero of popular stories in various languages. Tales of a similar hero are found in India, Africa, and even among the different tribes of Indians of America. The essence of all these stories seems to be the adventures of a tiny being gifted with prodigious intelligence or valor, who is exposed in the forest by a cruel parent, but who through shrewdness regains his home by following some scattered clew. At the house of the ogree he frees himself by transferring the golden crowns from the heads of the ogre's children to his

own brothers, so that the ogre mistakes and destroys his own children. Sometimes he steals the ogre's seven-mile-boots and escapes with the treasures of his wife. His swiftness and adroitness enable him to win court favor, etc., etc.

The French tale of Perrault, Le petit Poucet, has nothing in common save the name with the popular story. See Lang's

Perraulf's Tales, pp. civ-cxv.

The fame of the miniature hero has traversed all nations with speed equal to his own swift movements in his seven-mile-boots.

The metre is that of the Spanish romances, giving a mock

heroic dignity to the deeds immortalized.

In place of rime we have assonance, the vowel of the even lines corresponding. The Romance languages seek the harmony of the vowel sounds, while less musical languages lay stress upon the consonants. Assonance consists in the correspondence of the vowels of the last accented syllable (Debung) and of the vowels of the following unaccented syllable (Sentung) in recurring lines. The assonance must return at regular intervals in order to strike the ear and be carried on in the mind. Owing to the absence in German of full vowels, a, o, u, in final syllables, and the dominance of the weak vowels, e and i, assonance in less perfect. Assonance appears first in German in the unrimed poems of the Bremer Beitrage. Under the influence of the Romanticists, countless poems having this feature were introduced in translations from the Italian and Spanish, and in romances and dramas modelled after them, In lyric poetry Uhland, Tieck, Rückert, Platen, Wilhelm Müller, and Heine have been prominent in replacing rime with assonance. See Minor Neuhochdeutsche Metrik, pp. 343-349.

Translated by Brooks, Furness.

Page 125. Romanje bom Rejensenten.

Date, Feb. 13, 1815. Gedichte, 1815. A clever sarcasm upon reviewers.

I. 4. Bod von Golz, a wooden hobby-horse.

III, 4. Three classes of writers are mentioned here, the one devoted to mediaval German legends, the sonnetteer with his faint thrumming of romantic love-songs, and he who extols the fervor of the mystic preachers of the Middle Ages. The critic is the enemy of the Romantic school in three of its directions, Eindburm, the dragon slain by Siegfried in the Nibelungenlied and in the folk-books.

IV, 3. Düntzer thinks Wackenröder's "Herzensergiessungen eines kunstliebenden Klosterbruders" (1797) is referred to.

VI, 1. groß bescheiden, with magnanimous humility or self-abnegation.

It is probable that Christian Friedrich Weisser, the editor of the Morgenblatt, an active opponent of the young poets of the Swabian school of Romanticists, is meant pre-eminently in this poem. He had incurred the enmity of these poets, and the Frühlingslied des Rezensenten was also directed against him. See also Dederich, Ludwig Uhland als Dichter und Patriot, p. 26.

Page 126. Der Rauber.

Date, Jan. 20 and 21, 1810. Gedichte, 1820. The power of innocence and beauty to repress the ruthlessness of the robber is here illustrated.

Set to music by Loewe and Kreutzer.

Page 127. Durand.

This poem was completed July 27, 1814, and published in Gedichte, 1815. It was probably based on a statement in Nostradamus' Les vies des plus célèbres et anciens Poètes Provenceaux (1575), as revised and translated into Italian by G. M. Crescimbeni, Commentari intorno alla sua historia della volgare poesia (1704).

The Italian work speaks of Guglielmo Durante of Puimosson in Provence, or, according to others, of Montpellier, one of the most eminent jurists of his time, who loved a lady of the house of the Balbi, with which he was himself connected. He sang many songs in her praise in the Provençal language, for he was a famous poet. He induced an astrologer to cast her horoscope, who declared that a remarkable event would happen at her [supposed] death, but that she would long survive. Many years later she was taken ill, and apparently died upon the third day. When Durante heard of it, he fell dead upon the spot, and was buried on the same day as his beloved Balba. When she had been placed in her grave, signs of life appeared, and she was restored. When she learned of Durante's death, she renounced life and became a nun. Durante died in 1270. Uhland transformed this strange incident, changing slightly the names, and writing a poem in the extreme sentiment of the French songs of the period referred to. The boldness of the incidents is presented with such grace and additional motives as to lend a poetic color to the whole, notwithstanding its improbable features.

Translated by Aytoun, Blackie, Martin, and others.

Page 128. Dante.

This poem was finished July 26, 1814, and published in Gedichte, 1815. Its immediate source is ascribed to a passage in

Bouterwek's Geschichte der italienischen Poesie und Beredsamkeit, Vol. I, p. 61 ff. "Dante was not yet ten years old when he regarded a maiden of about the same age with more than a lad's interest; and this maiden became the muse who inspired his earliest poems, and who was to him afterward, as long as he lived and wrote, the divinity of his thoughts and of his verse. She was called Beatrice, or, by a favorite girl's name, Bice Portinari. On the occasion of a festival which his parents gave to their children on the first day of May, according to a Florentine custom, the little Dante saw the beautiful Bice for the first time. Her influence upon him was like that of an angel of light. Her image stamped itself upon his thoughts with the glory of a being who did not belong to the circle of mortals. When, in his eighteenth year, he heard her voice for the first time, and saw her go past in the full bloom of her charms, and she greeted him in a friendly manner, he was, as he himself said, lifted above all earthly spheres." When the news of her death, in her twentysixth year, came to him, "he wept long and in silence. Had a great loss finally come to him? Never had his Beatrice been more to him than the innocent object of an imagination which idealized, and of a love which made no claims. . . . The conviction that he now loved a real angel could easily reconcile one who soared so gladly to celestial heights, to a destiny which really robbed him of nothing of earth."

Uhland contrasts the two scenes before the gate of Florence, where Dante first saw the pure maiden of his dreams, and again she was borne away with muffled strains to her burial. It is possible that Uhland's poem was based directly on the reading of Dante's Vita Nuova (See Chapters II, III, XXXII).

III, 1; IV, 1. Dante's mother had a dream of a lofty laureltree before his birth, prefiguring the future greatness of her son. The poet thus associates Beatrice with Dante's future fame,

from whom his loftiest inspiration came.

VI, 3. Dante's earliest fame is made coincident with the bloom

of Beatrice's beauty.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, and prefixed to his edition of the *Vita Nuova*.

Page 131. Bertran be Born.

Date, Nov., 1829. Published first in the Morgenblatt for Nov. 26, 1829, and in Gedichte, 1831. Uhland was incited to new poetical activity at this time. The prospect of an appointment as professor in the University of Tübingen gave a new impulse to his powers. This ballad was suggested by reading of Diez'

n und Werke der Troubadours, which was published the year, and which treats of Bertran de Born, pp. 179-233. an de Born was a knight who flourished between 1180-1195, also one of the most famous of the troubadours. He was ably a native of Born in Bourdelois, south of Médoc. He was tless, turbulent knight, fond of strife, and happy only in disnating discord. A revolt of the nobles of Aquitaine against e Richard, son of Henry II. of England, was his work. ard's brother Henry, governor of Anjou, who was beloved nis gentleness, was summoned by the nobles to contend for lordship of Aquitaine. Bertran's fierce poems roused in ry a sense of injury, and stung him to action against his her, the pretext of which was the fortification by Richard ne castle of Clairvau, which belonged to Anjou. King Henry self was obliged to come to Richard's assistance, having King honso of Arragon as his ally. Prince Henry won to his sup-Raymund (Raimund) V. of Toulouse, and King Philip gust of France. Bertran de Born exulted in this conflict, and poems relating to it were full of fierce joy. King Henry laid ge to the castle of Limoges, while Prince (or Duke) Henry s absent, preparing to inflict a severe blow upon his father. e prince suddenly fell ill of a fever in the castle of Martel. led with contrition for the part which he had taken against father, he sent asking forgiveness and that he might see him once. The counsellors of the king feared some plot; but the king drew a ring from his finger, and sent it to the dying prince as a token of forgiveness. The prince pressed it to his lips, confessed his sins, and had himself laid upon ashes to evince his penitence, clothed in a shirt of coarse hair, and with a rope about his neck. Thus he died. His beautiful gifts and sorrow for his loss oppressed no one more than Bertran, who wrote two laments for the dead prince. After the capture of Limoges, Henry attacked Bertran's Castle of Autafort, which was taken by assault after a week's siege.

Bertran, who had been the chief instigator of the struggle, was conducted to the tent of the king, who addressed him harshly: "Bertran, Bertran, you once boasted that you did not require the half of your wits; now, however, you seem to need them all." "Sire," Bertran answered, "it is true that I said this, and I told the truth, but now I no longer possess them." "How so?" asked the king. "Sire, upon the day that your son, the admirable young king, died, I lost wit and consciousness."

"Then the king wept, and pardoned him, and gave him robes and lands and honors, and he lived long, and became a Cistercian monk."

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Dante placed Bertran in one of the lowest circles of hell, because he had incited a son to war with his father. — Inferno, Canto XXVIII, ll. 112-142.

'Bertrand de Born,' says the old Provençal biography, published by Raynouard, Choix de Poésies Originales des Troubadours, V, 76, 'was a chatelain of the bishopric of Périgueux, Viscount of Hautefort, a castle with nearly a thousand retainers. He had a brother, and would have dispossessed him of his inheritance, had it not been for the King of England. He was always at war with all his neighbors, with the Count of Périgueux, and with the Viscount of Limoges, and with his brother Constantine, and with Richard when he was Count of Poitou. He was a good cavalier, and a good warrior, and a good lover, and a good troubadour; and well informed and well spoken; and knew well how to bear good and evil fortune. Whenever he wished, he was master of King Henry of England and of his son; but always desired that father and son should be at war with each other, and one brother with the other. And he always wished that the King of France and the King of England should be at variance; and if there were either peace or truce, straightway he sought and endeavored by his satires to undo the peace, and to show how each was dishonored by it. And he had great advantages and great misfortunes by thus exciting feuds between them. He wrote many satires, but only two songs. . . . And he set his whole heart on fomenting war; and embroiled the father and son of England, until the young king was killed by an arrow in a castle of Bertrand de Born.

'In this notice the old biographer indicates the dominant trait of Bertrand's character very distinctly; it was an unbridled passion for war. He loved it not only as the occasion for exhibiting proofs of valor, for acquiring power and winning glory, but also, and even more, on account of its hazards, on account of the exaltation of courage, and of life which it produced, nay, even for the sake of the tumult, the disorders, and the evils which are accustomed to follow in its train. Bertrand de Born is the ideal of the undisciplined and adventuresome warrior of the Middle Age, rather than that of the chevalier in the proper sense of the term.'—Fauriel, Histoire de la Poésie Provençale, Adler's Trans., p. 483.

He was the author of the spirited war-song, well known to all readers of Trobadour verse, beginning:

"The beautiful spring delights me well, When flowers and leaves are growing; And it pleases my heart to hear the swell Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing

In the echoing wood; And I love to see, all scattered around, Pavilions and tents on the martial ground; And my spirit finds it good, To see, on the level plains beyond Gay knights and steeds comparison'd; "-

and ending with a challenge to Richard Cœur de Lion, telling his minstrel Papial to go:

> "And tell the Lord of 'Yes and No' That peace already too long has been."

Quoted from Longfellow's The Divine Comedy, note to Canto

XXVIII, 1, 134.

II, 2. This feature of the poem, the castle in flames, Uhland took from Diez, who says (p. 160), that Bertran, while his possessions were burning, composed a poem (Sirventes) in which he derided his conquerors.

III, 4. Bentadorn = Ventadour. Eblas V. of Ventadour had

been incited against Henry by Bertran.

IV. Bertran is represented as having touched the heart of the Princess Matilda with the songs which he dedicated to her, and of which she was proud. He sent a minstrel to her wedding to sing of his longing.

Two canzones of Bertran are extant, addressed to Matilda, daughter of King Henry the Second, and the wife of Duke Henry

the Lion.

- V, 8. In the poem Duke Henry dies from an arrow before the castle of Monfort, not from fever in the castle of Martel, as was actually the case.
- VI, 6. The king is represented as in England. The dying prince pressed his friend's hand as a message of penitence to his father.

VII. 4. No power to use lance or lyre was left to him.

See Diez, Leben und Werke der Troubadours, pp. 148-192; Eichholtz, Quellenstudien zu Uhlands Balladen, pp. 43-53; Düntzer, Erl, pp. 168-175.

The poem is written in trochaic tetrameter verse of eight lines, the even lines riming.

Translated by Furness.

Page 133. Der Baller.

Date, Dec. 17, 1829. Published in the Morgenblatt of 1830, No. 2, and in the fifth edition of the poems (Gedichte, 1831). pilgrim seeks wearily forgiveness from shrine to shrine, but his forgiveness must be confirmed by a miracle. Until the iron band which he wears about his body, forged from the sword with which he slew his brother in anger, is broken by a divine act of grace, he must journey onward. At last he reaches the church of the Madonna de Varca, which stands on the promontory of Cape Finisterre, on the north-western coast of Spain. An image of the Virgin is said to have been borne thither miraculously in a boat, whence the name of the church. From it shone a beacon light which

guided mariners in the darkness.

It has been supposed that the source of this poem was found in the Quirinalia, a Latin poem of Metellus of Tegernsee, written about 1069. A similar event is said to have taken place at the grave of St. Quirinus in the church of the former Benedictine Abbey. This poem should be compared with Die verlorene Kirche and the Wallfahrtskirche, which embody similar beautiful representations of the mediæval church. Uhland reverenced the service which this church had done for civilization and humanity, and saw the faith and worship of the Middle Ages in a golden light. The metrical form of the poem is like that of Bertran de Born.

Translated by Brooks.

Page 136. Die Bidaffoabrude.

Date, March 15 and 16, 1834. Published in the Deutscher Musenalmanach for 1835, and in Gedichte, 1835. Don Francisco Espoz y Mina, one of the most brilliant leaders of the numerous guerilla bands which were organized by the Central Junta in Spain in 1809, to resist the French armies under Soult, Ney, and Mortier, became later Captain-General of Navarre, and commander of the Spanish Army of the North. He was born in 1781, in Idozin, a village of Navarre. His active military career extended, with brief intermissions, from 1809 to 1836. He fought against French domination, against absolutism in government, and in behalf of a liberal constitution. During the years in which Wellington fought in the West, Mina was indefatigable in opposing the French in the East. His genius and patriotism and absolute supremacy in his native province caused him to be called the "King of Navarre." When Wellington entered France from Spain in 1814, Mina commanded one division of his army. During the reactionary reign of Ferdinand VII., he lived in exile in France and England. In 1820, when the country rose in revolt against the tyranny of the king, he returned to Spain and assumed command of the movement for the restoration of the Constitution of 1812, and forced the royal troops across the Pyrenees. He resisted the advance of the large army of the Duke of Angoulême

to restore Ferdinand to power in 1823, and fled for safety to England. When the Revolution of July, 1830, broke out, he was again in Spain, fighting, but unsuccessfully, in behalf of the constitutional movement. In 1834 he was placed at the head of the Spanish forces which supported the Regent, Queen Christina, against the Carlists, but sickness and infirmity prevented his bearing an active part in this campaign. He was made Captain-General of Catalonia in October, 1835, but died in Barcelona the following year, Dec. 24, 1836. He is a type of several brilliant chiefs who worked simultaneously for the cause of liberal government in Spain. He was of the greatest personal gallantry. His military movements were made with the greatest celerity, and usually with splendid success. He knew no sentiment of humanity in treating the foreign enemies of his country.

Mina was wounded first in the campaign of 1809. The statement that his wounds broke out afresh is reported in contem-

porary accounts.

The Bidassoa is the small stream separating France from Spain, and flowing into the Bay of Biscay. It has formed one of the most frequent routes of invasion in numerous campaigns.

II, 7. Glend = Die Fremde.

Translated by Brooks, Sandars.

Page 138. Unftern.

Date, June 3 to 6, 1814. Morgenblatt, 1815 (Oct. 17), and Gedichte, 1815. According to Schwab, in his article on Uhland,* this poem upon one habitually unlucky is a humorous satire on the poet himself. It was written a few days after his breach with the Minister of Justice, who refused to accord to Uhland a salaried position in his bureau, such as had been promised. He wrote soon after to Mayer, "It is true that I was not born to be an advocate. I lack especially a talent for acquisition, but it has become my vocation." † All his hopes for a professorship seemed blasted. Repeated applications for government positions where his legal studies might be advantageously employed, had been rejected, and efforts to secure a publisher for a volume of his poems had been fruitless. Under these circumstances he was almost ready to regard himself as a failure. In reference to a gloomy tragedy which Uhland entitled Johannes Parricida, he remarked, "It was with him as it is with me: he was unlucky in

^{*} Kleinere Schriften, p. 34, 1826. † Mayer, Ludwig Uhland, Vol. II, p. 24.

everything." There is evidently a pathos beneath the light mood.

Translated by Brooks.

Page 140. Der Ring.

Date, Jan. 3 and 4, 1811. Poetischer Almanach, 1812. Gedichte, 1815. The loyalty of the betrothed depends upon the fate of the ring which has been given, a familiar theme in the folksongs. Werner regards the poem as suggested by a Lithuanian folksong, Der versunkene Brautring, in Herder's Volkslieder, in which sad forebodings and final realization attach to the loss of the bridegroom's ring. Probably little more than a parallel is here present. Hassenstein compares the Rheinischer Bundesring, Des Knaben Wunderhorn, Vol. 1, p. 395 (2d ed., 1876). Uhland's poem was written in Paris. See Werner, Vjs. Lg., Vol. 1, 510.

Translated by Mary A. Burt.

Page 142. Graf Cherhards Beifdorn.

Written in the Palais Royal, Oct. 13, 1810, while Uhland was pursuing his studies in France. Published in the Poetischer Almanach, 1812, and Gedichte, 1815. Count Eberhard im Bart, the first Duke of Würtemberg (1495), made a journey to the Holy Land in 1468. Tradition says that he brought back with him a thornbranch of the species from which the crown of thorns of Christ was made. He planted the branch in the grounds of the little castle of Einsiedel in the forest of Schönbuch. The twig grew until it became a mighty shrub, indicating by its growth the extension or decline of the ducal house. The little castle of Einsiedel was a favorite resort of Eberhard; and here, in the neighboring cloister of the Blue Monks, he found his final resting place. The castle is still preserved in part; and in the centre of the grounds a stately white thorn-tree is standing, which is said to have sprung from the original tree which was brought from the Holy Land. The castle is situated about two leagues from Tübingen.

The first mention of the thorn-tree is found in Fischart's Gargantua (1575), in chapter 39, where he says: "Like the thorn-

^{*} Notter, pp. 220 and 399. Götzinger calls attention to several similar representations of misfortune, both in prose and verse, as E. T. A. Hoffmann's Märchen Der goldene Topf, and poems by Rückert, Unglück, and by Uhland's friend, Gustav Pfizer, published as a ghasel.

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bush of Duke Eberhard with the Beard in Schönbuch." Crusius says in his Swabian Annals:

"Daselbst ist ein anmüthiges Schlößlein, Stuten=Hauß genannt, und ein hagdorn (Rubus caninus) ber fo groß und ausgebreitet ift, daß er im Umfang 52 Ehlen (Ellen) halt und auf 40 fleineren Saulen ruht, Niemand tann auch deffen Stamm umfaffen."-Annales Suevici (1593).

Uhland's account seems to have rested upon the statement of Zeller. In speaking of the Duke he says:

Bon der Reise nach Jerusalem muß ich noch eine Tradition, beifugen, welche Diejenige ift, daß er einen Dornameig bon ber Gattung darmit Chrifti Crone ift geflochten gewejen, mit fich aus dem gelobten Land gebracht, und in dem Ginfiedel eingestedt habe, daraus hernach derjenige Dornstrauch ermachfen fene, welcher von Beit zu Beit, ein Beiden der Auf= oder Abnahme des Sochfürft= lichen Saufes ift unter ben Leuten gehalten worden; und darvon man noch jeko etwas übriges vorzeiget, nachdem er zuweilen biß auf ein'einiges Zweiglen abgegangen. Ob Diefe uralte Erzehlung und Tradition mahr fene, überlaffe ich anderer ferneren Unterfuchung. Diefes ift gewiß daß ein folder Bagdorn von feinen Beiten an in Ginfiedel in dem Schlögle oder jogenannten Stuten-bauß gemesen ift wie ihne." - Merkwürdigkeiten der Universität und

Stadt Tübingen, p. 268 (1743).

The legend is still cherished among the people, from whom also

Uhland must have heard it.

See Eichholtz, pp. 59-63, also Witwe, p. 73. For Uhland's letter to A. Kaufmann upon the source of the poem, see Herrig's Archiv, Vol. 35, p. 476. Set to music by Loewe.

Page 143. Die Ulme ju Birfau.

Date, 1829 (?). Published first in the Morgenblatt of June 5.

1829, and Gedichte, 1815.

Hirsau was a famous Benedictine cloister founded in 830, in the beautiful valley of the Nagold, which was destroyed by the French troops under Mélac, Sept. 20, 1692. The basilica forming a part of the monastery was the largest church in Swabia next to the cathedral of Ulm. The arches of the choir and aisles, and the two western towers, with the vestibule adorned with statues of the Twelve Apostles, are still preserved.

Kerner thus describes the place:

"In den ausgebrannten Areuzgängen und Gebäuden befinden fich nun Garten. Mitten aus dem Boden der alten Abtei, auf dem Gewölbe des Rellers, schoß eine prächtige Ulme empor, obgleich in der Gegend weit umber tein Ulmbaum zu finden ift. Sie trieb ihre flarlen Afte hoch über die Trümmer hin und fieht da, gleichsam ein Erzeugniß der Krait und Hüle, die eine in diefen Gewölben gedunden lag." — Das Wilddad, p. 70, quoted dy Eichholtz, See also Paulus, p. 38, and see Das Kloster Hirschau in the Rachlaß.

Translated by Dwight, Sandars.

Page 144. Munfterfage.

Date, Nov. 22, 1829; published first in the Morgenblatt, No. 295, Dec. 10, of the same year, and in Gedichte, 1831 (5th ed.). Uhland wrote this poem to express his homage to Goethe, the great master of German song. Goethe's name, together with that of several of his early friends, is carved in the stone of a pillar on the top of the cathedral of Strassburg. To the names of Lavater, Lenz, and Röderer, the date 1776 is affixed. In the interior of the church Goethe's name has also been carved with that of several of his famous contemporaries and friends, as the Counts of Stolberg Herder, Lavater, Lenz, and others, with the same date. Goethe resided in Strassburg from April 2, 1770, to August, 1771, soon after which time he received the degree of doctor. He visited Strassburg again in September, 1779.

The sight of the cathedral was the object of his intense desire;

The sight of the cathedral was the object of his intense desire; and in Dichtung und Wahrheit he describes the impression which it made upon him on the evening of his arrival, and also the effect of the view from the platform of the roof. For other records of his impressions see D. und W. Books, IX, S., 131 (Hempel ed.). He became so inspired with a love of Gothic architecture that he wrote a glowing sketch of the architect, Meister Erwin von Steinbach (+ 1318). See Von deutscher Baukunst (1773). Uhland visited Strassburg first on his return from Paris, Jan. 30, 1811. Uhland connects Goethe's name with this cathedral. There is no evidence that his name was carved there by himself or with his knowledge.

II, 1. Schneden = Schnedentreppe or Wendeltreppe.

VII, 4. The world of beauty in his poems. 3. halb Jahrshundert. Goethe's first works, Götz von Berlichingen and Werther, were published in 1773 and 1774.

Translated by

Page 146. Das Reh.

Date, Paris, Sept. 14. Published in the *Poetischer Almanach*, 1812, and in *Gedichte*, 1815. A poem in the genuine spirit of the *Volkslied*. Compare *Jägerlied*.

Page 146. Der weiße Birich.

Date, Nov. 27, 1811. Gedichte, 1815. A white stag was the rare and often sought booty of the huntsman. At a social gathering Uhland improvised a poem having a like motive, Die fromme Jägerin. A princess who was a devout huntress had forgotten her morning prayers in her ardor for the chase. As she suddenly recalls her omission and bends in prayer over her rifle, she is startled by a stir in the thicket, and the most splendid stag bounds away from her:

"D schwer ist, ihr Lieben, zu jagen zugleich Rach hirschen und Halen und himmlischen Reich: Indes sie da betet aus threm Brevier, Entwischt ihr der herrlichste hirsch im Revier."

Date, about 1854. Notter, pp. 224-225. This poem, with the lively movement of its verse, leaves its didactic import unenforced. The huntsmen are left to reflect at their leisure upon the difference between success in their dreams, and that won by alertness.

For the verse, see Der Wirtin Töchterlein.

Translated by Brooks.

Set to music by Kreutzer.

Page 147. Sarald.

March 10, 1811. Published first in the Dichterwald, 1813, signed "Volker," and in Gedichte, 1815. In a letter to Kerner of June 10, 1809, Uhland suggested that the ballad of The Young Tamlane, recently translated by Professor Conz, would afford excellent material for a drama. On Feb. 6, 1810, he wrote to Mayer that he had finished one act and a scene of Tamlan und Jannet, a dramatic treatment of an old Scottish ballad. The ballad of Tam Lin is contained in Child's The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Vol. II, p. 340, and The Young Tamlane in Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (1802-1803). The young Tam Lin, while returning from the hunt, fell from his horse within the realm of the Queen of Fairies, where he passed under her spell, and abode seven years. Every seven years the fairies had to pay a tribute to the fiends of hell, and Tam Lin feared that he might be the offering. He therefore persuaded his earthly love, Janet, to meet him "at the mirk and midnight hour," when "the fairy folk do ride," and to draw him from his milk-white steed. He would be turned into an esk and an adder, into a grim bear and a lion bold, and at last into a red-hot bar of iron; but if she clung to him through all, he would be

changed again into her own true-love. Thus the fairies were discomfited, and she won her lover.

Uhland wrote for this drama, which remains a fragment, Harald and Die Elfen. King Harald rode with his army into Elfenland; there the elves assail his warriors with roses, and draw them from their steeds and bear them away. The king alone, enveloped in mail through which their magic influence does not pass, escapes their spell, but as he alights to quench his thirst at the fairies' spring, his limbs are benumbed, and he falls under their sway. Centuries long he sleeps, with head drooping upon his breast, but when the tempest sweeps through the forest, he grasps in his dreams for his sword so long unused.

Translated by Barber

Page 149. Merlin ber Bilbe.

Date, Dec. 10-12, 1829. Published first in the Deutscher Musenalmanach, 1831, and in Gedichte, 1831 (5th ed.). Uhland in a letter of March 14, 1856, to the poet, Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, gives as the source of this poem George Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written in the Early Part of the Fourteenth Century, etc., London, 1811, which contains extracts from the Latin and the Old English poems upon Merlin.

Merlin the seer and enchanter belongs to a cycle of Celtic legends, which are common to the Breton, Welsh, and Scottish peoples. He is a mysterious, weird, and prophetic form, and variously represented as the son of a wizard and a nun, of a Roman and a British princess, of a fiend and a virgin. He was born, traditionally, at Carmarthen in Wales, in the fifth century. His prophecies appear in many languages, and he is the subject

of numerous poems and popular proverbs.

Whether there were two Merlins, and the character of the later, the hero of the Welsh romances, Merlin Caledonius or Sylvestris, was developed from the first, Merlin Ambrose, is uncertain. The history of the Caledonian Merlin, the son of Madog Morvryn, is contained in the Vita Merlini, ascribed to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Latin poem of 1528 lines, of the twelfth century. He is here represented as a chief or king of Demetia, whose twin sister, Gwendydd, married Rhydderch (Roderick) Hael, a Cumbrian chief. In a great battle which took place between Perdur, a prince of the Strathclyde Britons, and Gwenddolen, the son of Ceidio, another Cymric ruler, Merlin and Roderick fought on the side of Perdur. Merlin's three brothers were slain in the conflict. He caused them to be buried in the neighboring cemetery of Varia Capella (Falkirk). He passed three nights and three days

3.d.1/nk.

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in lamentation over their graves, when, frenzied with grief, he sought refuge in the Caledonian forest, where he lived in solitude. His sister sent a minstrel to discover his abode. The minstrel sang of the sorrows of Gwendolin, Merlin's wife, and of his sister Gwendydd. The strains of the minstrel softened Merlin's grief, who revealed himself, and consented to return to the court of Rhydderch. Here the gayety of the crowd distracted him, and he attempted to return to his forest life, but his friends detained him. Madness in Celtic lore imparted mysterious power and control over the forces of nature. Merlin's prophetic character and knowledge of hidden things was shown by revealing to the

king secrets respecting the conduct of the queen.

While residing at court, he saw the queen passing through the hall. The king accosted her kindly and embraced her; and seeing a leaf lodged in her hair, removed it. Merlin, who had seen his act, burst into loud laughter, but refused at first to explain the cause of his mirth, unless the king would promise solemnly to set him at liberty. Upon receiving this assurance, Merlin stated that the queen had just returned from a meeting with her lover in an arbor, and that a leaf had clung to her hair. The sight of the king removing so courteously the leaf which bore witness to the queen's frailty seemed to Merlin irresistibly comical. The queen sought to discredit Merlin's prophetic power, and thus regain the confidence of the king. This scene, transferred to the king's daughter, forms an incident in Uhland's poem. Later Merlin returned to the forest, where he became associated with Taliessin, one of the most renowned bards in Welsh song. While bathing in a fountain he was healed of his madness, but refused to return to rule over his people, as they desired, and spent his life in holy retirement in the forest.

The life of Merlin as given by Geoffrey is substantially the

same as that given by Nennius in his Chronicle.

Besides the historic King Arthur, there was a prophet-bard, Myrdhinn, or Merlin, who, after the final struggle of the Northern and Southern Celts, went mad with grief after the fatal battle of Ardderyd. He predicted the resurrection of a national hero, who should rise like the dawn from his retreat, when discord among the British tribes should cease, and a victorious federation be formed. The anticipated hero was identified as King Arthur, and the glory attaching to the mythical restorer of Celtic power became the subject of the legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The elaboration of these legends, and of that of Merlin the Enchanter, the reputed tutor of Arthur, occurs in the Latin poem of Geoffrey of Monmouth, which was revised in its present form about 1147. This bold and brilliant account of

British history appealed powerfully to the popular imagination, and is the source of numerous versions in prose and poetry which appeared in French as the Roman du Brut, De Vita et Vaticianiis Merlini. 1155. by Wace, and Robert de Borron. 1160-1170.

niis Merlini, 1155, by Wace, and Robert de Borron, 1160-1170. Merlin is a favorite subject of modern literature. Tennyson's Vivien, in the Idylls of the King, is a picture full of subtle poetic power. It is based upon the account of Merlin in Malory's Morte d'Arthur. Merlin is represented in Tennyson as becoming fascinated with Lady Vivien, whose blandishments cause him to reveal the spell by which one can be forever encircled by a charm from which he cannot escape. Vivien has been stung by the voices of derision of the court, and in anger she determines to vindicate herself forever by associating her name with Merlin's, so that, fair and infamous though she be, she will forever have the glory of conquering the mighty Wizard.

Thus, when Merlin is locked by her spell beneath the stone, she gives a cry of exultation, for her glory is forever linked with his. In Sir Thomas Malory's Morte d'Arthur, published by Caxton in 1845, there is a lack of motive. Merlin falls in love with Ninue, "the damosel of the lake," one of the ladies that King Pellemore brought to the court, who induces Merlin to go under a wondrous stone to tell her of the marvels there, "but she so wrought that he never came out." Lib. III, Cap. XLII and LX. In the version of the Early English Text Society, the desire to possess Merlin forever, to hold him in eternal love, is the motive of the enchantment, which is more romantic, but possesses less psychological interest than in Tennyson's Vivien. See also Alfred Austin's The Passing of Merlin (1866).

Spenser refers to Merlin in his Facrie Queene, and Drayton in his Polyolbion (1613):

"A thousand lingering years his prophecies have run, And scarcely shall have end till time be done." Fifth Song, lines 161-162.

also IV, 331; X, 14; V, 168.

"Meruelous Merling is wasted away
With a wicked woman, woe might she be,
For she hath closed him in a craige on Cornwel coast."

Ancient Scottish Prophecies, Edinburgh, 1833.

Uhland's poem was dedicated to his friend Karl Mayer, whose sympathy for nature it commemorates. Mayer had sent to Uhland a manuscript collection of poems full of the freshness of the woods. These were afterward published with the title, Lieder aus des Sommers Tagen, in the Musenalmanach for 1833, Mayers Gedichte,

pp. 55-57 (1864). Uhland compared his friend to Merlin, who communed with nature and with all animate life:

"Etwas von ber Wilbnatur Ift in mir, gesteh' ich's nur, Daß ich nur mich weiben will, Wo es grün und menschenstill."

I, 8. regteft, wouldst incite. 4. Dichterbruft. Many friends sought to recall Uhland to the poetry of his youth. After the fifth edition of his poems (1831), only twenty-four poems were added as the product of his poetical activity during the remaining thirty-one years of his life, and only three poems were added after the edition of 1835.

III, 5. gealtet is a stronger term than the common altern, but now mainly poetic.

IV, 4. ermerft, discerns, an unusual word. 8. Compare

"D Geift ber Belt, bu ringeft Sinauf in Licht unb Luft,

in Die Ulme zu Hirsau, as pointed out by Holland.

V, 2. Uhland wrote óriginally Dem stillen Gast vertraut; and in 4, vor eines Jagdhorns Laut. 5. Jägertroffe = Jägergesinde. VII. 2. um for the more usual nath, a usage common to

Uhland even in prose.

IX, 8. To understand the language of animals, and especially of birds, was in various nations of antiquity an expression for a deeper insight into the nature of things, which was a condition of the gift of prophecy. Uhland, Schriften, III, 130. To understand the language of birds was an almost proverbial expression for the most discerning wisdom, ascribed in legend to the Norse, and especially to Odin, upon whose shoulders two ravens, Huginn and Muninn, "thought" and "memory," are perched, and whisper to him what they have seen and heard in their daily flight through the world. *Ibid* pp. 353-354.

X, 7. In the old Latin *Vita Merlini*, it is the queen Gwendolin

from whose hair the leaf was taken.

8. As in the Volkslieder and Minnelieder the nightingale is the favorite bird (see VIII, 8), and the linden a favorite tree, so it is with Uhland. He introduces the linden most often, and the oak, but also the elm, birch, pine, fir, and beech. His intimate feeling for nature and the objective form in which he saw everything, caused him to particularize. Other poets are more general. See Schwenda, *Eine Dichterparallele*, p. 27.

XIII. Merlin returned from the forest riding on a stag. In

Scotch ballads the stag is often represented as the servant of man, so in the ballad of Thomas of Cecildoun, Uhland says:

"Im tiefen Urwald trifft man bei mehreren Bolfsstämmen auf eine mythise Gestalt, den Thiermann, Herrn und Pfleger der Baldthiere... Milder und mehr zauberartig gestaltet sich die Waldberrschaft im Leben Merlins des Wilden, der sich weltmüde in die dichtesen Wälder versentt hat, dort mit dem Wilde lebt, und auf einem Hriche reitend eine Herde von fich her treibt."

Schriften, III, 53.

EIV, 4. In the Romance of Merlin, published by the Early English Text Society, Vol. XIV, Chap. XXIII., pp. 682, 693-694, the knights, perceiving Arthur's grief at Merlin's farewell, went in search of him, and as Gawein rode through the forest at Brockleliande, he heard his voice once more, "and nothinge he saugh, but as it hadde ben a smoke of myste in the eyre that myght not passe oute," and Merlin said, "Ne neuer shall no man speke with me after you, ther-fore for nought meveth eny man me for to seche; ffor youre-self, a-noon as ye be turned fro hens, ye shall neuer here me speke." He commended King Arthur and the realm to God, and his voice was heard no more. 7. Liebe does not refer to any particular poem. Uhland recited this poem to his students first at one of his rhetorical exercises, July 8, 1830, an event remembered with the greatest pleasure by those who heard him, among them Friedrich Vischer, the famous critic and writer on aesthetics. Kritische Gänge, Neue Folge, IV, p. 140.

XIV, 7. Liebe has no reference to any particular poem. References to Merlin appear in Wieland (Oberon, vierter Gesang, 20th stanza), in Goethe's correspondence with Zelter (Dec. 14, 1830), and in many of the Romantic and later poets. See Holland, Merlin der Wilde, Düntzer, Erl.

Page 153. Die Bilbfaule bes Bacchus.

Date, Dec. 8, 1814. Gedichte, 1815. A youth, a votary of Bacchus, returning after a night of dissipation, with the sacred ivy still upon his brow, passed through a corridor in which he encountered the cold, calm statue of the god, in the glory of youth, whom he has pledged in his wild revelry, but whose service he has impiously profaned. The god rebukes the reeling youth who has desecrated his gift and the sacred ivy, and thus becomes conscious of his shame:

"Creative nature see in me fulfilled, Nature which in the vine-stock's noble blood Stands rich and godlike before all revealed." The youth, abashed, takes the ivy-wreath from his brow and swears a solemn oath.

2. durchgeschwärmten, soent in revelry. 5. must, "blear."
14. Gestechts, wreath. 19. Thyrsussab, a rod encircled by vineleaves and ivy, surmounted by a cone. 22. spuss, hauntest.
23. Ereb'scher, of Erebus.

See Dykhoff, Die Bildsäule des Bacchus, etc., Program, Rich-

berg, 1868.

Translated by Sandars.

Page 155. Bon ben fieben Bechbrudern.

Date, Nov. 25 and 26, 1814. Gedichte, 1815. The effect of this humorous narrative is heightened by the introduction of verses that suggest well-known poems; compare v. 4 with —

"Bon ber Stirne beif rinnen muß ber Someifi."

Schiller's Lied von der Glocke, Werke I, 144.

V. 2, 5, and 6, with —

"Und bie Sonne versendet glübenben Brand, Und horch! Da fprubelt es filberhell, Gang nabe, wie rieselnbes Rauschen,

Da gießt unendlicher Regen herab, Und fille hält er, zu lauschen. Und sieh, aus dem Felsen, geschwätzig, schnell, Springt murmelnd bervor ein lebendiger Quell," etc. Schiller, Bürgschaft, Werke (Hempel), I, 113.

The author of the orbituary of Albert Schott in the Schwäbischer Merkur (1861), says that the occasion of this poem was an accident which happened to some members of a social circle which met in the inn, "Zum Schatten," in Stuttgart. Uhland, on being asked about the truth of this, answered (July, 1861) that the poem was composed on the occasion of a visit to Tübingen, and sent to his friend Schott to be read to the company which assembled in the evening in the inn, but that he recalled no similar adventure on the part of any of the members which occasioned it. Notter does not regard this statement as conclusive, having been made forty-seven years after the date of the poem.

Mentioned as a recent poem in a letter to Mayer, Dec. 2, 1814.

Mayer, II, 28.
III, 2. Zechfumpan. Rumpan, fellow, comrade.

VI, 6. Schmente, Swabian for water, schmenten, swirl, rinse. IX, 2. Arethusa was changed by Artemis into a fountain. See Düntzer, Erl, pp. 229–230.

Page 158. Der Graf von Greiers.

Date, Oct. 30, 1829. Published first in the Morgenblatt, 1830, No. 27; Gedichte, 1831. A ballad based upon a Swiss legend of the Count of Greiers. The ancestral castle of the Counts of Greiers (Greyerz or Gruyères) is one of the best preserved in Switzerland. Its towers and walls still remain. It is situated in a beautiful valley of the present Canton of Freiburg. The possessions of this family, which was noted for its generosity and humanity, formerly embraced a considerable portion of the Vechtland. Uhland's home was not distant from Switzerland, and he passed many summers in excursions among its mountains. The legend upon which the poem is based is as follows: Upon a Saturday evening in summer seven peasants, among them the fair shepherdess Marguita, began the favorite ring or circular dance, coraula, upon the meadow before the castle. This dance is of great antiquity, and is still retained among the peasants of many nations. The dancers in their progress summoned the youths and maidens to join them, and so they proceeded from village to village, the dance continuing for several days. The young Count Rudolf was drawn into the dance, and leaped and sang with the others. Gradually their numbers swelled, until more than seven hundred participated. The dance ended upon Tuesday morning in the market-place of Sanen.

Soon after the count had a tent erected upon one of the lofty Alpine meadows, and invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the neighborhood to join in a festival of dance and song. Suddenly a terrific tempest swept down from the mountain chasms, overthrew the tent, and scattered the dancers, and caused them to seek refuge in the desolate caverns and isolated shepherd-huts. The young count was borne away by a sudden mountain torrent, and only rescued with difficulty. He retained the memory of the happy, careless days in which he was a shepherd, and often from his desolate, stately castle longed for the joys of those free days. To Marguita, the most beautiful of the shepherdesses, he gave the finest Alpine pasture. Fate willed a different life for him, and the wave which bore him away was

an irresistible destiny.

There are records of similar dances, one in which the Emperor Sigismund was drawn from his bed in Strassburg (1414), and forced to join in the dance and song of such a company of merry revellers through the streets of the city.

I, 8. Felsenhörner. Sorn is a favorite term in Switzerland for Spige, point, peak. As the Matterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, etc.

II, 1. Alpe is a mountain-pasture, as well as mountain-range. 2. Die Alpe befahren, or jur Alpe fahren, is the term for the

shepherd's ascent with his flocks to the high mountain pastures in early summer. See Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, Act I, Sc. 1.

III, 1. nah und näher for immer näher, a favorite combination of the positive and comparative, as in Goethe. See also hoth und

hober, Dante, l. 53.

IV. Maienreis. Mai means the tree or branch planted in the village on the first Sunday in May, or that used for the celebration of the festival of May. Maibaum is usually equivalent to Birle, birch, or beech. In Bavaria it is often the pine or fir-tree. =rei8 is twig, shoot, slender tree.

VIII, 3. geborgen, sheltered.

X. 2. Brand, longing.

Uhland describes this dance in his Schriften, III, 398-403, and quotes Kuenlin, Ritterburgen der Schweiz. See also Schwab, Die Schweiz in ihren Ritterburgen, etc., Vol. I, p. 295, where the music of such a dance is given from a manuscript chronicle.

The metre of the poem is a modern form of the Nibelungen verse. The popularity of this measure is largely due to Uhland's use of it in his ballads. The strophy consists of four lines, each divided by a cæsura, or metrical pause, into two half-lines containing three accented syllables (Sebungen). The modernization of the Nibelungen verse consists in retaining strictly and uniformly the iambic rhythm, that is, the initial (unaccented) beat (Auftatt); the thesis (Sentung) must also be preserved and be monosyllabic. The measure of this verse being fixed, it admits of no transferred accent, and requires the preservation of the cæsura, which must correspond with the sense. The thesis is seldom dissyllabic. Wilhelm Müller, Platen, Rückert, and Grün have followed Uhland in the use of this verse. Compare Des Sängers Fluch, Graf Eberhard. See Minor, Neuhochdeutsche Metrik. pp. 409-411.

Translated by Aytoun, Bryant.

Page 159. Ochwabische Runde.

Date, Dec. 6, 1814. Gedichte, 1815. The incident upon which this poem is based is contained in Crusius, Annales Suevici, Pars. II, p. 501, from which it was probably derived by the poet. Crusius refers, as his authority, to the Byzantine historian, Nicetas Acominatus of Chonæ, who wrote a life of the Emperor Isaac Angelus. See Corp. script. histor. Byz., edited by Bekker, p. 543, for the incident. Boxberger suggests (Archiv, II, 270) that Wilkens, Ges. der Kreuzzüge, 4, 122, Anm. 136, was also used; Eichholtz, p. 67; Düntzer, p. 248.

The metre chosen is that employed in the rimed chronicles, and in Hans Sachs, consisting of iambic tetrameter verses, with an occasional anapestic verse, as in line 20, or an added syllable, as in lines 9 and 10, and elsewhere.

1. Rotbart, called by the Italians Barbarossa (1152-1190), one of the mightiest of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, entered upon the third Crusade to the Holy Land in 1189, and was drowned in the river Saleph (Calycadnus). Philip Augustus, King of France, and Richard I., of the Lion Heart, led crusading armies by sea. The Crusade captured Acre, but was otherwise without result, owing to the death of the emperor, and division among the leaders. lobefam or lobefan, later lobfam = lobensmurdig; is now archaic and poetical. It was frequently placed, as here, after its noun, as a title, "Mein herr Magister Lobejan," Faust, line 2633. It became a traditional accompaniment of Magister, and finally was used with a tinge of quaintness and irony of impracticable scholars. 6. A scriptural reference, giving a quaint effect, einem Steine für Brot geben, Matt. iv, 3. 8. Arunt, here, of the habit of drinking, while Trank means drink, liquid. abgethan = abgewöhnt. 10. Mähre, here, a steed, war-horse; often now in the sense of jade. 13. Rößlein, here, pet horse, not diminutive. 18. Sinter, accented on the last syllable. 19. quer = quer über ben Weg. 23. forcht', a quaint, archaic preterit, from the present forchten (forchten). Common in the sixteenth century, and continuing down to the present time in dialectic, popular, and in occasional literary use. 25. spiden, larded, pierced, used humorously. 26. spöttsich, in calm contempt. 28. Säbel is itself a curved blade. 40. einen, the two syllables are read short, constituting the first part of an anapest. 48. Was Arbeit, an old partitive genitive — was für Arbeit. 56. halt, a S. G. expression, forsooth. Schmabenftreiche. Many proverbs have been directed at the Swabians, on account of an alleged slowness of understanding, as, "Schwaben werden erft im vierzigsten Jahre gescheidt; ""Jeder macht einmal einen Schwabenstreich, wenn nicht mehr."

Variants from the first edition (1815) l. 51, Sagt; l. 52, Euch. Uhland planned a dramatization of the Old French poem of Charles the Great in Jerusalem about 1814, a fragment of which, the only portion preserved, probably the only portion written, is printed in Keller, pp. 314-318. On the margin was written:

"Sie sprachen: Sag' und, Ritter, werth! Ber jolde Streiche bid gelehrt, So farte, munbergleiche? herr Gerold sprach: was fragt ihr lang? Die Streiche find bei und im Schwang, Man beigt fie Schwadenstreiche." Although the twelve Paladins of Charles were with him, this skill was ascribed to the Swabian Gerold, who was to be repre-

sented as in the retinue of the emperor.

Birlinger calls attention to the great vogue of similar legends of valor, and quotes the Stricker, Karl, Allemannia, III, 236. An ancestor of Uhland, John Michael Uhland, who fought under the Elector Max Emanuel of Bavaria, as quartermaster, according to a family tradition, cut down a Turkish pasha. In memory of this deed he had a Turkish sabre held in an extended arm cut in stône over the entrance to his house. Birlinger believes also that Uhland was familiar with passages in Abraham a Sancta Clara, see his famous tract (1683), quoted by Schiller in Wallensteins Lager, "Muff, auff, itr Chriften," as also with J. P. Abelin's Joh. Lud. Gottfridi historische Chronika (1674), Hiecke, pp. 23-27.

Page 161. Die Rache.

Date, Feb. 3, 1810. Published first in the Pantheon, Vol. III, II (1810), S. 428. Gedichte, 1815. Uhland has used frequently the verse of this poem, compare Der weisse Hirsch, and Siegfrieds Schwert, the iambic tetrameter of the rimed couplet. A poem strikingly characteristic of the folk-songs, both in manner and verse. In a single line the whole scene is depicted, without any description of actors, or introduction. The baseness of the act is shown by its being directed against the noble lord, and in the place in which it was perpetrated. The servant's ambition leads him to forget gratitude and loyalty to his master, and he strikes him down in the dark woods, when his lord is unsuspicious and unprotected. His momentary success and pride are checked. The steed recognizes the unwonted rider, rears and casts him into Thus nature avenges the atrocious deed, for the the stream. punishment of sin cannot be averted, and temporary gain ends in permanent loss.

Page 162. Giegfriebs Schwert.

Date, Jan. 8, 1812. Musenalmanach, 1812, II, p. 164. Gedichte, 1815. A poem based on the popular tale of the Horned Siegfried. See Simrock's Volksbücker, Vol. III, pp. 364-418. The Siegfriedslied, a version of the deeds of young Siegfried, was published in Nuremberg in 1530, and formed the basis of Hans Sachs' drama Der Hürnen Sewfrid. All these versions go back to the Middle High German and Norse epics, which were later perpetuated in mutilated or expanded forms, embodying various fabulous incidents in the life of the hero.

Page 163. Rlein Roland.

Date, Dec. 17 and 18, 1808. Published in the Pantheon, II (1810), and in Gedichte, 1815. This poem is based on the story of Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, as related in the Winter Nights, Noches de Inuierno, of Antonio de Esclava of Navarre, a collection of entertaining stories published in Pampeluna and Barcelona in 1609. This work was translated into German by Matthew Drummer in 1666, and is the source of Uhland's poem. The Italian folk-book of Charlemagne, which, under the title Reali di Francia, dates back to 1348, contains the same story.

Bertha the fair, sister of Charlemagne, had formed a secret union with Milon of Anglante, and was sentenced to death by her brother. She succeeded, however, in escaping with her lover to Italy, where, in a rocky cave near Siena, she bore a son, Rolando, so called from his falling (rolling) down the clift, aname which was afterward changed into Orlando. The father, Milon, who supported the family, was borne away by a torrent. The young Roland went daily to Siena to beg alms. He was greatly beloved by the lads of his own age, and came to surpass them all in prowess. As he was scantily dressed, the boys bought cloths of different colors and had a long coat made for him.

When the emperor was returning from Rome to Siena, he was entertained with great state by the citizens, and Roland received his portion of food and drink with the others. When once he came too late, he pressed into the imperial apartments, where the Emperor sat at meat, and carried away with rare audacity a silver platter. The emperor was so pleased at this boldness that he bade his attendants permit the lad to withdraw unmolested. On the following day he went again, and as he was about to sieze a golden goblet, the emperor cried out in order to startle him. But the boy held the goblet firmly, and grasped the emperor by his gray beard, and said, "An emperor's voice is not enough to terrify me," and bore away the goblet. The emperor ordered that he should be followed by four cupbearers, who discovered the Princess Bertha. They entreated grace for her, which Charlemagne granted, not knowing that it was his sister. He then caused her to be brought, but, upon recognizing her, was so overcome with fury that he struck her to the floor. The young Roland thereupon, full of anger, fell upon the emperor, and would have done him serious harm had not the others intervened. A reconciliation now took place, and Roland became one of the most heroic paladins of his uncle. His father, Milon, who had been kept at a distance by a magic spell, was restored to his wife.

The chronicles represent Roland as the nephew of Charlemagne

and as the son of his sister Bertha, but Eginhard, who wrote the life of Charlemagne, mentions Roland only as the Marquis of Bretagne, who fell at Roncesvalles in warfare against the Saracens. Uhland follows the narrative during the first fourteen stanzas; in the last he allows himself freedom.

There are numerous peculiar features in the language of the poem. The omission of the final e is very striking, as in Chr' (II, 4), Speil' and Gab' (V, 2 and 4); Meng' (IX, 3); Mitt' (XI, 3); Meil' and Eil' (XIII, 1 and 3); Dam' (XVIII, 1); Hern' (XXVI, 2); Farb' (XXXIII, 3). The position of the adjective after its noun occurs several times: hehr (II, 1); frijd

(XVI, 1); luftsam (XVIII, 3); treu (XX, 1), etc., etc.

Quaint, usually archaic and dialectic, expressions are very common: thus, herbūr for herbor (IX, 4); munderdar for wunderlich (X, 1); vierfarb for vierfarbig (X, 2); sondrer for besonderer (XII, 2); alsund for assemble (XVIII, 3); heida = heda (XIV, 1); berühmst for reizend (XVIII, 2); Jins for Steuer (XXII, 3); Wat for Gewand (4).

The article is often omitted before the genitive, as in Tisches Mitte (XI, 3); Ronigs Tijd (XVI, 1); Weines Schaum (XVII, 4);

The adjective is left uninflected, as in the title, Rlein Roland. III. 4. The relative sentence precedes (XVII, 4). Sc. es giemt before 3hr: XXII, My blue eyes are ever her sentinels.

See Eichholtz, pp. 3-7; Düntzer, Erl, pp. 255-262; Göttzinger, pp. 412-420; Foss, Zur Karlssage, pp. 10-19.

Translated by Frances Hellman, also in German Ballads and Songs, etc.

Page 169. Roland Ochildtrager.

Date, Sept. 10, 1811. Dichterwald, 1813. Gedichte, 1815. This poem belongs in subject to the Carlovingian cycle, though the incidents are the free invention of Uhland. He had been long busied with these legends, and wove scattered references into a poem. Certain of Charlemagne's paladins are introduced, whose heroic deeds are commemorated in the Song of Roland. Haimon is a character in the French poem of Rénault de Montauban, of the twelfth century, but is better known by the favorite folk-book of Haimonskinder (see Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher). The original, Le livre des quatre fils Aymon, describes the conflict of Charlemagne with his refractory vassals. Here, also, are numerous archaisms and dialectic expressions.

V, 4. thaten for thaten. VI, 2. Degen for held, Ritter. 4. Gehegen = Behölzen. 6. folafen lag - legte fich folafen.

VII, 8. davon = mobon.

The use of the demonstrative for the relative, both in relative pronouns and adverbs, is very common among the Romanticists. G.

VIII, 1. gedachte = dachte fic. 2. Schreden = Schrednis. IX, 2. Waffen = Waffe. 6. Tann = dichter Wald.

X, 5. zwier = zweimal.

XI, 8. Tartice, a long and rounded shield.
XVIII, 6. hatt' for hatte.
XXI, 8. geiund for underfehrt (unharmed).

Foss, Zur Karlssage, pp. 26-31; Götzinger, pp. 420-427; Düntzer, pp. 262-264. For Uhland's letter to Kaufmann on the source of the poem, see Herrig's Archiv, Vol. XXV, p. 523.

Translated by Blackie, Sandars.

Page 176. Ronig Rarle Meerfahrt.

Date, Jan. 31, 1812. Published first in the Deutscher Dichterwald, 1813, and in Gedichte, 1815. The fame of Charles the Great grew in succeeding centuries, and many fabulous legends of heroic deeds were ascribed to him. A Benedictine monk, who lived during the last half of the tenth century in the Monastery of St. Andrew on Mt. Soracte near Rome, wrote an account of a fictitious journey of Charles to Jerusalem with a million soldiers, where he received from the Persian king, Aaron (Harun), the charge of the Holy Sepulchre. Several Old French poems are based on the same event. See Pertz, Benedicti Sancti Andrea Monachi Chronicon, p. 708, cap. 23; Uhland, Schriften, Bd. II, pp. 538-545.

Among names assigned to the twelve paladins in mediæval poems are Roland; Olivier; Richard, Duke of Normandy; Guerin, Duke of Lorraine; Geoffroy, or Gottfried, Lord of Bourdelois; Hoel, Count of Nantes; Oger, Olger, or Holger, the Dane; Lambert, Prince of Brussels; Thierry of Dardania; Basin of Genevois; Guy of Burgundy; Geoffrey, king of Frisia; the traitor Ganelon, or Gamelon, who betrayed the army at Roncesvalles; Sanson, Duke of Burgundy; Riol of Mons; Allory and William of Lestoc; Naymes (or Naims) of Bavaria. Few of these have a distinctive part in the various legends which belong to the Carlovingian cycle. The Archbishop Turpin of Rheims, whose name is omitted in this list, was one of the most brilliant of Charlemagne's heroes. The names are not uniform in the various poems and romances. Six, however, seem to have been the unfailing attendants of Charles, - Roland, Oliver, Olger, Turpin, Naims, and Richard.

Roland appears in Italian as Orlando and in Spanish as Roldan. His wife appears as Alitte or Alda, the sister of Oliver. He is the hero of the Rolandslied, and the Chanson de Roland, of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, and of the Bojardo. He is represented as Count of Cenoman or Cenonia. His glorious death at Roncesvalles is the subject of numerous songs. His sword was Durandel. Holger is represented in the poem as a harp-player. He was the lover of the fairy, Morgane. Oliver was the son of Reyniers of Genoa; he is the constant companion of Roland. See Uhland's translation of the O. F. poem of Viane; Gamelon is ever the traitor who betrayed the army to the Saracens.

Count Richard of Normandy was called also the "Fearless." Duke Naims is always the wise counsellor. Guy of Burgundy was the lover of Floripes, the daughter of the Saracen king, and sister of the giant Fierabras. Gottfried of Anjou was the emperor's standard-bearer. The names of the others play a less prominent rôle. Uhland characterizes several of the heroes, Schriften, II, 85. The storm at sea was Uhland's invention, and designed to show the silent greatness of the emperor, who guided them by his wisdom.

See Eichholtz, pp. 7-10; Götzinger, pp. 432-436. Translations by Finlayson, Frances Hellman.

Page 178. Zaillefer.

Date, Dec. 10 and 12, 1812. Published first in the Dichterwald, 1813, and in Gedichte, 1815. One of Uhland's finest ballads. Kerner, in a letter to Fouqué, of Dec. 22, 1812, wrote: "Uhland has left his father's house, and has an appointment in the bureau of the Ministry of Justice in Stuttgart. He has just written to me, and has enclosed a glorious poem entitled Taillefer. It is perfectly genuine! I I fear that his inner quiet and his poetry will suffer through this new business position. Truly, I cannot refrain from enclosing his latest poem, although I have no authority for it, and Uhland is strict in such matters." Uhland, in his Schriften, Vol. VII, p. 652, says: "The Norman rimed chronicle of Robert Wace (Roman de Rou, II, 214 fl.) of the end of the twelfth century, narrates, in its account of the battle of Hastings, which decided the possession of England in behalf of William the Conqueror, that the first blow on the part of the Normans was struck by a knight of the name of Taillefer, who rode before the Duke, and sang with a loud voice of Karl, Roland, and Oliver, and of the other heroes who died at Roncesvalles."

"Taillefer, ki mult bien cantout, Sor un cheval, ki tost alout, Devant li Dus alout cantant De Karlemaine è de Rollant E d'Oliver è des vassals Ki morurent en Renchevals."

11. 13149-11154.

Battle-scenes like that selected from the romance of Roncevalles were well adapted to battle-songs, even if the present form of the poem is much later. These heroic pictures lived long in popular French poetry.

The materials of the poem are from the above-mentioned poem. and are especially contained in lines 11711-11720, 13149-13174,

14008-14017.

The verse is rugged, but gains thereby in vigor, and the whole movement is more spirited. The poem opens abruptly.

II. Taillefer is represented first as a serf, who afterward gains

knighthood through his faithfulness.

III, 2. Fromm, in its archaic sense of capable, serviceable.
VII, 4. The historic incident by which William turned an accident of ill-omen into one of success.

IX, 4. The poem represents Taillefer as making this request.

XI, 4. His song animated the army.

XII, 4. The English chronicle represents him as casting shining blades into the air and recovering them as he rode and sang. One did not return to his hand, but pierced the Saxon standardbearer.

There are numerous alliterative expressions, as well as picturewords, which heighten the effect : as fingen und flingen mit Schild und mit Speer, IV. 4: Schilderflang, faufende Pfeile, flirrender

Somertertlang, XIII., 2 and 3, etc.

Guy of Amiens, in describing Taillefer, says: "Histrio cor audax nimium quem nobilitatem," and "Incisor-ferri minus cognomine dictus," ll. 391, 399; Henry of Huntington, Book VI, "Hortatur Gallos verbis, et territat Anglos. Alte projiciens ludit et ense suo." William of Malmesbury, "Tunc cantilen? inchoată, ut martium viri exemplum pugnaturos accenderet," Book III., 242.

See also the Norman-French History of Geffroi Gaimar.

See Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, Vol. III. p. 478; Uhland's essay, Ueber das altfranzösische Epos, Schriften IV, pp. 352-356; Eichhoff, pp. 35-42; Düntzer, pp. 270-273; Götzinger, pp. 436-439; Fränkel, Uhland als Romanist, Herrig's Archiv, LXXX, p. 60.

Page 181. Das Glud von Gdenhall.

Date, July 16, 1834. Published first in the Morgenblatt for 1834, No. 206, and in Gedichte, 1834 (eighth edition). A poem suggested by a story in Ritson's Fairy Tales, which were published in 1831.

Eden Hall is the hereditary seat of the Scotch border clan of Musgrave, on the river Eden in Cumberland. A goblet of colored glass is preserved among the family treasures, bearing this inscription:

"If this cup shall brake or fall, Farewell the Luck of Edenhall."

According to tradition, this cup was discovered at a fountain, where it had been left by fairies. When the latter could not recover it from the finder, they pronounced this spell, and the fate of the family depended upon the preservation of the glass. Once, when drinking from it, the Duke of Wharton let it fall." and it would have been shattered had not the butler caught it in a cloth, and thus saved the lord's family from impending ruin.

A similar tradition is embodied in a ballad called the Luck of Muncaster, a goblet presented by King Henry VI. to the Pennington family, which had afforded a refuge to the monarch after

the battle of Towton (1461).

"In this house (Edenhall) are some good old-fashioned apartments. An old painted drinking glass, called the 'Luck of Edenhall,' is preserved with great care. In the garden near to the house is a well of excellent spring water, called St. Cuthbert's well (the church is dedicated to that saint); this glass is supposed to have been a sacred chalice, but the legendary tale is, that a butler going to draw water, surprised a company of fairies who were amusing themselves upon the green near the well. He seized the glass, which was standing on its margin; they tried to recover it, but after an ineffectual struggle flew away, saying:

'If that glass either break or fall, Farewell the luck of Edenhall!'

Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, I, 269, quoted by A. Kaufmann in Quellenangaben und Bemerkungen zu Karl Simrocks Rheinsagen und Alexander Kaufmanns Rheinsagen

(1862) p. 13. I, 2. Trommeten — Trompeten, a poetical form. 3, hebt sich = erhebt fich. Götzinger regards this as a South German expression equivalent to halt fich fest, sustains himself, referring to the inebriation of the young lord. 4. Schwall = "revelry"; her = fommt her.

III, 1. jum Preis, in honor. 2. Roten = roten Bein. 4. purpurn, omission of the ending; wird überall, is diffused around.

IV, 3. Quell, m. The later form, Quelle, f., is now more common; Fei or Fee. 4. darein would suggest that the inscription was written within.

V, 1. ward zum Los, fell to the lot. 4. läuten, cling VII, 1. Bum horte, treasure, talisman, source of its prosperity. 4. Brall, clink.

X, 4. Trümmerfall, a word coined by Uhland. XI, 2. muß zu Fall, sc. tommen. IX, 1. Ginfturmt = fturmt berein. Set to music by Schumann and Humperdink. Translated by Longfellow, Sandars.

Page 183. Der leste Pfalgraf.

Date, Feb. 18, 1847. Published first in the edition of 1853. The Counts of Tübingen were distinguished for their personal valor, their extensive estates, their numerous feudal vassals, and their exalted position at the court of the German emperors. They loved especially the chase, but were generous lords, and patrons of the singers of the time. About the middle of the twelfth century they became counts palatinate in Schwabia and administrators of the royal domains, especially of the imperial forests. Their castle was situated on the boundary between the Nagold district of the Black Forest and the lofty forest-covered ridge of Schönbuch, which they held in fee from the empire. The counts were a pleasure-loving race, who paid little regard to the stern facts of existence. They founded monasteries, among others the rich monastery of Bebenhausen. Count Gotfried I. was forced, in 1301, owing to his many debts, to sell his castle and city of Tübingen to the monastery. Although these were later redeemed, the two brothers, Counts Götz and Wilhelm, were forced finally to sell their ancestral seat to Count Ulrich of Würtemberg, in the year 1342, which they did in the following deed:

"Wir Gote [Gotfrid III] und Bilbelm, gebrueder, graven ju Tuwingen, verziehen offenlich an difem briefe . . das wir . . haben vertouft und zu toufen geben reht und redlich . unfer veftin Tuwingen, burg und flatt, lut und guot, gesuocht und ungesuocht, fundens und unfendens, inwendig der bestin und ugwendig, under erden und darob, an veld, an wald und an majen, an amigen, an maßer, an mafferzinsen, an gelt, an vellen, mit aller irer zuoge= borde . . dem edlen graven von wirtemberg und allen finen erben umb amaingig tufend Pfund quoter und gaber heller."

The counts reserved only certain rights and privileges connected with the chase in Bebenhausen and the Schönbuchwald.

I. 3. Bulten, rents, revenues.

III. 1. The Counts had impoverished themselves by lavish gifts to religious establishments.

VI, 3. Jägermeff', a short mass, one which would not keep

the hunters long from their game.

Uhland, Zur schwäbischen Sagenkunde; I, 1; Die Pfalzgrafen von Tübingen, Schriften VIII, 311-334, also in Fischer's NOTES. 307

edition of Uhland's Gesammelte Werke, Vol. V, pp. 177-228, and in Pfeiffer's Germania, Vol. I (1855).

Translated by Sandars.

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Page 184. Graf Cberhard ber Raufchebart.

Date, June 29, July 4, and July 10-11, 1815. Gedichte, 1815. Graf Eberhard of Würtemberg (1344-1392), ber Raulchebart or Greiner (= Banter) is a stirring figure in the life of the fourteenth century in Southern Germany. Alert, fertile in expedients, unscrupulous, aggressive, ruthless, he is a type of the princes of the period in which he lived. He was the son of Count Ulrich III, and grandson of Eberhard the Illustrious, who also bore the cognomen of the "Greiner." His reign began in conjunction with his brother, whom he gradually supplanted by his positive, assertive nature. At the diet of Nuremberg, Count Eberhard so won the Emperor's influence that he secured the consent of the diet and the imperial sanction to a law by which the lands of the house of Würtemberg were declared forever indivisible and inalienable (Dec. 3, 1361), thus constituting the first principle in the constitution of the future state. The brothers swore, both for themselves and their heirs, that no division of their estates should be made, and that in default of male heirs in one line, the entire possession should fall to the other; that no mortgage or obligation by one party should be valid, and no alliance should be entered into save by common consent. Count Eberhard secured the independent administration of eight castles and cities, while Count Ulrich retained only the ancestral castle of Würtemberg and the city of Marbach.

A few months later Count Ulrich conceded the single sovereignty to his more aggressive brother (May 1, 1362).—Stälin, Geschichte Würtembergs, I, 535.

Eberhard then entered upon a career of provocation as regards the free nobles and cities for the aggrandizement of his estates. The centre of the territory of the Counts of Würtemberg was originally the ancestral castle of Wirtineberg, above Kannstadt, and embraced the cities of Kannstatt, Stuttgart, Beutelsbach, Leonberg, and Neckar-Ems. It was surrounded on all sides by the territory of robber-knights, equally unscrupulous and rapacious, with whom the counts lived in constant feud.

The Counts of Würtemberg held from the emperor the office of Landvogt, or governor, of Lower Swabia, a position which conferred upon them responsibility for the peace of the country; but which Eberhard used, as his ancestors had done, to secure absolute supremacy over the turbulent and semi-independent municipalities and nobles. As the territory of the Counts of Würtemberg

increased, the rulers of contiguous estates, counts, barons, ecclesiastical lords, and cities united to resist their aggressions, and the league of the Schlegler (so called from their emblem, a silver

mallet) was formed.

The poem begins with a lament that the old heroic songs which extolled the splendid deeds of the Hohenstauffen dynasty had ceased. Light, lisping lays had taken their place. Uhland will summon the heroic form of Eberhard from his tomb in the choir of the cathedral of Stuttgart. The second stanza is a satirical reference to a group of poets who attacked Uhland and the Romantic School, pre-eminently Weisser, who, with Baggesen, published the Karfunkel oder Klingklingelalmanach. Ein Taschenbuch für vollendete Romantiker oder angehende Mys-

tiker (1810).
1. Der überfall im Bildbad (p. 185). — The immediate cause of the controversy which is the subject of this poem is not known. The lords who were engaged in it were Count Wilhelm of Eberstein, his nephew, Wolf von Eberstein, Wolf von Stein zu Wunnenstein, the lords of Schmalenstein, Rappoltstein, and others.

As early as 1354 Count Eberhard had obtained a reversionary claim upon the possessions of Counts Wilhelm and Wolf of Eberstein. These robber-knights, aided by their confederates, united against Eberhard, and sought to take him prisoner. In the spring of 1367 Count Eberhard with his wife and son Ulrich, with the latter's wife and child, were resting in the secluded valley of the Enz. near the springs of Wildbad, when the knights of the hostile league fell suddenly upon them without a previous proclamation of war. A poor peasant warned the count of his danger, and offered to guide him over rocks and chasms across the Kaffelberg, bearing him at times upon his back, until he reached in safety the castle of Zavelstein. The count, in testimony of his gratitude, had a medal cast to commemorate the event, upon one side of which was a cross, and upon the other a hand.

III, 1. For a description of Hirsau, see Die Ulme zu Hirsau. VI. An old tradition of the discovery of the virtues of these waters is given by Uhland's friend, Justinus Kerner, in his book, Das Wildbad, etc., which appeared two years before the composition of the poem.

VII, 4. The arms of the house of Eberstein, as given in Cru-

sius, Annales Suevici, Pars. II, lib. iv, c. 3, p. 109.

IX, 3. Wolf died on the 9th of November, 1413, and was buried in the Magdalen Church in Beilstein, where his monument is still to be seen, with the mallet upon his breast, and his escutcheon in his hand, having three battle-axes upon it. See the article by

Klunzinger in the Würtemb. Jahrb., 1851; Heft. 2, S. 53, cited by Eichholtz, p. 78.

X, 1. gleißend'. Uhland interprets the epithet of Wolf as the bright, shining.

XI, 3. Count Eberhard is here spoken of as old, though probably not much past middle life. Kerner speaks of him as a Greis in the description cited above. He died in 1392.

XV. This poem was written at the time of the struggle in Würtemberg for a national constitution, in which Uhland bore so prominent a part, when the "good old right," was the watchword of the time. See Uhland's poem, Das alte gute Recht.

2. Die drei Ronige ju Beimfen (p. 188). - In 1395 the Count of Eberstein and the nobles collected a great army in Heimsheim, and chose three leaders, Wolf von Stein and Reinhard and Friedrich von Enzberg, whom they called "kings," preparatory to an attack upon Count Eberhard. But the vigilant count, being apprised of the plot of his enemies, drew together his troops from the royal city of Esslingen, and an army of peasants, and by a swift march invested Heimsheim in the night so that no one could escape. The beleaguered enemy prepared for a valiant defence, and hurled stones from the walls upon the besieging army. Eberhard, however, caused wood to be brought from the forest, which was covered with pitch and petroleum, ready to be set on fire, and placed it around the walls. When the besieged saw the fate prepared for them, they offered to surrender. They were permitted to pass out through a single gate, when they were taken prisoners. As the nobles came forth in succession, and among them the three chiefs who called themselves "kings," a witty peasant cried out "Ha! that is fine. See the three kings coming. If the fourth were here, we should have a full pack of cards." In the old Latin, "Ha, quam bene factum est, ecce tres venirent reges, si quartus adesset, intergrum chartæ haberemus ludum."

This event is narrated by the Abbot Tritheim of Würzburg under the date 1367. It, however, took place in 1395, after the death of Eberhard der Rauschebart, and during the reign of his grandson, Eberhard the Fifth, "the Mild."

I, 1. Beimsen, a popular form for Beimsheim or Beinsheim. II, 4. Schlich = Schleichmeg, secret way.

III, 3. Landfriede. Respect for the national peace, and the trial of controversies before judges, had been commanded by Karl IV. Lehndienst, the feudal system.

IV, 4. Sturm, assault.

VII, 4. euch wird das Bad geheigt. To prepare a bath for one, einem ein Bad zurichten, came to mean, to plot evil against 310

any one, and similar expressions acquired a popular, almost proverbial, currency. "Ber ertappt wird, muß daß Bad außtragen," Ginem daß Bad gefegnen." These expressions are common among the Swiss. The custom of sending presents to one tarrying at a bath obtained in former times, called blessing the bath, jemanden daß Bad fegnen. On entering the bath one was greeted with the wish that the bath might be blessed. In the old Volks-schauspiel von Uri of about 1507, Cano Abatzellen says:

Do gab ich im warms mit einem folag und gfagnet im mit einer arft bas bab, Das er ba tobt lag in ber ftanben (Wanne).

See Carriere's Edition of Wilhelm Tell, S. LVIII; also Schiller's Tell, I Aufz., I Sc. (l. 97); also Z. f. d. U., Vol. 6 (1892),

XX, 2. unter fice = to themselves: that is, kept at home, not directed to one side. 3. gemachiam = gemachia.

XIII, 8. schmollt = lächelt. A term common in South Ger-

3. Die Schlacht bei Reutlingen (p. 190). - Graf Eberhard attributed the failure of success in his siege of the fortress of Neu-Eberstein, by which he hoped to take vengeance for the attack upon him in Wildbad, to the withdrawal of the troops of the cities. The bitterness between the municipalities and the knights was further intensified by the murder of Ulrich von Helfenstein, the Captain of the League of Upper Swabia, which was attributed to the agency of Graf Eberhard. In the contest which followed, the League was defeated in a great battle north of Ulm, April 7, 1372. The Emperor Karl IV sought at this time to conquer the Mark of Brandenburg, and in furtherance of his plans imposed heavy taxes upon the cities, and intrusted their collection to the stern and hated Eberhard. In 1376 the cities renewed their alliance, pledging themselves to mutual support against any who should infringe their rights and liberties, or oppress them, whether by assessment, alienation of their estates, or in any other way, save the Holy Empire, and even against the Emperor they agreed to act in common. They thus formed the league of the "Städler."

Karl, in order to secure the election of his son Wenzel as Roman king and future emperor, was ready to secure the support of the German princes by large sacrifices and grants of money and land. With this object in view, he pledged the free imperial cities of Weil, Esslingen, and Gmiind, and several villages, to Count Eberhard. The cities whose rights and independence were imperilled joined at once the Swabian League, in order to

3.2. Mut.

resist the impending danger. While Graf Eberhard was besie-

ging Ulm, his son Ulrich was sent against Reutlingen.

The citizens of Reutlingen, with their allies, went forth on the night of May 14, 1377, upon a plundering expedition against the territory and the cities of Count Eberhard. Returning through the valley of Urach, after a successful foray, in which they had burned the village of Jettingen, and laden with plunder, they were attacked by Count Ulrich, who descended from the lofty fortress of Achalm, making a circuit of the mountain in order to attack the column of the citizens in the rear. He was accompanied by a considerable body of noble knights with gold trappings, and two hundred and thirty foot soldiers. On a meadow between the chapel of St. Leonard and the city of Reutlingen the contest began. The nobles alighted from their horses and fought on foot. A part of the garrison sallied forth from the city through an unused gate, and attacked the nobles in the rear. The loss of the nobles was very great. The chronicler says that, after the conclusion of peace, eighty-six gentlemen and armor-bearers were sought in vain. Count Ulrich was wounded, and regained with difficulty the fortress of Achalm. Count Eberhard grieved greatly over this defeat, and was said to have cut in two the tablecloth between him and his son, a mediæval custom to signify dishonor and exclusion from fellowship, in vogue among the noble. "Anno 1378 Eberhardus Wirtembergensis comes clade quæ ante Reutlingam accepta erat, dolebat. Unde perhibetur mappam mensæ inter se et filium intersecuisse." See Grimm, Rechtsaltertümer, p. 713. Uhland derived his account of the battle from Crusius' Annales Suevici, Pars III, lib. v, c. 11. See especially Eichholtz, pp. 81-84.

VI, 2. drauende = drobende.

VII. 3minger. This word was formerly applied not only to a keep, but to the space inside the wall of the city, kept clear for approach to the ramparts.

VIII. Gerber. Reutlingen is still noted for its dyeing and

tanning establishments.

XI. An Allm! In Gustav Schwab's poem, Die Achalm, published in the Morgenblati in the same year in which Uhland's poem was written, there is a fanciful attempt to explain the name of the Castle Achalm, Mn Allm (äntiger). The last lord of the castle is represented as besieged; he defended himself bravely, and when the castle was in flames rushed upon the enemy, and died fighting valiantly.

Den Pfeil, ben Tobesträchtigen, Empfängt fein tapferes herz, Sein Rufen jum Allmächtigen Berfchlingt ber lette Schmerz.

Doch mas er rief in letter Roth, Das halbe Bort, ach, Mum-Das hat gewiß getont vor Gott Als wie ein ganger Pfalm.

Ja felbst bem Feinbe klang es schön Das ernste Scheibewort, Er baute frisch auf jenen Höhn Und hieß Achalm ben Ort.

Werke (1851) S. 362. See also Meier, Deutsche Sagen aus Schwaben, S. 344; and R. Köhlerin Das Archiv für Litt. Ges., Band V, 5.

XV. Among the noble slain Crusius enumerates those whom Uhland cites as borne in the funeral procession. 1. pon is

omitted before Beigenheim.

XVI, 2. von Tübingen. Graf Ulrich der Schärer, Pfalzgraf von Tübingen; Friedrich von Zorn (Zollern) and Salzburg, whom he makes the ancestor of the present royal house of Prussia and of the Emperors of Germany, who acquired the Burggravate of Nuremberg, 1191, and the Margravate of Brandenburg

XVII. According to Götzinger, p. 527, lilies and poppies were on the arms of the lords of Sachsenheim. A proposed romance of Uhland had Hermann von Sachsenheim as its hero. See

Schriften, II, 219, ff., also Mayer, I, 134.

XVIII. See Uhland's article, Die Todten von Lustnau, Ger-

mania, VIII, 66, Schriften VIII, 451.

XIX. The arms of the fallen nobles, painted on the windows of the Rathhaus of Reutlingen, no longer exist, as the building

was destroyed by fire early in the eighteenth century.

4. Die Doffinger Schlacht (p. 193). — The battle of Döffingen occurred in 1388, eleven years after the battle of Reutlingen, which is the subject of the preceding poem. In the interval the League of Cities had been strengthened by union with those of the Rhine. The nobles had formed the Löwenbund, and numerous lay and spiritual lords had united with them. In August of the above year, the troops of Augsburg, Ulm, and other cities, invaded Würtemburg, and advanced, plundering and burning, as far as Döffingen, a small town near the imperial city of Weil, north-west of Tübingen. Count Eberhard hastened in company with the Count Palatinate of the Rhine, the Marquis of Baden, the Bur-grave of Nuremberg, the Bishop of Würzburg, with their troops. He had with him six hundred knights and two thousand footsoldiers. The League of Cities had eight hundred lancers. The nobles fought on foot. When Count Ulrich saw the hosts of the

Reutlingers, he burned to avenge his previous defeat, and to wipe out his disgrace in his father's sight. He fought in the front rank where the battle was fiercest, and fell mortally wounded. He was borne by those near him to the trunk of a fallen tree for support, where he died. The Würtembergers lost heart for a moment at the death of their prince; but when the tidings were carried to his father, the old warrior cried. "Be not dismayed, He is like any other man. Stand bravely. Lo! the enemy flee." At the same time, sword in hand, he pressed with the greatest valor upon the enemy. As Eberhard's forces charged, the troops of the cities were thrown into disorder and fled, and the nobles won a glorious but by no means bloodless victory. The battle occurred on Sunday, the twenty-third of August, St. Bartholomew's day. Eberhard, who had repressed his grief during the battle, when night came could no longer restrain it, but grieved for his only son. On the following day he received the joyful message that Count Ulrich's wife, Antonia, had borne a son and heir to the throne. Thanking God the desolate (aged) prince cried, "Sen es Bott gelobt! Fint hat wider Samen.

The historian relates that no small part of the victory was due to Count Eberhard's former enemy, Wolf von Wunnenstein, a noble of ancient lineage, called, from the splendor of his arms, "the shining Wolf" (der gleißend' Bolf). This knight, who had begun to fear the growing power of the League of Cities, offered his services to Count Eberhard, in spite of his ancient enmity. The latter, distrusting his sincerity, declined his assistance, as he had forces sufficient to overcome his enemies. When, however, the tide of battle was about turning in behalf of the citizens, Wolf, with a band of followers, appeared in the midst of the conflict, and turned impending defeat into victory. Eberhard recognized the service which had been done, and invited Wolf to accompany him to Stuttgart. Wolf accepted, and said that he would test Eberhard's generosity. But, after proceeding a few miles, he suddenly repented, and, saying that he had gone far enough, bade Eberhard farewell, with "Gute Racht, e8 flebt im alten Rechten" (Vale, Comes Eberharde, repetemus postmodum, quae antehac inter nos exercuimus studia), turned his horse and rode away. In the village of Zuffenhausen, near at hand, he and his companions robbed a peasant of his flocks. The peasant hastened to Stuttgart to report this robbery to the count, who laughed, and said that the old Wolf had simply taken meat for his kitchen, "Das alt Bolflin hat einmal ein Rochfleisch geholt" (Ha, ha! senex ille lupus carnes ad coquinam suam rapuit).

Both Counts Eberhard and Ulrich lie buried in the cathedral church in Stuttgart.

Crusius, Annales Suevici, Pars. III, lib. vi, c. 2, p. 308. Eich-

holtz, Schwäbische Balladen, pp. 84-88.

Uhland follows closely the original description of Crusius. The delineation of the three prominent characters of the poem, Eberhard, Ulrich, and Wolf of Wunnenstein is striking. Eberhard is a type of the ruler of the Middle Ages, implacable to his foes, but a generous protector and friend of his subjects; harsh and unforgiving to his son on account of his defeat, but bending in grief beside his bier when the battle is won; proud of his race and rejoicing grimly in the young life that is to continue it. Ulrich's knightly spirit smarts under the sense of undeserved censure, and he sacrifices his life in order to recover his father's respect. Wolf von Wunnenstein is the form of a robber-knight glorying in a wild life of war, rescuing in a decisive moment his enemy, but not thereby yielding a whit from his former defiance.

The metre of the poem is an adaptation of that of the Nibe-

lungenlied. See Der Graf von Greiers.

I, 1. Am Ruheplat ber Toten. The cemetery at Döffingen, according to ancient custom, was fortified, and thither the peasants and citizens conveyed their goods for security.

IV, 1. Reil'ger, mounted, so in XVII, 2. 4. See the introduction to Der Ueberfall im Wildbad.

V. 2. Reutlingen. See the introduction to the preceding poem; 3. Marbe. The tradition that wounds ache at the remembrance of battle is an old one. See Heine's Zwei Grenadiere.

VI, I. jahl', see bezahlen, VII, 4.

VII, 4. verbürgt, pledged.

VIII, 3. gerfpellt = gerfpalt.

IX, 1. Refe, a M. H. G. term for knight. 4. rauscht sein Bart and Eber are plays upon Eberhard's name.

X, 1. han for haben, an archaic and provincial form.

XI, 3. Butht, the citizens give way before him as he gallops forward.

XII, 1. Erntemond, harvest-month, August, just as October is Beinmonat. 2. der edeln Garben, partitive genitive after Bas, as often in M. H. G. 4. Sichelfest — Erntefest, in Swadia.

XIII. A long time after the battle, in cutting down a tree near the field, a suit of armor was found enclosing the bones of a man, within the tree, who in his flight had found refuge there, and could not again come out.

XIV, 1. e8 sieht im alten Recht. Wolf means that his temporary assistance had changed none of their former relations.

XVII, 2. gen = gegen. 3. Zuffenhausen, a village between Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg.

XVIII, 1. nacht = gestern Abend, or simply gestern; Trieb = Die getriebene Berbe.

XIX, 4. bedünfen.

XX, 2. Antonia, the wife of Count Ulrich, was a princess of Milan. 4. Fint hat wieder Samen. The bird has offspring once more. This passage is variously translated. Holland makes it equivalent to "Fint hat wieder ju freffen," and explains it by, "Ran tann getroft in Die Bufunftbliden," and quotes the saying, "Er figt wie der Fint im Sanffamen." Quoted by Eichholtz, p. 87.

Page 197. Der Schent bon Limburg.

Date, Sept. 28 and 29, 1816. Published first in *Cornelia*, 1820, and in *Gedichte*, 1820 (2d ed.). This poem is a fanciful derivation of the office of Hereditary Cupbearer of the German Empire, an

office long held by the Counts of Limburg.

Uhland stated that the poem had no historical or legendary background, but was suggested by a figure in the church of Gaildorf and its interpretation by his friend Kerner's imagination, Herrig's Archiv, vol. 35, p. 476. The efforts of Eichholtz to discover any painting or statue which suggested the scene of the poem were fruitless. The church was destroyed by fire in 1868. Kerner resided in Gaildorf from 1815-1819, and his knowledge of the art and legends of the locality lend a certain confirmation to the fact of the existence of such an original. Eichholtz quotes from Uhland's Schriften, vol. I. p. 498, an incident in the life of the Hohenstaufen Emperor Friedrich, taken from Le cento novelle antiche (chap. 23), who, when upon a hunt, found a traveller beside a fountain, with bread and wine spread before him upon the grass, from whom he asked a drink. The traveller would not permit the emperor to drink from his goblet, but gave a pitcher to him, which the emperor carried away. The traveller went afterward to the palace, and received back his pitcher, and was richly rewarded for his courtesy.

The resemblance between the narrative and the poem is so superficial as to afford no definite conclusion that one is the

source of the other.

I, 1. Limburg or Limburg, a castle near Gaildorf, on the Kocher.

II, 5. Seiten, old weak form of the dative singular.

IV, 1. Sohenstaufen, the castle of the brilliant dynasty of that name (1138-1268), about forty miles east of Tübingen. Only a ruined wall and parts of a chapel, containing an ancient fresco of Friedrich Barbarossa, mark the site of this castle, which was destroyed during the Peasants' War (1525). 3. hellen Saufen, host, crowded mass. The singular is also used, hellem bauf. 5. Sinde or Sindin. V. 7. Sagen.

VI. 6. faben, archaic form for fangen.

VII, 1. Habrde, deceit, without suspicion or evil intent. 7. pfanden, take as security.

VIII, 5. Gewälde, used collectively = Baldung.

X. 7. burften = trinten, a Swabian and Swiss use of the word. Eichholtz, p. 88.

Page 200. Das Gingenthal.

Date, July 19, 1834. Gedichte, 1834. A poem written to embody a fanciful explanation of the origin of the name Singenthal. a valley near Glems in the district of Urach, south-east of Tübingen. It is possible that this poem is based on a popular legend, which was familiar to Uhland, but whose separate existence has not been shown. Uhland has created a ballad full of music and delicate sentiment. The sound of the human voice or of the hunter's horn often constituted a judicial limit, establishing the boundary of an estate. The gift of a ring was a like investiture, transferring property. See Grimm, Deutsche Rechtsaltertümer, p. 76 (2d ed.), quoted by Eichholtz, p. 93.

I, 7. Suffig, in the air.

III, 8. Grb' = al8 dem Grb'.

VI, and VII. Peaceful possession and happy social life are contrasted with the wild sports of the huntsman.

Page 202. Ver sacrum.

Date, Nov. 26, 1829. Published in the Deutscher Musenalmanach (1831), and in Gedichte, 1831. A ballad, grave in tone, quite different from the preceding, based in part upon a historical and mythological subject, treated freely to explain the foundation of Rome. Ver Sacrum, the consecrated Spring, meant the early fruits which were dedicated to a god. Niebuhr, in his history, the third edition of which appeared in the year preceding this poem, mentions the sacred spring. Paulus Diaconus, in an extract from the dictionary of Sextus Pompeius Festus (De Verborum Significatione) quotes, under the heading Ver Sacrum: "The Italians were wont to dedicate a 'sacred spring;' for, when great dangers occurred, they vowed to sacrifice all creatures which the approaching spring should produce. Since, however, it seemed cruel to them to slay innocent boys and girls, they veiled them when they were grown, and drove them out of the country." Strabo's account is fuller: "When the Sabines had fought a long time with the Umbrians, they vowed, as was the custom of the Greeks, to consecrate everything which that year might bring forth. After a victorious return, they sacrificed a portion of the product, and consecrated the rest. Thereupon infertility arose.

It was then said that the children must alike be dedicated. All who were born in that year they brought to Mars, and when they were grown, they sent them forth as colonists," etc.

I, 1. aus for in; 3. Seiligtum, here their sacred emblem; as there was no temple or altar in the camp. 4. Manors, the older form of Mars.

II, 8. gunft'gen Bogelfing, an auspicious flight of birds.
III 4. Etruster interprets Feinde (I, 2).

V. 3. helle Schar = heller baufe, festal throng. VII, 4. poller is explained in the two following stanzas.

X, 3. geftreift, touched.

XI, 1. gefreit = befreit, that is, released from their oath.

XII, 4. webt, = weave dances through them.

XVI, 2. bejomor, that is, whom they implored and to whom they had vowed.

XX, 3. intraft'ger, a strengthened form, like inbrunftig, inftan=

XXIV. 4. A prophecy of the birth of Romulus and Remus, the sons of Mars and the founders of Rome.

XXV, 1. haften = " aufbewahrt werden." Before a Roman general went forth to battle he touched the sacred spear of Mars, in the temple, at the same time saying, "Mars, vigila! Götzinger;" Düntzer, pp. 308-314.

Translated by

Page 207. Mus " Der Ronigsfohn."

Revised Jan. 30 and 31, 1812. From a group of poems written at different times (1807 and 1811). Two, the third and fifth, were published in an earlier form in the Musenalmanach (1808), under the titles Der Sohn des Meeres, and Des Königs Jagdlied. The different poems were grouped under the present title to represent the victory of the younger son of a king, who, not sharing in the ancestral estates, went forth, bearing only a rusted blade, to triumph over the realms of the sea, the air, and the forest, and finally to win an enchanted bride, and a royal castle. The separate poems are without titles. The name of that selected is, for convenience, placed above it by the editor.

Der blinde Sanger. - This poem, while unlike, has suggestions which recall several of Uhland's poems. The minstrel before the throne appears in Des Sängers Fluch, the vision of brightness in the last stanzas of Die verlorene Kirche, the Wallfahrtskirche, and in the last lines of Der Waller.

Translated by H. J. in the Literary World.

Set to music by Schumann.

Page 208. Des Cangers Finch.

Date, Dec. 3 and 4, 1814. Gedichte, 1815. This poem, according to a statement by Uhland to a friend, contained in Notter, pp. 161, 407, was written in the time of Germany's deepest humiliation under Napoleon, and after some act of arbitrary power. like the execution of the bookseller Palm of Nuremberg, who was shot at Brunau, Aug. 26, 1866, for disseminating a pamphlet upon Germany in its Deep Humiliation, directed against the emperor. The execution aroused intense feeling throughout Germany.

The true date of the origin of the poem shows that it was written later, when Napoleon was a prisoner upon the Island of Elba. It is better to regard the poem as having no relation to Napoleon. To interpret the scene as describing him would involve manifold contradictions, which would weaken its effect. As the picture of a tyrant frenzied with jealous passion, it has no

pertinence if applied to Napoleon.

The suggestions which led to this beautiful ballad are remote, but they have apparently much which lends probability to them. R. M. Werner has traced them to the Scotch ballad of Young Waters, a translation of which was given by Herder in his Volkslieder (1778-1779), from Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, No. XVIII:

"The queen luikt owre the castle-wa, Beheld baith dale and down, And then she saw Young Waters Cum riding to the town."

To the question who had the fairest face in the company, the queen answered:

"' I've sene lord, and I've sene laird, And knights of high degree, But a fairer face than Young Waters Mine eyne did never see.' "

"Out then spack the jealous king, And an angry man was he: 'O if he had been twice as fair You micht have excepted me.'"

The queen answered:

"'You're neither laird nor lord, Bot the king that wears the crown; There is not a knight in fair Scotland But to thee maun bow down.'" NOTES. 319

The king would not be appeased; and young Waters was thrown into a dungeon, and then executed on the "heiding-hill" of Stirling. A long version of the poem is given in Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, 1, 15.

The true source of the poem is disclosed in a letter of Uhland to his friend Justinus Kerner, dated Jan. 21, 1810, in which he states that he has sketched superficially a drama, "The Jealous

King," based on a Scotch ballad in Herder's collection.

Unland's outline of his proposed drama is too brief to justify the confident assertion of Werner that the motive in the balladscene in the dramatic fragment, Normännischer Brauch, is the same as that described in his letter, but the resemblance to Des Sängers Fluch is unmistakable. Uhland thus defines it:

"The idea is: The story of the hero is transmuted into poetry and legend just as in the ballad upon which it is based. Young Waters leaves his father's house, and journeys to court. A minstrel joins him, as song is the attendant of knightly deeds. Waters wins the queen's favor. The jealous king throws him into prison and has him executed. The blooming life is extinguished. The minstrel forsakes the court. Song goes forth into the world. Waters' parents and brothers and sisters sit at home by the fireside. A desire for grewsome tales comes over them. The wandering minstrel enters and sings the song of Waters' death. The love of the queen for Waters is to be so treated that she favors the affection of her favorite court lady for Waters, as it were, in order to love him indirectly." Keller, pp. 309-310. As the singer is the voice of fame after death, so in The Minstrel's Curse no song or book of heroes commemorates the king.

In Herder's collection, a poem, also from Percy's Reliques, "The Bonny Earl of Murray," follows "Young Waters." In Percy, it precedes. It refers to the murder of James Stewart, Earl of Murray, by the Earl of Huntley. In December, 1591, the Earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize the person of his sovereign, James VI., in Holyrood Palace, but having failed, took refuge in the North. The Earl of Huntley was a violent enemy of the Earl of Murray, and gave out that the latter had been seen in the palace on the night of the assault. King James gave a commission to the Earl of Huntley to pursue Bothwell in his retreat with fire and sword. Under cover of this order, he proceeded to avenge his private quarrel with the Earl of Murray, and young noble of the greatest promise and the darling of the people. Murray was induced to come from the North, and, while residing in a house in Donibristle, he was surrounded by Huntley's forces, and the house burned to the ground. Murray broke through the midst of his enemies in the darkness, but was over-

taken and slain. Murray is represented in the poem as "braw gallant," "the flower of them all," and as the "Queene's luve." Here again a note of the Scotch ballad blends with that in Uhland's poem. It has been suggested that this Scotch ballad relates to the indiscreet partiality of Queen Anne of Denmark for the Earl of Murray.

IV, 2. die Luft und auch den Schmerz, the power to awaken

both pleasing and sad emotion.

VII. This stanza is often quoted as describing the subjects of the songs of the Minnesingers, as is also one from the Märchen,

> "Mit Degen und mit Speere Baren fie ftets bereit; Den Frauen gaben fie Chre Und fangen Biberftreit. Sie fangen von Gottesminne, Bon fühner Selben But, Bon linbem Liebesfinne, Bon füßer Maienblut."

X, 4. Don Sancho, Count of Saldenha, the father of Bernardo del Carpio, is represented in the Cronica General, as having been slain in prison and then bound upright upon his steed, and thus conducted toward Salamanca to meet his son. See the introducto The Funeral of the Count of Saldenha in Lockhart's Spanish Ballads. The Cid is represented as being carried after his death from Valencia to Cardeña, mounted on his favorite steed, Babieca.

XV, 4. über Racht, in a night.
XVI. Nature, which the dead minstrel loved, is represented as mourning his death.

See Werner in Vjs. L. G, Vol. I, 503-511, for various versions of the ballads here mentioned; also Child's The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, IV, 342 ff., and VI, 447 ff.

Translated by Aytoun, Brooks, W. A. Butler, Furness, Martin,

Frances Hellman.

Set to music by Schumann, Kreutzer, H. Esser, J. Gersbach, and von Bülow.

Page 210. Tells Tob.

Date, 1829. Deutscher Musenalmanach, 1831. Gedichte, 1831 (5th ed.). According to a Swiss legend, William Tell, who had delivered the Three Forest Cantons, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, from the oppressive rule of the House of Habsburg, by the death of Gessler, died in 1354 in rescuing a child from the swollen waters of the Schächen, a stream near Bürglen, his home. Uhland was familiar with the surrounding region by

frequent visits, his last having been made in the year in which this poem was written. He even hastened once to St. Gall, to investigate a newly discovered manuscript, in order to ascertain if it contained any fresh facts in regard to the Tell legend. "It was always of importance to him to see personally the region with which any tradition was associated, or where any notable person had lived. He said that a legend or a personality became clearer and more real to him through the landscape and the locality. In the case of many of his poems it is easy to feel that he had a clear picture before his spiritual eye when he proceeded to write. This was the case in Tells Tod. However often he journeyed to the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, he went to Altorf and up the valley of the Schächen." - Witwe, p. 221.

I, 2. The inversion with einmal = whenever, or as soon as. 3. ziehen, the usual Swiss term is fahren, auf= und abfahren. G. 7. Föhne. The Föhn is a south wind, often blowing with violence, and accompanied by the melting of snow and the fall of "Der Bohn ift los" is an expression of alarm and caution. glaciers.

II, 1. Da, refers to the time implied in the first stanza. 4. Flucht, picturesque word for Flut; 6. Stäube = Bafferfall, Staubbach; the original reading was "Fall."

IV, 6. Rotstock, or Uri-Rotstock, a lofty mountain, with deep

precipitous sides, bordering the lake.

V, 2. Herge, boatman; fergen is a general word for transport in Switzerland.

VII, 6, refers to the rescue by Tell of the fugitive Baumgarten. See Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, Act. 1.

VIII, 2. genesen, preserve one's life, recover.

X, 1. gejund, unharmed.

XI, 1. Strahl = Pfeil, an old use of the word. 3. Bethaus, the Tell chapel, where Gessler was shot. See the notes to Tells Platte. 4. Mahl, memorial. See Düntzer, pp. 327-331; Götzinger, pp. 439-442; Uhland, Schriften VIII, 604-610, Tellsage. Translated by Skeat.

Page 214. Die verlorene Rirche.

Date, Jan. 9, 1812. Dichterwald, 1813. Gedichte, 1815. poem of pure imagination. The fancied peal of familiar bells heard in the desert or forest is of not infrequent mention by travellers. See Prime's Boat Life in Egypt. An awe is associated in the popular mind with places once consecrated, and a devout Greek of to-day crosses himself as he passes a deserted chapel, or catches sight of the pictures of saints upon a ruined wall. The ruins of numerous ancient churches are still found in Germany, especially in the older settled portions of Swabia, with

which Uhland was familiar. Some of these are in the depths of the forest, and are stately memorials of ancient faith. See Uhland's brief fragment on Glockensagen, Schriften VIII, 586-589: "The bells which hang high above human activity seem, as it were, moved by higher powers: they speak as though they were the voices of God, and often sound forth spontaneously as an admonition from above, now as tidings of the death of prominent people, now as a token of the innocence of one accused, and again to guard the sanctity of an instrument chosen by God. The dying hear the peal of heavenly bells." The motive of the poem seems to be that a divine longing leads unconsciously upward to its source. There is an interesting resemblance in this poem to one of Uhland's youthful productions (1804), Die Wallfahrtskirche, given in Notter, p. 27, and in Fränkel's edition, pp. 403-405.

Translated by Brooks, Furness, Kendrick, Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman.

Page 216. Graf Richard Ohnefurcht.

o ?

Date, Oct. 19, 1819. Published first in the Poetischer Almanach, 1812, signed "Volker" and in Gedichte, 1820. From the Allfranzösische Gedichte," the first is inserted. These poems were written in Paris, with the exception of Roland and Alda, during Uhland's residence in that city from May 25, 1810, to Jan. 26, 1811. Most of his time was spent in the Imperial Library, studying and copying a hitherto unknown treasure of French manuscripts. Among others he found that which has since been published under the title Le Roman de Rou et des Ducs de Normandie, par Robert Wace (1827), a Norman poet of the twelfth century. This poem is contained essentially in lines 5430-5490 of this poem. Count Richard of Normandy, called the "Fearless" (sans paour) (943-996), derived his title from no ordinary bravery. He fought with his enemies in the broad daylight, but he also rode in the darkness, and was never terrified at any phantoms or ghosts, the latter being the source of his title.

18. fürbaß = weiter. 29. seiest, be thou, concessive subjunctive.

See H. Hormel, Uhlands Graf Richard Ohnefurcht und seine altfransösische Vorlage, Franco-Gallia, Vol. V, pp. 10-15; Eichholtz, pp. 22-25; Hense, Deutsche Dichter der Gegenwart, pp. 63-71; Fränkel, p. 52.

Translated by Skeat.

Mus dem Nachlasse.

Page 219. Lieb.

Date, Winter of 1829 and 1830.

Page 219. Die fromme Jagerin.

Date, Oct. 29, 1837. Notter, p. 224. This poem was written on the occasion of a gathering of friends at Gomaringen, when Uhland's friend Schwab was inducted into the pastorate of the church there. Among those present were Carl Meyer, Paul Pfizer, and the poet Anastasius Griin. The incident on which the poem was based was related by Oberamtsrichter Lang, who had witnessed the scene at a hunt seven years before at Donzdorf, near Geislingen. The heroine of the adventure was a Princess of Löwenstein. Uhland withdrew from the company and returned with this poem. A. Birlinger, in *Im neuen Reich*, No. 5, 1880, p. 194.

Translated by Skeat.

Page 220. Suter Bunich.

Date, Oct. 29, 1822.

Page 220. Bintermorgen.

Date, Dec. 11, 1834.

Page 221. Die Ballfahrtstirche.

Date, 1804. Published first in the Schwäbischer Merkur, December, 1862. This poem is inserted as an interesting example of one of Uhland's early poems. It seems to be the original suggestion of what appeared in more perfect form in Die verlorene Kirche. Compare also with Der Waller.

Page 223. An Gie.

Sent to Mayer, Dec. 26, 1807. See Mayer, p. I, 33.

Page 223. Das Rlofter Birichau.

This graphic fragment, which illustrates vividly the monastic life of the Middle Ages, was sent to Kerner, Dec. 7, 1811. Uhland wrote: "The description of the cloister Hirschau, in Lessing, has incited me to the following verses, which were to be preceded by an extended description of the monastery."

The stanzas were published by Kerner in an account of Wildbad without any indication of their source. See Notter, p. 117. Lessing was interested in the history of mediæval, as well as of ancient, art. Ehemalige Fenstergemälde im Kloster Hirschau; also, Des Klosters Hirschau Gebäude, übrige Gemälde, Bibliothek und älteste Schriftsteller Werke, (Hempel ed.), Vol. XIII, pp. 381-401, 402-419. Lessing quotes from the Abbot John Tritheims (1462-1514), Chronicle and Annals of the Monastery of Hirsau, which is full of interesting, but often absolutely fictitious, statements regarding ecclesiastical and political history. Werner seeks to show how even the words and epithets of this poem were suggested by quotations from the monastic chroniclers whom Lessing cites. His analysis is very acute, but curiously inconclusive. The picture of the library and the copyists of a mediæval monastery is so familiar, both in records and in art, that descriptions would need to be detailed and unmistakable in order to carry conviction.

See Werner, pp. 339-344.

Page 224. Das Roslein.

Date, May 2, 1817. Printed by Keller, ein Gedicht Uhlands Freunden zum Gruss mitgetheilt von Ad. von Keller, Tübingen, 1876. The title is by Fränkel.

Page 224. Widiémica.

Written probably in the last half of December, 1833. A poem suppressed by Uhland on account of the reactionary decrees of the German Confederation at that time, and published first by Holland. Adam Mickiewicz was born Dec. 24, 1798, in Nowogrodek in Lithuania, and died in Constantinopie, Nov. 28, 1855. He is often regarded as the greatest of Slavonic poets. His early ballads and romances were published in 1822; later, while holding a professorship of literature in the gymnasium of Kowno, he became an object of suspicion on account of his connection with certain patriotic associations, and was banished for five years to European Tartary His life was spent in practical exile from his native land; he lived in Russia, Italy, and France. He held for a short time a professorship of Latin in Lausanne, and later, of the Slavic languages in the Collège de France (1840-1843). He was honored by Napoleon III., but died while seeking to raise a Polish battalion to fight against Russia in the Crimean War.

Romantic in spirit, his poems, based upon national legends, awakened a national feeling among his countrymen. He himself sought to take part in the Polish Revolution of 1830, but was arrested in Posen, and prevented from joining in the struggle for

the liberty of his native land. He was esteemed by Goethe. His body was buried in the cemetery of Montmorency, a few miles from Paris. His last years were spent in poverty and distress.

I. 8. The refrain of the Polish national song.

Page 225. Rachruf.

Date, June 16, 1834. Gedichte, 1863.

Page 226. In ein Album.

Date, May 22, 1849. Notter, p. 326. Title by Fränkel.

Page 226. Dit Boethes Gebichten.

Date, May 31, 1849. Beilage zur Allgemeinen Zeitung, Feb. 22, 1863.

Page 226. Giner Dame ins Stammbuch.

Date, July 3, 1853. Hoffmann von Fallersleben's Findlinge. Zweites Heft, 1859. Notter, p. 226. Title by Fränkel.

Page 227. Frage.

Date uncertain. Probably refers to Goethe.

Page 227. Eprüche.

- 1. Date, 1819 (?). Gedichte, 1863.
- 2. Date uncertain.
- 3. Date, Feb. 10, 1854. Lines written on a sheet preserved in the album of the Ferdinandeum in Innsbrück, with the date, Tübingen, April 20, 1859. Notter gives the date as 1854, p. 224. Uhland wrote these lines in the album of the poet Anton Ditges, after the latter had completed his studies. Mayer, Vol. II, 258.

4. Date uncertain. Published in the later editions, since Uhland's death.

Page 228. Spate Rritit. Date, 1827.

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THE notes indicate the date of composition, as well as the place of publication of the poems. The earlier were published in the

various calendars, anthologies and magazines.

The first considerable collection was published in the Musenalmanach of 1807 and 1808, edited by Seckendorf. The Poetischer Almanach of 1812, edited by Kerner, contained about twenty-five poems, several distichs and translations. The Deutscher Dichterwald of 1813, edited by Kerner, Fouqué, Uhland and others, contained thirty-three poems. Single poems appeared in Cotta's Morgenblatt, 1807-1834; Tröst Einsamkeit, 1808; Taschenbuch für Damen 1809; the Pantheon, 1810; Die Musen, 1812-1814; Süd-Deutsche Miscellen, etc., 1811 and 1813; the Prauentaschenbuch, 1815, 1817; the Cornelia, 1820; Jahrbüchlein deutscher Gedichte, 1815; Deutscher Musenalmanach, 1831, and possibly in Prometheus, 1808.

The first collected edition of the poems was published in 1815, the second in 1820, the third in 1826, the fourth in 1829, the fifth in 1831, the sixth in 1833, the seventh in 1834 (unenlarged), the eighth in 1834, and the ninth in 1835. With this edition Uhland's poems were substantially complete. The edition of 1847 contained Der letste Pfalsgraf and Lerchenkrieg, and that of 1853 Auf ein Kind. Later Auf die Reise was added (1860).

It is a striking illustration of early productiveness to note how large a proportion of Uhland's poems were written in the first twenty-eight years of his life. Those that originated later are, in comparison, few in number. The first edition of his poems (1815) included all the Lieder, with the exception of Auf ein Kind, Der Sommerfaden, Frühlingstrost, Künftiger Frühling, Der Ungenannten, Bitte, Auf eine Tänzerin, Auf einen verhungerten Dichter, Morgens, Abendwolken, Mailted, Klage, Rechtfertigung, Gruss der Seelen, Auf der Ueberfahrt, Die Lerchen, Dichtersagen, Maientau, Wein und Brot, Sonnenwende, Der Mohn, Die Malve, Reisen, Verspätete Hochzeit, Trinklied (Baß ist daß füt), Die deutsche Sprachgesellschaft, Ernst der Zeit, Das neue Märchen, Aussicht, An die Mütter, An die Müdchen, Die neue Muse; the Baterländische Gedichte; the Sinngedichte, except Nachruf, 1-5, Auf den Tod eines Kindes, Auf einen Grabstein, In ein Stammbuch, Auf Wilhelm

Hauffs frühes Hinscheiden, Auf die Reise; all the Sonette, Ottaden und Bloffen, except An die Bundschmecker, Katharina; all the Balladen und Romanzen, except Die Orgel, Die Drossel, Des Sängers Wiederkehr, Bertran de Born, Der Waller, Die Bidassoadbrücke, Die Ulme zu Hirsau, Münstersage, Merlin der Wilde, Die Geisterkelter, Der Graf von Greiers, Das Nothemd, Das Glück von Edenhall, Der letzte Pfalsgraf, Der Schenk von Limburg, Das Singenthal, Lerchenkrieg, Ver sacrum, Die versunkene Krone, Tells Tod, Die Glockenhöhle, Das versunkene Kloster.

In the edition of 1863, after Uhland's death, Holland added several poems from various sources, and also appended the dates of all of Uhland's poems, so far as they could be ascertained. Holland's revised edition of 1876, with introductions discussing the text and chronological lists, is important. The latest editions by Professor Hermann Fischer and Dr. Ludwig Fränkel (the latter with valuable references to authorities, criticisms, and a list of the composers of Uhland's songs by Dr. Max Friedländer) present definitive editions of permanent value. The accompanying list aims only to cite the more important works. For others reference is made to the exhaustive bibliography of Fränkel in the Germania, Vol. 34, pp. 345-369 (1889), including the literature of 1888, Gödeke's Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Litteratur (1890), III, pp. 338 ff., and to the Jahresberichte für neuere deutsche Litteraturgeschichte, since 1892, embracing the literature since 1890.

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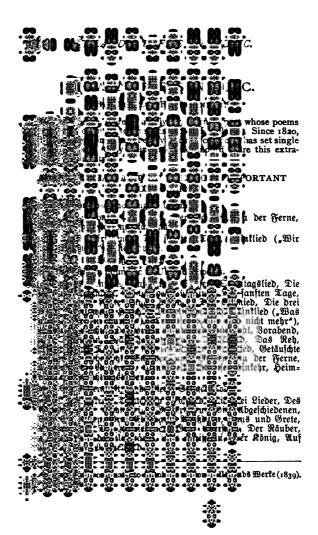
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Voices of Death: 1. "The Serenade," 2. "The Organ," 3, "The
Mevis," "The Trusty Comrade," "The Knight of St. George,"
"The Knight Paris," "The Castellan of Coucy," "Child
Roland," "Roland, the Shield-Bearer," "The Statue of Bacchus," "The Minstrel's Curse," "Revenge," "The Lust
Cedenhall," "The Last Palsgrave," "The Bridge of Bidassoa,"
"The Sunken Crown," "The Sword," "The Elm-Tree of Hir"""

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Mendelssohn: Des hirten Winterlied, Das Schifflein, Frühlingsglaube, Die Nonne, * Schäfers Sonntagstied, Frühlingsahnung, Frühlingsfeier, Rubethal, Des hirten Winterlied, Lob des Frühlings.

Raff: Das Schloß am Meere, Die Ronne, Die Rapelle.

Schubert : Frühlingsglaube.

Schumann: Des Anaben Berglied, Die Aapelle, Der Königssohn, Des Sangers Fluch, † Das Glüd von Edenhall, Der Schmied, Der Sanger, Brautgesang, Der Traum, Das Schifflein.

Silcher: Der Schafer.

Spohr: Frühlingsglaube, Standen, Trinklied ("Wir find nicht mehr").

Weber: No Uhland music.

Der gute Kamerad, Der Birtin Töchterlein and Abschied are sung to favorite folk-melodies.

The poems which have been most frequently set to music next to Frühlingsglaube and Ständhen are: Des Anaben Berglied, In der Herne, Abreise, Einkehr, Heimstehr, Die Vätergruft, Das Shloß am Meere, Abschied, Der Traum, Der Birtin Töckterlein, Morgentied, Der Ungenannten, Jägertied, Der SchniedBauernregel, Lauf der Welt, Die Jufriedenen, Scheiden und
Meiden, Der König auf dem Turme, Lied eines Armen, Des
Anaben Tod, Das Reh, Der gute Kamerad, Lebewohl, of which
latter there are more than fifty compositions.

The poems best known through their music are: Der gute Kamerad and Der Wirtin Töchterlein, in popular melodies; An das Baterland, Die Rapelle, Schäfers Sonntagslied, Trin bled (1812 and 1816), in Conradin Kreutzer's music for male choirs; Hrühlingsglaube, in Franz Schubert's music; Des Hirten Winzerlied, Das Schiffein, Frühlingsahnung, Frühlingsfeier, Ruhe, in Mendelssohn's music; Harald, Des Goldichmieds Töchterlein, Der Wirtin Töchterlein, Die drei Lieder, in Karl Loewe's Ballads.

^{*} Frühlingsglaube and Die Ronne are included in Mendelssohn's "Songs," but were composed by his sister Fanny Hensel.

[†] The text of this poem was revised for Schumann, by Richard Pohl, who incorporated Rudello in it as a solo, and in the latter the first four verses of Schugertiebe, also Die bert Steber

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

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Die sterbenben Helben. July 14. Der blinbe Rönig. August 23,24; revised December 5, 1814. Die Ballfahrtstirche. Nov. 13,

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1809.

Des Golbschmieds Töchterlein. January 28. Das Schwert. January 28. Lieb ber amei Banberer. First two stanzas, October 8 and 9; third and fourth, before 1834. In Barnhagens Stammbuch. February 27. Der Sieger. June 1. Ritter Paris. June 1, 2. Im Mai. June 4. Rüdleben. July 20, 21. Der Schmieb. July 21. Nabe. August 11. Borabenb. August 18. Der Balb. September 5. Der gute Ramerab. Day uncertain. An Sie. September 29. Des hirten Binterlieb. November 20. Der Leitstern. November 27, 28. Schlimme Rachbarfchaft. November 28.

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1810.

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1812.

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1813.

Geisterleben. January 30. Gesang und Krieg, 1. Between January 9 and February 3. Auf den Tob eines Landgeistlichen. May 23. Der Rezensent (Glossen, 1). Date uncertain.

1814.

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1815.

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1823.

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1825.

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1827.

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1829.

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Lieb (Bie freubig sich ber Tannensbaum). Winter of 1820 and 1830.

1830.

Frühlingstroft (Frühlingslieber, 6). (†)

1831.

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1833.

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1834.

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1859.

Auf ben Tob eines Rinbes. Date uncertain.

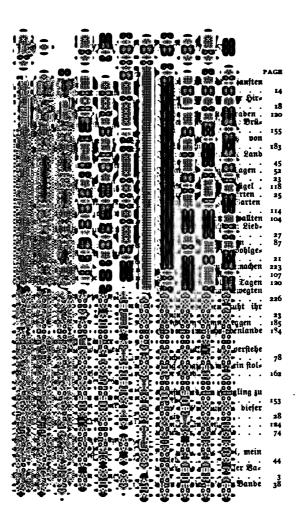
1861.

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The date of the first two Sprücks is uncertain; the second belongs possibly to the year 1819. The poem Sängrerscht and the Spruck "Benn ein Gebaute" fall between the years 1830 and 1840.

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GERMAN CLASSICS.

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BY

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